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MANNEQUINS in MOSCOW . . .



RUSSIAN GIRLS parade in uniforms, but long for Parisian dresses.

Russian Girls, Tired of National Dress, Want Paris Styles

Life for Russian women has changed, records this special observer for The Australian Women's Weekly.

The article is an interesting contrast to that published in last week's issue concerning Hitler's influence in the lives of German women.

Published by special arrangement.

RUSSIA is a much gayer place than a few years ago. Moscow in particular. Vast new office and hotel buildings are changing the face of the city. Jazz bands are popular and plentiful.

The shops are crammed with food. The innumerable theatres and cinemas are invariably filled to capacity. There are beauty parlors at every street corner.

A great "dress well" campaign is now in full swing. This is very popular with Russian women. At one time those of them who showed any special interest in clothes were looked on with scorn. Now it is quite the opposite. Good Bolsheviks are expected to take a pride in their personal appearance. Mannequin parades are being held in many of the cities. I have just been to one in Moscow's leading fashion house.

It was a very grand affair. The room might have belonged to a fashionable London or New York dress designer. The mannequins were of the same order.

The first to appear was a tall, slender

der blonde who might have stepped straight out of a Cochrane revue. Every detail was perfect. The flawless coiffure, pencilled eyebrows and expert make-up could not have been improved upon in any capital in Europe.

The others varied in type, but maintained this standard. I doubt if models were ever displayed to a more appreciative audience. They were mostly girls from neighboring factories. This was their first experience of anything of the kind. They were in heaven.

For State Occasions

THE only model that had a doubtful reception was a black evening dress with a long train. Some of them wanted to know how it could be worn without tearing it. It was explained that this was correct wear only for very great banquets and state occasions.

The other models—we were shown about thirty—were quite simple and becoming. The one disappointing feature of the show was that there was nothing distinctively Russian about any of the designs.

In the Theatre

OLD unhappy associations with the traditional Russian shirt apparently hurt more than any stiff collar. It is considered all right for picnics, but not dignified enough for more formal occasions.

In the theatre one evening I noticed a young man looking so much more Russian than the Russians that I was dubious about him. He was wearing a blue embroidered shirt and two days' growth of beard. I moved closer and found that my suspicions were justified. He was speaking English—and with an immaculate Oxford accent. All the other men wore neat dark suits and shirts with collars and ties.

Since Western fashions are so much in favor, I wondered what had become of the famous Schiaparelli model specially designed for Russian women. No one seemed to know anything about it.

Ultimately I unearthed it. The unfortunate Schiaparelli has been stuck in an obscure corner of an exhibition of French imports which is being held in the Chamber of Commerce, formerly the Stock Exchange. When the exhibition closes it is being returned to Paris.

The Soviet fashion experts have rejected it as unsuitable for mass production. Probably they are right. But to the eye of an amateur it looks a heaven-sent inspiration for the streets of Russian cities.

The three-quarter-length coat in a beautiful shade of red, simply cut with wide raglan sleeves, is both gay and businesslike. The black dress worn underneath and the black trimmings on the coat prevent it from being too gaudy. I suspect that Russian women find it a bit too Russian-looking to suit their present taste.

It would be wrong to leave

New Preferences

RUSSIA is going through a curious phase with regard to everything foreign. The politics of countries such as Britain and America are detested, but their goods are greatly admired.

Now that cloth is more plentiful, every Russian wants to have a suit or dress made in the foreign style. The old Russian costumes are rapidly vanishing. The new Soviet citizen prefers Western fashions. This is as true of men as of women.

I know lots of Englishmen and others in the British Empire who would dearly love not to have to wear stiff collars and ties. But Russian men are adopting this fashion with obvious relish.

the impression that those factory girls who attended the mannequin parade were fashionably dressed.

This cult of fine clothes is as yet only in its infancy. The struggle hitherto has been to get enough cloth to go round, no matter how shoddy the quality. Indeed, their drab, nondescript garments were in striking contrast to the elegance of their surroundings. But almost every one of them had had her finger-nails carefully manicured and painted deep red.

It is significant that Russia, so recently struggling for bare daily bread, now feels it can afford time and money for such inessentials.

Strange Cameo

I ASKED some of the girls if they really believed they would soon have as pretty dresses as those on display. One of them replied by saying: "Have you seen our Metro?" An incident on the way home illuminated this remark.

At the top of the moving staircase in one of the subway stations we noticed the timid figures of an old peasant and his wife.

The woman was weeping bitterly. The man was gazing awestruck around him. (Each of the stations in the new Metro looks like a marble palace.) We persuaded them to step on the escalator. With infinite daring they followed our lead.

Afterwards in the train I asked what great trouble made them so distressed. They were simple country people who had come to the city because their daughter was in hospital, dangerously ill.

The old peasant bade his wife look around her, see how the Soviets had transformed the dark subsoil of Moscow into a wonderland of marble and steel. Could she, seeing all that, doubt that the all-powerful Soviets would have medicines to cure one little daughter?

Like the audience at the dress show, the old man was a true believer. The old woman was not blessed with so much faith. She went on quietly weeping.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—The Day.

Prepared Official Report

MRS. B. M. Rischbieth, O.B.E., of Perth, president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, recently compiled a memorandum on the status of women in Australia which was presented to the Federal Government for inclusion in the official report to the League of Nations.

This energetic advocate of the cause of women has gained an overseas reputation for her work. She has represented Australia at several overseas conferences, and was alternate delegate to the League of Nations Assembly, 1935. She is an office-bearer in many well-known Federal and State organisations.



—Regent Studios.

His Busy Week

EXHIBITION WEEK opens in Brisbane on Monday next, and means a busy time for Mr. E. J. Shaw, president of the Royal National Agricultural Association, Queensland.

Mr. Shaw is president of the Scout Council of Queensland, and Headquarters Commissioner for Scouts. He is also patron of the Queensland Bowling Association. His grazing properties in the Burnett district are among the best known in Queensland.



Directs Air-Line

THE commercial side of aviation is attracting many women, and pictured above is Mrs. Frank Davison, who is reputed to be the first woman director of an air company. She is co-director with her husband of Utility Airways Ltd., of Hooton, Cheshire (England).

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11 AUG 1937

SIMPLICITY for Day... LUXURY FABRICS for EVENING

Paris Showings for Next Season

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Cable from Paris
PARIS, Sunday.

The leading dress designers, in their autumn fashion openings in Paris, reveal a preference for neat daytime wear, suits having straight skirts and smart jackets.

Topcoats depend for luxury touches on fur trimmings. But the Coronation influence is still apparent in the luxury fabrics and extravagant fullness of evening gowns.

THE daytime silhouette places the emphasis on narrow waists and straight skirts. There is no exaggeration of the shoulder-line except that sleeves are slightly squared.

Suits show hip-length jackets with high necks, rounded revers and fronts.

Boleros have, if anything, increased in popularity, the short gipsy bolero being firm favorite.

Very new and smart are the reefer jackets with their back fullness coming from a fitted yoke. There are many plaids and checks. These are combined with plain fabrics, or a plain suit is accompanied by a plaid waistcoat.

Chanel has adopted the natural shoulder-line and sponsors a seven-eighths length sleeve which reveals the frilled blouse cuff under the coat. Rochas uses colored piping of velvet and appliques. She combines two bright colors with a black skirt.

Tailored skirts carry trouser or standing hip-length pockets. Day colors are black, all the plaids, every shade of navy, carrot and the lively rust tones, heather, the new spinach and gulf shades. Accessories keep largely to the cyclamen tones—magenta, violet, cerise.

Topcoats have a military air with their fitted waists and slightly flared skirts. Some have fitted fronts with loose back, others show single or double unpressed back pleats. All are heavily-furred.

Some take luxurious huge fox fur

PARIS has two principal fashion "openings"—one in the spring and the other in the autumn. On these occasions the leading designers present the new creations, which, in the course of the following months, will go all round the world.

across the shoulders, others use flat fur, making a collar and then running to the waist in a narrowing line, which thence widens towards the hem. Patou makes a great success of a fluted collar of fox fur, standing up round the face like a ruffle.

LUXURIOUS fabrics are used for the evening. Glittering laces, cellophane and brocade carry on the majestic Coronation note.

Drapery is much used. Insets of mummylike looped sashes swathe the hips and run downwards to just above the knees.

Patou is the only designer who has shown moulded frocks which are extremely décolleté. From their tiny shoulder straps depend trains, heavily trimmed in some instances with fox fur.

Lovely Venetian crosses have full skirts and moulded bodices. Often floating net side panels make uneven hemlines. Patou shows petalled hemlines.

The majority of the draped frocks are split up the centre-front to allow freedom of movement. Evening colors are black, white, sapphire, deep wine, cerise and steel-grey.



HIGHLIGHTS of the mode as revealed at the Paris autumn dress openings are here sketched by our fashion artist, Petrov. They include: (1) New reefer jacket, with back fullness falling from a fitted yoke. (2) Alliance of plaid check waistcoat with a suit of plain fabric. The

tailored skirt features slanting hip pockets. (3) Evening frock with floating panel and uneven hemline. (4) Chanel's new seven-eighths length sleeve showing frilled cuff blouse under the coat. The natural shoulder-line is also sponsored by Chanel. (5) Patou's fluted evening collar of fox standing up like a ruffle round the face.

VENTURE—and win part of this £500!

It's So Easy; Just Write a Recipe and Post To-day

Never venture never win, runs the old proverb. Housewives should specially heed it to-day and enter for The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition, which gives them a chance of winning a rich share of £500.

A HOLIDAY, some furniture for the home, some gifts for the family—all may be within reach simply by writing a recipe.

The closing date of the competition is not far off now, so it will pay to act without delay.

Any member of the family may enter a recipe and there is no limit to the number of entries that may be submitted.

It is only necessary to write down a recipe, add your name and address, attach the entry coupon from page 8, Homemaker Section, and post it to us.

An essential condition of the competition is that each recipe submitted must be written on a separate sheet of paper and that each recipe should contain the name and address of the entrant.

CAKE recipes are favorites with Australian housewives. They overwhelmingly predominate among the entries already received in the competition, but are closely followed by sweets, jams and jellies.

Favorite cakes submitted include strawberry, fruit, chocolate, sponges, sandwich, rainbow, fudge, cream, and small fancy cakes.

For the best recipe submitted in this section there's a prize of £100. It's the star award in recipe prizes. In addition a second prize of £50

WEEKLY prizes are paid for best recipes submitted each week, but all entries will be considered separately for the big £500 prizes.

and 50 consolation prizes of £1 each must be won in this section alone. Sweets include steamed puddings, fruit pies, cold and iced sweets, fruit salads, baked sweets and jellies.

In this section there is a first prize of £50. Other sections provide for jams, jellies and economical dinners.

EVERY housewife who submits an entry in the competition has a chance of winning £100, one of the four £50 prizes, or one of the 200 consolation prizes—for just a few minutes' work.

Just choose the recipes you like best among the selection that you use from week to week. Yours is as good as that of Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, so send it along.

Trying to win part of this £500 will take very little of your time—no longer, in fact, than it takes to make the tastiest hasty pudding—so get busy right away.

See full conditions and entry coupons on Page 8, Homemaker Section.

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The instruction in my postal course is so fascinating—so simple to understand—that it is as if I were standing right beside you at the piano in your own home. Thousands have already learned and expressed their entire satisfaction. Why not you? Be the envy of your friends! No matter where you live, nor whether you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player, or an Advanced Classical Pianist—I can teach YOU!

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I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Sympathetic," and four special enclosures—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 1/6 (P.M. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS

SAYS WE LIVE After DEATH

Famous Scientist Makes New Analysis of the "Soul"

From Our New York Office

A world-famous scientist has advanced a new theory of life after death.

He is Professor William Ernest Hocking, of New York.

His theory is that human personality has two aspects—one of which death is powerless to destroy.



DR. ALEXIS CARREL, of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, does not see that the individual can survive, though his or her influence may go on.

IN a lecture delivered at Harvard University, Prof. Hocking elaborated his theory. He contends that we have really two selves (or two aspects of self). One is the practical mentality limited by dates, places, circumstances—the details of everyday existence.

The other aspect of personality is the "reflective self," that part of us which is aware of all things as a whole. You know how our minds can picture events centuries ago or in the future, scenes far away, distant friends, abstract thoughts, vague, mighty conceptions?

Well, that is what Hocking calls our "reflective self" at work.

This self, he says, is vitally important in all our major decisions and beliefs, our inner life, and this self, he believes, may not be destroyed but merely released by death.

"At least," he says, making a scientist's summing-up, "if we cannot claim certainty of immortality for this reflective self, we can at least claim 'immortality'—fitness to survive."

Influence May Go On

ANOTHER world-famous organization which has tried to solve the mystery of life after death in a scientific way is the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, a scientist of international repute, attached to the Institute, summed up the experts' attempts in his book, "Man, the Unknown."

Describing the work done by the scientists, he said the problem of individuality and its chemical basis was being successfully attacked.

Dr. Carrel points out that the consciousness of each one of us stretches beyond ourselves, touching other individuals, other times, other places.

We are not really "individuals" at all, detached from one another, but are all part of the mass of mankind, living, dead and to come.

Thus he does not see that the individual can survive, though his or her influence may go on.

ON the other hand, Sir Arthur Keith, noted British scientist, is dogmatic in his views against survival.

"Every fact known to medical men," he says, "compels the inference that mind, spirit, and soul are manifestations of a living brain just as the flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle."

"At the moment of extinction both flame and spirit cease to have separate existence. However much this mode of explaining man's mentality may run counter to long and cherished beliefs, medical men cannot think otherwise if they are to believe the evidence of their senses."

Open To Question

PROF. JULIAN HUXLEY is no less pessimistic, but he does at least admit the matter is still open to question.

"The conclusion, so far as any conclusion can be drawn," he says, "is that the intensity and character of man's belief in survival is determined to a great extent by the material and social conditions in which he finds himself."

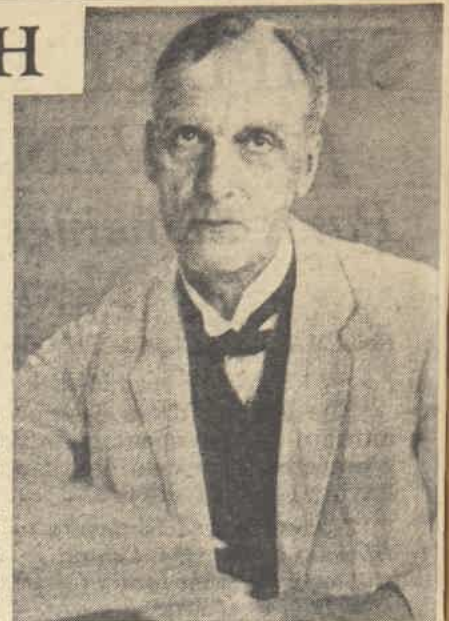
"In the circumstances the only rational attitude to take, until conclusive evidence of the fact of survival is forthcoming, is to concentrate on the enrichment and bettering of this life, in confidence that if our personalities do survive death, a more and hopeful activity in this world is the best preparation for the next."

PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE writes a clever essay entitled, "When I am Dead," in his book, "Possible Worlds."

At first he seems to favor the view of Sir Arthur Keith, and people who are seeking to be reassured about survival will put the book down with a groan.

But he makes a complete about-turn in the last few paragraphs.

He says: "But if death will probably be the end of me as a finite individual



SIR ARTHUR KEITH, noted British scientist, is also a strong disbeliever in survival.



PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY admits the matter still open to question, and says a sane and hopeful activity in this world is the best preparation for the next.



H. G. WELLS says: I do not believe in the least that either the body of H. G. Wells or his personality is immortal.

mind, that does not mean that it will be the end of me altogether. It seems to me immensely unlikely that mind is a mere by-product of matter.

"Without the body, mind may perish altogether, but it seems to me quite probable that it will lose its limitations and be merged into an infinite mind or something analogous to a mind which I have reason to suspect probably exists behind nature."

H. G. WELLS, modern author, scientist and philosopher, answers the question in a few words.

"I do not believe in the least that either the body of H. G. Wells or his personality is immortal, but I do believe that the growing process of thought, knowledge and will, of which we are parts, of which I am a part, may go on growing in range and power forever."

"I think that Man is immortal but men are not."

"And we will go sailing away from here to the beautiful Land of Nod~"

WINTER is the great building-up time physically for children. They need to make the most of every meal every day—and they don't require much encouragement when you set before them their mugs brimful of

Bushells
COCOA
Has that Chocolate taste

There's just a whoop-la of joy—for this is the Cocoa with the rich, all chocolate taste—delicious every sip—the beverage they smack their lips over—eternally demanding more.

And back of all that—you know you are serving them an ideal food—a health and body builder. The wonderful criolate process—by which Bushells Cocoa has been refined—is responsible for perfection unequalled in Cocoadom. It renders the Cocoa more nourishing—easier to digest. It allows the Cocoa to retain that amount of Cocoa-butter necessary for building up growing-ups and grown-ups.

It's the easiest beverage in the world to prepare—just the boiling water or milk—a teaspoonful of the powder—a little sugar—and it's made.



MOON in HER LAP

A story of a romantic-minded girl and her dramatic adventures.

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

TOLERANT, human and tenderly sympathetic in outlook, Marguerite Steen has won a name for herself as a writer of the highest class. This story is one of her best.



THEY had always said she was silly, and she could not quite think why. "That Prim Hardy!" they said. "She'll sit on her own doorstep with a crust in her hand and a ladder in her stocking, waiting for the moon to fall into her lap!" She had always expected the impossible to happen, and as it usually (and, to ordinary individuals, annoyingly) the way with such people, it very often did. She never made a fuss about it; she merely accepted it with a serene satisfaction, as proof of her private and unformulated theory that the world was a place where, if one was firm enough and sure enough, one's wishes were fulfilled.

She fully expected, for instance, that someone would fall in love with her some day, and that she would get married and have a baby all of her own—babies, being, to her way of thinking, the most lovely and desirable things in the world.

And in time—Prim having eyes like lagoons and a ruffle of copper-colored hair just long enough for her to catch a strand of it between her strong, white teeth—this very naturally came to pass; only, by some strange oversight, the magic did not work quite as it should have done, because the baby's father, whose name she could never remember, because it was one of those funny foreign ones, bolted for the woods about three weeks before she, still, unfortunately, Prim Hardy, was taken into hospital for her baby to be born.

It was difficult, then, to go on believing in magic; realism came very close in the bleak hospital ward, where the nurses were all too overworked to pay more than conventional attention to the patient in bed Number 14. Pain mopped all one's dreams.

She came out to find that people were annoyed with her for hav-

SONG CLASSICS

"Mondacht"
Schumann.

It seemed as tho' the heavens
Had kissed the earth to rest,
That she, 'mid moonlight
flowers,
Might dream of regions blest.

The breeze stray'd o'er the
meadows,
And stirr'd the waving corn,
Mid rustling forest shadows
The stars shone mildly on.

My soul with outspread pinions,
Longing from earth to roam,
Sear'd thro' the night's
dominions,
To seek her heav'nly Home.

ing her baby; particularly her mother, and her sister Gladys, who was going to marry a young man in the Salvation Army. For some reason Gladys was most insistent that he should not know about the baby, and this hurt Prim, who was so proud of her baby she wanted to show it to everyone. And one most terrible night she woke up and found it was gone.

She could not believe it. She shrieked aloud, as she pushed her hand along the space at her side where, before she had fallen asleep, she had left him, folded cozily in a blanket and protected by a pillow. In case she should roll on him. People came; the gas was lighted, and Prim, stark crazy, faced her mother and sister as they cried to her to hold her noise, she was disturbing the neighbors. "Where's my baby? My baby's

He said, with an ironic wave of his hand, "Meet Mrs. Robertson."

gone!" She was like a cat that has had its kittens taken away; creeping about on hands and knees, seeking in every likely and unlikely corner for her lost child.

When they had shaken and smacked her into silence, her mother told her that the baby had been taken away ("And thankful you should be, my girl, after disgracing yourself and your home the way you've done!"), and that it would be properly looked after, but that Prim was never to see or speak of it again. And presently, being silly, she accepted this. But she was so frightfully unhappy that one evening she walked out of the house, telling herself she would get a job to do, and earn some money, and then she would find out where her baby had gone and steal him back for her own.

Unfortunately, the magic went wrong again. You might think that, with housewives crying out upon the domestic servant problem, and business women seeking in vain for someone to take their children out while they were at the office, a nice-looking girl like Prim Hardy could easily have found work. Perhaps she looked in the wrong places. Probably her lips were too soft, and her body too tender and pretty; and, of course, she had no "character." Everyone seemed to mistrust her; even the people in the hostel to

which some well-meaning person had directed her on the night she left home.

She was asked a number of impertinent questions, made to pray to a God of whom she did not think much since He had allowed her baby to be taken away from her, and found a horrible little job washing dishes in a basement, for which she was given ten shillings a week. It was like planting a primrose in a sewer.

Six months later there was not very much left of the original Prim Hardy. She had learned, perhaps, not to be quite so silly; not to expect things to happen simply because she

was a very bad one. Not from point of view of the patrons; upstairs there was as much glimmer of chromium and mirror-glass as the most exigent could require; there were soft, obsequious waiters, who handled trays with unbelievable celerity above the naked shoulders and burnished heads of London's prettiest and most fashionable women. There were two orchestras, whose programme of tango and pasodoble never penetrated to those subterranean caverns where labored the restaurant's obscurest slaves, whose very existence was kept a dark and shameful secret, from the shining company above stairs. Would they not have fled in horror, if they could have beheld those troglodytes through whose warped fingers passed the china from

the great meanness of the manager of the restaurant, who, although food was supposed to be included in their miserable wages, had too much ingenuity, and too great a passion for utilizing scraps, to allow anything but the most inedible to find its way to the waiters' platters. There were many days when hunger gripped Prim's ribs, and made her almost unable to go on with her task. And she was so silly she did not even grumble, as the others did.

One day she found they were all talking about Christmas. For some reason a panic seized Prim, and that night she communicated with her family. The room in which she was living was stone cold, and had no light, save that of a street lamp outside the window; she wrote her letter with a borrowed stump of pencil upon a bit of paper she had brought home from the restaurant. A week later she was informed that they washed their hands of her, and begged her not to come home and upset everything, now that Gladys was settled down with her Salvation Army young man and was expecting a baby of her own. The night this letter came happened to be Prim's pay-night. She got her ten shillings, wiped her hands, and walked out into the streets. She knew that even starvation could not drive her back to the restaurant again.

LIKE most of the smartest eating places, the Lapin Bleu—"Blue Bunny" to its habitués—was situated in St. James', and St. James', round about the hour of midnight, has a romance of its own. Very still are the streets, save for an occasional cruising taxi, a few gentlemen about their own private business, and, in a doorway here and there, some solitary figure. A hushed gaiety slips, hand in hand with wistfulness, along the pavements; two hamadryads from St. James' vanished trees—fleeing towards the dawn.

It was frostily cold; the kind of cold which is luxury to the bed-cloaked, be-furred patrons of the "Blue Bunny," and torment to the less fortunate. Frost bit the pavements and struck into inadequately-shod feet. Two young cats frolicked on the dustbin lids, and fled like streaks of mercury as these slid off and clanged upon the stones. From upper windows gleamed the rose-colored lights that suggest warm rooms, soft furniture, smooth and spotless beds.

Dim signs of Christmas showed through the unit plate-glass of the shop windows. Prim shivered; she was so tired that she was tempted to find a doorstep and sleep upon it, sooner than take her long, nightly tramp down the Vauxhall Road. But it was too cold; she might freeze in the night, and die, and then her baby would never know its mother.

There were two gentlemen walking ahead of her. Prim had been told that if a girl looked young and pretty there were plenty of gentlemen who would take her to the pictures, give her a nice supper. She had heard about these gentlemen, but she had never quite believed in them; her experience of men was that they took, rather than gave; and she could not see that the mere difference between a hat and a cap, a collar and a muffler, could so alter the basic male instinct, as she knew it. She knew that amusement, from their point of view, was liable to be followed by consequences which were far from amusing to the provider of the entertainment, and she had, with great difficulty, avoided certain disagreeable risks which had come her way since leaving home.

Please turn to Page 42

By
Marguerite Steen

wanted them; and she had washed some tens of thousands of dishes, without managing to save one penny towards claiming her baby again. She had changed her place several times, and each time the work seemed a little harder, and she a little worse at it.

The last restaurant she reached

which they ate their delicately-served meal? No apparent cleanliness would have satisfied them, had they but had one glimpse of the cellar in which Prim and her companions performed their endless task.

Apart from the bad conditions under which they had to do their work, the dish-washers suffered from

Counterfeit Coin

Another exciting instalment of our serial of love and adventure

By ...

Dornford YATES

Illustrated by

Wynne Davies

"W E do not lodge bandits," said Brenda, coldly enough. "These are two English gentlemen who—"

"Since when have they been here?" said the sergeant.

"They came to us five days ago."

"And are they within?"

"I believe," said Brenda, "that they are taking their tea."

"Then tell them that the police would like to speak with them here."

"No. Wait a moment," said Virgil. "First show us their car." He turned to the police. "If this fellow identifies it—"

"I think, perhaps," said the sergeant, but Virgil cut him short.

"Can't you see," he said, "how much it'll strengthen your hand?"

"Very well," said the other reluctantly.

Brenda hesitated. Then she passed down the steps and led them away to the left and out of my sight.

In a flash we were both at the door, en route for our sitting-room. As we entered the hall, Lady Caroline Virgil slipped from behind the front door.

"And now?" she said.

"We may," said Herrick, "we may have to call upon you. We shan't if we can help it, but Percy—er—knows no law."

She smiled and nodded.

"All right."

And then we were back in our room and had shut the door.

The position was delicate—and showed forth very clearly the infamous skill with which Percy had laid his plans.

He had, of course, been looking for some such arrival as ours, and the moment he heard that we had been seen in Gola he gave his waiting bullies the word to strike.

By fastening suspicion on us, he was making sure their escape with their precious goods, for time that

is lost in such matters is irretrievably lost, and by the time a scent has been found to be false, the one which is true has faded and died away. And we had played straight into his hands. Our movements of the last four days had been in all respects such movements as kidnappers make; our map of the district was marked as kidnappers would have marked it; and neither movements nor markings could be accounted for—except by the truth.

QUITE apart from the fact that I could speak no German, Herrick was plainly the man to play our difficult hand. His wit was far quicker than mine, and he had, besides, an address which would have unsettled the hottest enemy.

"We've no time to discuss," he said, "the line we should take. But

Interview with the Police

I think we must get dear Percy to help us out. This means giving something away, but charity sometimes comes off."

"You mean?" said I.

"I'm not quite sure," said Herrick. "I have an idea, but it's still in a state of flux. Should it take shape I have a horrid feeling that Percy is going to perspire. And now don't talk for a moment. H—"

Here Brenda flew in with her summons, fairly aglow with excitement and ready for any mischief that we might command.

"Have they found a map?" I said, rising.

"They are now inspecting it, sir—with their eyes half out of their heads."

For most of the way I drove and Caroline sat by my side.

"Good," said Herrick. "Where's Winter?"

"At tea in the kitchen, sir."

"Tell him to stay there," said Herrick. "And if he should be sent for, to tell the truth—except, of course, on one point. He's never seen my lady at any time."

Brenda nodded and fled, and strolled out of the house and into the drive. The police and Virgil were there, but the smith was not to be seen. I afterwards found that he had been left with the Rolls—to raise the alarm in case we should try to make off.

I had wondered if Percy Virgil would know me again, for while I had had good reason to study him and his ways, I had been to him no more than one of several guests at a country hotel. But he did—imme-

diately. And though he would have concealed it, I saw him start.

Herrick was addressing the police.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I'm told that you wish to see us. If we can be of service in any way—"

The police seemed taken aback. I suppose that we did not resemble the men they had expected to see. Then the sergeant took off his hat. "The matter is serious," he said.

"Of course," said Herrick. "Otherwise you would first have asked us before inspecting our car."

The sergeant swallowed, and Virgil put in his oar.

"You may be strangers," he said, "but that doesn't put you above the law of the land."

"Nor, I trust," said Herrick, "be- yond the traditional courtesy of its

inhabitants. What is your rank in the police?"

Virgil flushed.

"I am not in the police," he said.

"Then why," said Herrick, "did you presume to address me?"

"My name is—"

"I have no desire," said Herrick, "to hear your name." He returned to the police. "You were saying that the matter was serious."

Virgil looked ready to burst, but the sergeant went straight to the point.

"I will be plain," he said. "A lady has been abducted—a lady of high degree. She was kidnapped early this morning upon her father's estate—at Brief—some ten miles from here." He held up our map. "I think you will hardly deny that you know where that is."

"I have known where Brief was," said Herrick, "for twenty-three years."

The others r—red.

"We are dealing with the present," said Virgil.

Herrick raised his eyebrows.

"Allow me to suggest," he said, "that you should keep to yourself such—er—discoveries as you may make." He turned again to the police. "Yes, gentlemen?"

The sergeant cleared his throat.

"In view, sir, of what has occurred, I must ask you to explain the markings upon this map."

"With pleasure," said Herrick. "And I sincerely advise you to tell the truth."

"You will find," said Herrick, "that we have nothing to hide." He fingered his chin. "I stayed at Brief, as a child, in 1912. My mother and the Countess Rudolph were very close friends. Happening to be at Innsbruck a week ago, I felt a strong

The Story So Far:

RICHARD EXON, an Englishman, and his friend, JOHN HERRICK, are in Austria on a secret mission concerning the Castle of Brief.

COUNT FERDINAND, who occupies it, by a trick has wrested the title from his twin brother, now dead. The Count and his son,

PERCY, are plotting to rob the rightful Count's daughter,

LADY CAROLINE, of a great inheritance.

Her life is in danger at the castle, and Exon rescues her and takes her to Raven, where she will be safe. Exon tells her that the man she calls father is really her uncle, and produces a statement signed by her father when dying.

Percy and three men, one a police sergeant, arrive at Raven to search for the missing heiress, and accuse BRENDA REVOKE, who is living there, of sheltering two bandits who, they inspect, have kidnapped the Lady Caroline.

NOW READ ON.

desire to visit the castle again. For various reasons I did not wish to leave cards. Much has happened, you know, in twenty-three years. My mother, the Countess Rudolph, has died. The Lady Caroline has been born, and, worst of all, I'm told that a vulgar blackguard, the son of an uncle of hers, has the run of the place."

A GHASTLY silence succeeded these moving words, the police regarding the gravel with goggling eyes and Virgil, dark red in the face, surveying Herrick with the glare of a baited beast.

Herrick continued agreeably.

"We, therefore, came here from Innsbruck on Sunday last. On Monday we started out to try to discover some spot from which we could view the castle, without going into the grounds. We only found one, and that was—too far away. Determined not to be beaten, we tried for the next three days—with the aid of that map. And all in vain. Last night we reviewed the position, and found it thus: that we must either trespass or else go empty away."

"Now, I do not like trespassing; but neither, I frankly confess, do I like going empty away. And in the end we decided to rise very early in the morning, enter the park from the north, and have a good look at the castle before anybody was up. And so—we did."

For a moment I thought that Virgil was going to faint. All the color was out of his face, which looked peaked and thin, and he did not seem to be breathing, but might have been turned to stone. Then a shiver ran through him, and a hand went up to his mouth.

But the police had no eyes for him. The two were staring at Herrick as though they would read his soul.

"At what times," said the sergeant, "did you enter and leave the estate?"

"We entered at four and we left about half-past six."

There was an electric silence.

Then—

"I am bound to inform you," said the sergeant, "that what you have just admitted makes your position most grave. The outrage was committed this morning at six o'clock."

"Perhaps," said Herrick, "it was not committed by us."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall have to—"

"I think it is clear," said Virgil, "that this gentleman is telling the truth." The two police stared upon him as though he were out of his mind. "I mean, if he were guilty, he would scarcely have made an admission which put the rope round his neck."

As soon as he could speak—

"But, sir!" cried the sergeant, "a rope round the neck is harmless unless it is tight. If every rogue was believed because he told such truths as could do him no harm—"

"These gentlemen," said Virgil, "have not the appearance of rogues."

The sergeant put a hand to his head.

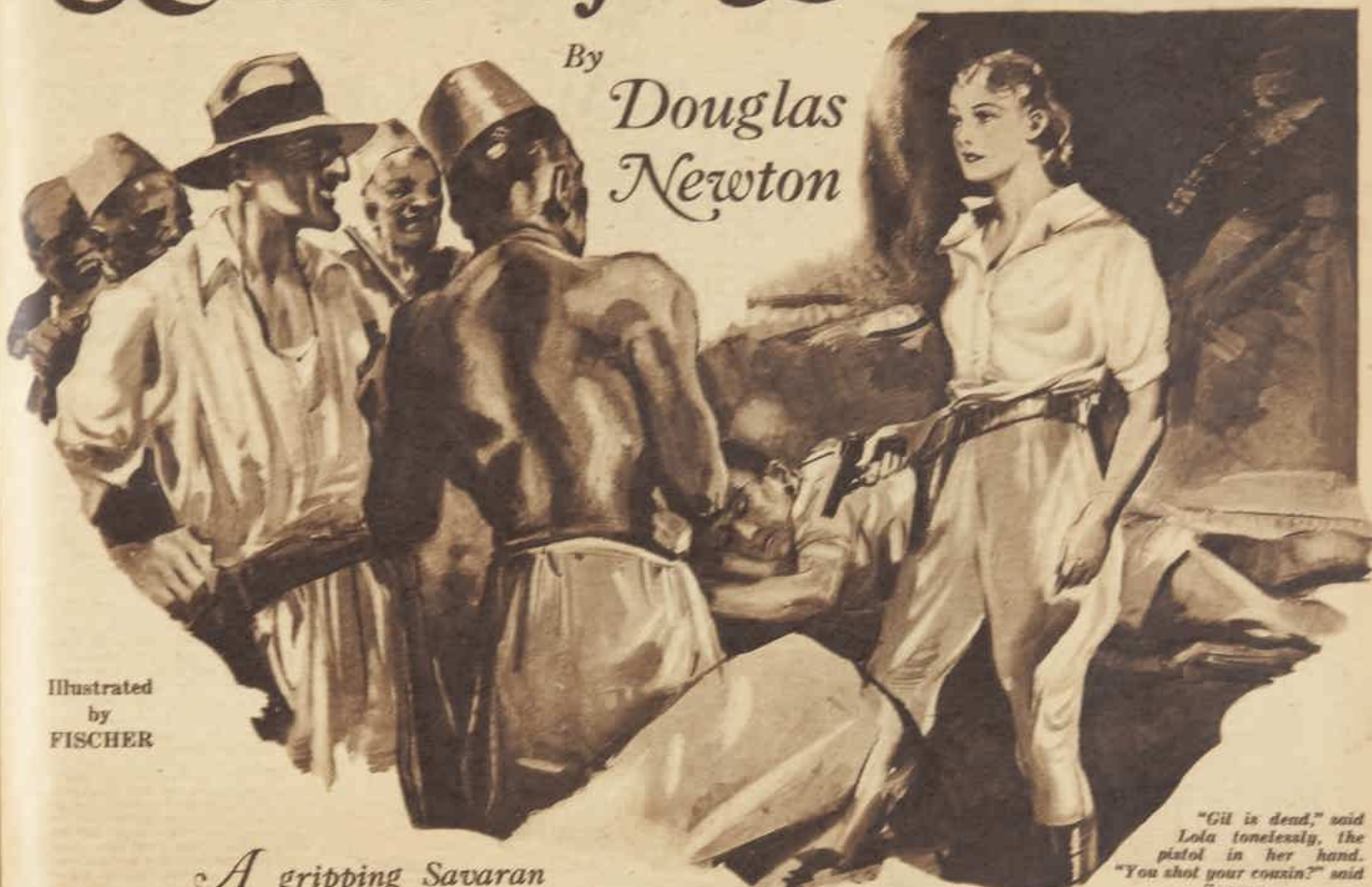
"But they were there—in the park—at the hour that the business was done. Why, this map alone would warrant—"

Please turn to Page 48

Lily of Deceit

By
Douglas
Newton

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



"Gil is dead," said
Lola tonelessly, the
pistol in her hand.
"You shot your cousin?" said
Savarán.

*A gripping Savaran
adventure romance, in which a
beautiful girl proves her sterling
qualities.*



THE drum that is called *angoma*, which is a drum of power, was throbbing upward to the note of death. The tall trees that made solid walls on either side of the jungle glade seemed to concentrate all its million evil upon the single, brass-bright shaft of sunlight in which the *ju-ju* man danced.

The brass shaft lit through by careful tree-cutting broadened as the sun mounted. It touched a great ball of a black beetle behind the shuffling witch-doctor. He was a negro nearly seven feet tall, enormously muscled. He wore the skin of a great ape as helmet and cloak, the fangs of the brute curving down over his low, ugly brow. This was Jadilla, Kai of the Mafatish, a human tiger in cruelty, audacity, cunning, and strength. About him danced forty picked braves of his brother guard protecting his back which no other man might approach.

Knapen's throbbled up and up, its sound pressing all life out of the world. Death stalked very near. The sun splash had spread so that the ground reflected it on to the three victims lashed to sacrificial stakes. When the sun itself touched them they would die—or, rather, begin to die.

The three victims were white, and one was a white woman.

The man to the right of the woman stared straight before him with the queer fixity of a drug addict, and even though his face was blank it had a queer inner stain of evil. The man to her left was a youngster and good-looking with a curiously wholesome charm of good looks. His half-naked body showed bad wounds and

he was sagging at his lashings, half-fainting with weakness.

The woman was marvellous, and in a place like that doubly so. She was lovely with a strange, still, pale beauty that made her look a lily of innocence. She looked it now. Even in the face of death she maintained her downcast glance of unshakable and provocative reticence.

The brass sunray, by some trick of tree cutting, leapt suddenly on to the victims. Abruptly they blazed with light. Abruptly *angoma* leapt to a howling note. Abruptly the *ju-ju* man sprang forward, his blade whirling a shiller note. He sprang at the half-fainting man, his arm swinging to the first of the ritual strokes that would sting the man awake to the long-drawn death the massed blacks were to gloat upon.

As he jumped, something seemed to take him in mid-air and a moment later he was but a twitching mass of limbs and panther-tails at the feet of his untouched victims.

The gasping black mob stared horror-struck. Jadilla the Kai alone was on his feet following a call to arms. For the first time in his kingship the blood-greedy Mafatish did not obey. A voice wailed:

"Woe! Woe! A god hath struck him dead!"

"Offal-eating dogs," came the rolling voice of the king. "It was a throwing iron. I saw it flash. No god did this—"

"Perhaps you're both right," came a fiercely jeering voice in Swahili. "for I killed him."

There stood behind the Kai, facing twelve hundred spears with a fierce unconcern, a tall and limby white man. He was eagle-faced and bright-eyed. He was also thoroughly en-

joying the dramatic effectiveness of himself. A swaggering, extravagant creature, yet something in those bright, strong eyes sent a cold wind into the hearts of the Mafatish.

"Jackal, who art thou?" bellowed Jadilla the Kai, and deliberately held his hand to his weapon-bearer for a spear.

"Savarán!" said the white man, and his teeth flared startlingly in his gipsy face when Jadilla, as though stung, snatched his hand away from the spear. The name Savarán had that reaction on most African kinglets from Tangier to Table Bay.

"Savarán!" cried the Kai, and all his people heard the trouble in his voice. "Why come you to my lands, Savarán?"

"To hang you, Jadilla, after releasing the white men on whom you have dared to lay your black hands."

Jadilla took a stride forward and with a lightning gesture snatched a throwing iron from the folds of his ape skin. Savarán's wrist—no more—clipped upward as the brawny black arm swung, and the pistol in his hand cracked once. The throwing iron fell half way between the two men, and Jadilla, with a yelp, was nursing a useless limb.

Savarán did not move, but at the sound of his shot well-armed askari appeared at every angle of the glade. With grim celerity they plumped down machine-guns, fell into place behind them, and remained still, watching Savarán.

"People of the Mafatish," he said grimly, "dare you fight Savarán?"

Only a low moan came from the tribesmen and a rattle as the body-guard dropped shields and spears. Savarán smiled fiercely again and pointed to a great tree over the king's hut. Half a dozen askari ran forward with a rope and led Jadilla to the reward of sixteen years of murder.

The white man with the dope-dead face said hoarsely as Savarán freed him from his stake: "Damn you and your play-acting. You cut that almost too fine."

"It wasn't play-acting, Bonny Margman," said the eagle-faced man. "I was waiting to see if that *ju-ju* man went to you first."

Even the deadened face came alive then. "By heaven," Bonny Margman gulped. "You would have let him kill me?"

"I believe in all labor-saving devices," said Savarán.

"My heavens," said Bonny Margman, "and you a white man?"

"Charles Templeton and John Gort, to name only two, were white men. Bonny Margman, but that did not stop you hiring blacks to slaughter them," said Savarán fiercely. "I hold it to be a sanitary act to clean you and your clan off the earth. Also, you double-crossed me. Where's your precious father and cousin?"

"Find out for yourself you—you half nigger," snarled Bonny Margman, and fainted, not from the strain, but because he had been deprived of cocaine for weeks.

SAVARÁN stood over the girl who was kneeling with the other man's head in her lap. The boy was quite insensible now, and she was bathing his head with water an askari had brought. She made an almost too lovely picture of feminine tenderness, and yet Savarán, who always warmed to beauty in women, looked at her with eyes of loathing while his voice had a cutting edge as he spoke:

"Where are your father and your cousin, Lola Margman?" he asked.

The girl said nothing, just went on bathing young Pendrych's head with a maternal loveliness that only made Savarán angrier. He knew Lola Margman too well to be taken in by her tableaux.

"I'll have an answer," he said fiercely. "I want to get at the inside of this. I, Savarán, have been tricked as well as this boy. I'm his partner. You're robbing me as well as him. Out with it. What are your father and your reputed cousin up to now? What crooked part do you play in the game?"

Lola Margman, daughter and half of Max Margman and his family of

swell crooks, looked up, her still white beauty even whiter.

"My crooked part?" she said.

"What else?" Savarán stormed. "What other could you play? Crooked from birth, you have no other instinct. Didn't you lure this boy from me with your calculated charms? Didn't you plan to beat me—ME! Savarán—by getting me arrested at Hamattan? Isn't your whole record a string of such sweet treacheries? Beautiful you are, but vile, as Delilah was vile. Lola Margman. And I know you and mean to have the truth from you."

The girl did not answer, went on bathing the face in her lap. It stirred under her touch.

"Hallo!" said Pendrych in a feeble voice. "Still unfixed, am I? Is Lola safe?"

"Safe, Jim," she said in her lovely, lying voice.

"Thank heaven," the boy breathed. "Give me your hand to kiss, darling."

"Pendrych," snapped the eagle-faced man.

"Savarán!" cried the boy with limp gladness. "It's old Savarán. I guessed he'd do the trick. It's his way—great lad, Savarán, has the grand flair. Said as much to Lola the day these black brutes snuffed us. Said: Keep your pecker up, dearest, I've a hunch that Savarán is in this. Rescuing us is just the sort of miracle he goes by halat. I felt that in my bones, didn't I, Lola?"

"Lol!" snorted Savarán, glaring hate at the girl.

"Lol," murmured the wounded boy. "Lol here. Lola Margman that was—my wife, Lol!"

He grinned in shaky rapture, drew the girl's hand to his lips, and blissfully fainted. And Savarán, for once in his life thoroughly at loss, lifted his eyes from the clean-run youngster who had won his heart, to glare at the happy whose beauty was a synonym for rank evil throughout Africa.

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SOUL of HONOR

By D. WILSON MACARTHUR

Complete
Short Story



HE quill pen scraped urgently over the coarse paper. "It is understood that he will embark soon" — the words were scratched in French. "And I have the honor, sir, to enclose a complete list of the rebels."

I have the honor! Honor!

The quill shook, scratched a black furrow in the paper, and was thrown down.

Hector Davidson leapt to his feet, his nostrils quivering.

The honor. He took a quick step across the polished oaken floor and lightly touched the hilt of a long Spanish rapier that had been slung over the back of a high chair. In the candle-light, his tall figure cast a grotesque shadow upon the bare walls — a shadow tortured and distraught. There was an ink-stain upon the ruffles of Brussels lace at his wrist. He raised his arm to stare at it, fascinated.

Ink. That was his weapon — not the rapier. The weapon of a coward, a rogue — a traitor.

His brain was caught up in a tumult of thought as he considered what he had written — in French — because he knew only a few words of English, and had gone to France to finish his education.

"He" would embark soon. "He" might even now be upon the high seas, with a squadron of French men-of-war. French troops, French armaments, and cannon and money. And Hector Davidson, who had intercepted this intelligence, who was deep in the counsels of his third cousin, Lochiel, could furnish a complete list of the insurgents, of the chiefs who would summon their clansmen to rally to the Young Pretender.

What was he to do? When Prince Charles landed — when the adventure was launched? And what — above all, what, what — would Lochiel do? The gentle Lochiel, whose counsel was moderation, who pleaded that the time was not ripe — and whose loyalty was invincible. Loyalty not to the Hanoverian, but to the ancient royal house.

He began suddenly to pace up and down, thinking, thinking. He could see the heather burning, hear the frenzied voice of rebellion, visualise the swift march south, the triumphant sweeping advance on a great tide of enthusiasm and loyalty and high ideals — unquenchable, irresistible — until the inevitable check, the inevitable retreat, the fierce mountain charge hurling itself at last in vain against trained and veteran troops, valor and claymore against stern discipline — and powder and shot.

HE knew what the end would be. Although he had felt excitement tingling in his veins, had felt the quickening of martial ardor, he faced the facts. Charles Edward would fail. He must fail. And then?

Was he condemned to run with the fox and hunt with the hounds? Was there no way of honor open to him — the traitor?

That had begun in France, where scented dandies and appealing women feted and flattered the young gentlemen who came from the Highlands of Scotland to complete their education. He had fallen in debt, his honor had been involved — and, bewildered, frightened a little, he had found himself in a mesh from which there was only one escape. And the price — treachery. To play the spy, to betray the counsels of his kinsmen, for English gold.

He bit his lip, halting abruptly as a faint sound from another part of the house penetrated the heavy bolted door of his room. The soft tinkle of a harp, the crooning lilt of a lovely voice.

At once his mind emptied of all other thought, Sheila — Sheila alone mattered to him. And he knew her heart. Young, ardent, visionary, Sheila was given to the Cause. She seemed, almost, to live for nothing

else, her face frozen, the light of her eyes killed, all feeling dead. For she loved him.

He went back to his desk, staring down at the half-finished report, at the long list of names and designations, each followed by a figure telling the number of men that could be brought into the field, and he drew a sharp breath.

"For the last time," he thought, and threw himself into his chair. For the last time. After this — no more. The English could find some other spy. His debt was paid, with

his final report. And if it came to the bit, if Himself landed, he would break the rapier across his knee, take down his father's claymore, and follow Lochiel.

For Sheila. And afterwards — if he survived the campaign — could he not, for Sheila's sake, claim protection from the English for the secret part he had played? Reap the reward of treachery?

Abruptly he picked up the quill again, finished the letter, signed it with the secret mark he used, and dusted it over. Then he folded it, sealed it heavily, and thrust it into an inner pocket of his long French doublet.

His wife's singing came to him more strongly now from the big room downstairs where she sat by the fire. A sweet, tender voice, a sweet old song in soft lilting Gaelic. He went downstairs.

In the firelight her beauty struck him anew, like a blow over the heart. She rose, smiling a welcome.

"I must go," he told her abruptly. "There has been a summons."

"From Lochiel?" Her hand rose to her breast.

"No. I ride south." He strove for a light tone. "You shall hear about it when I return."

"When? When shall you return?"

"To-morrow."

He could not bear to go. He ached with a reluctance to leave her now. But his dispatch was urgent — and Wilkins awaited it. He dared not linger. Abruptly he bent and kissed her hand.

"Oidhche mhaith leibh, mo run."

His voice almost betrayed him, choking a little. He turned and strode out.

The work he had ahead of him brooked no attendant, however devoted, and he wanted no guard to protect him. When finally they reached the road — a mere wide track through the mountains — he drew rein, and dismissed the man. The gillie hesitated, troubled, but turned at last and set off at a long stride the way they had come. Hector jerked the reins, and urged his mount forward again.

He rode for hours. The beast was fresh, spirited, accustomed to these long night journeys. With a thin silvery of moonlight to show them the road, the rider fell into a deep reverie.

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



HE thought of Sheila. Of how, coming back from France, as yet only slightly perturbed by the shadow that had come back with him, he had met her in Inverary, had won and married her. There had been opposition. His cousin, Red Donald, a tall, silent, quick-tempered man who had not disguised his contempt for the tricks and fripperies of France, had been in the field before him. But Red Donald, inarticulate in his love, was worsted in the end.

Moodily he thought of Sheila and Donald. If she had married Donald, she would have had a man for her husband, a man of honor — a man to whom the word of Lochiel was the law of God, and who would have cherished Sheila to the last drop of blood in his veins.

And himself? A traitor, a renegade, selling his own kin for English gold, for the folly of youth.

And Wilkins? As he neared the point of their rendezvous he thought again of Wilkins, the Englishman who acted as go-between. A ferret-eyed man, sneering at him for the quick-tempered Highland pride that consorted ill with the work of a spy.

He reached the appointed meeting place, near a cross-roads, where a man could remain safe in hiding until his colleague arrived.

Please turn
to
Page 14

else — except her love for him. And he

If would kill her if she ever learned his treachery. She believed him the soul of honor. With her high pride, her passionate devotion, she could have only one word for the traitor. Death. And she would watch him

The rapier was pitched high to fall at the feet of Sheila and Donald. With a quick, natural gesture, Donald reached for his sword.

The Fashion Parade by Petrov

ENSEMBLE for AFTERNOON

..... Smart and Practical Mode

Plain and Printed
Fabrics are both
good for this
serviceable style



• THE PLAIN ENSEMBLE: Dull surface black with a smocked yoke for the dress and smocked shoulders for the coat. Yellow chamamois gloves and belt, and yellow chamamois roses in the shiny toque. Patent shoes and bag.



• THE "AFFINITY" PRINT. The brown coat printed in white declares its affinity with the white dress printed in rusty orange. The coat is fully lined with the same material as the dress, and may be reversed as your mood dictates. A brown bow makes a neat finish at the waistline.

• "PETIT POIS" SPOTS: The Half and Half. Spots are always with us, and the small "little peas" size is especially smart. In this little coat they are provided with a variety of background colors, rose, sky and navy. The blouse is rose and the skirt and accessories plain navy.



FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

To DINE and DANCE



● **THIS MOLYNEUX MODEL** is in soft black chiffon in the new lamp-shade design. It is very much cut away under the arms, but not very décolleté at the back. This and other fashion photographs reproduced on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire, and sent by Air Mail.



● **ABOVE:** A versatile frock for dinner and dancing. Printed in white on a lake-blue ground. A fabric posy, of the new bunch type, finishes the neckline.

● **AT TOP OF PAGE:** A beautiful dinner frock of blue taffeta brocaded in silver features important short sleeves and a hip flare coming to a point at the back.

● **ABOVE:** An evening frock in pure silk, printed in a colorful floral design in fuchsia tones. It is simply cut, slightly trained and finished with a sash.

● **AT RIGHT:** A lovely evening dress of delicate chalk-white lace, made with a flared cape and picturesque full skirt.



MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

BLOUSES... the TOPS for SPRING!

Touches of Embroidery Add
a Happy Sparkle to Their Charm

WITH what joy do we herald the news of the fashion supremacy of the blouse for spring and summer! No adjunct to the wardrobe is so useful, attractive, and economical.

THIS year blouses are delightfully feminine. They come in crisp organdies, cool linens, frothy laces—and in lovely, clear, gay colors.

This is the time to get yourself a new blouse.

It is too early to warrant a large expenditure on an entirely new outfit, yet our hearts yearn for a touch of spring gaiety in our winter clothes. Let the blouse do the trick! Let it inject this variety and color that are so necessary into your wardrobe.

Have as many different blouses as your purse will allow and you will be as many different women. Have one to suit each mood. Be

The London fashion houses are showing Paisley silk made into delightful little creations, while the flowered Tyrolean blouse with accompanying basque is also being worn.

Plain-colored satins and linens are being made into demure little affairs but are also amusing with their buttons of imitation lobsters, lovebirds, tightly-packed posies of bead flowers and diamond bows. Tucks and pleats are used either horizontally or vertically to add smartness, and small pockets are often placed in unusual positions.

You can be as tailored in lame or lace as in woollens. Blouses of these fabrics are worn under your dinner-suit or for cocktails; then there are the delightful little fluffy ones of gathered lace or georgette.

By **THELMA THOMAS**
Brilliant young Australian fashion expert, who created the prize designs for the South Australian and Victorian Centenary pageants, and is now designing costumes for the New South Wales 150th anniversary celebrations.

Be original in your color combinations. We are losing our inhibitions about color, so experiment with new shades and blends. Try raspberry, fuchsia, or both rust and royal-blue with your navy suit. Use corn-yellow, rust, pillar-box red, and even ice-blue with your browns.

Piastis will also do a great deal to pep up your color schemes. Have a tailored blouse of one under your plain outfit.



• ABOVE: Bolero jacket in fine sheer linen, with an irregular conventional design embroidered in gay colors on the revers and wide belt.

• LEFT: A crepe afternoon blouse which boasts draped lines and enormously full sleeves, caught and held firmly over the shoulder by very heavy dull silk embroidery, giving almost the look of braiding.

• BELOW: A sports top in natural wool taffeta, with embroidered bordering round sleeves, pockets and front-closing. This is a brand new way of monogramming: make a border pattern out of your own initials.

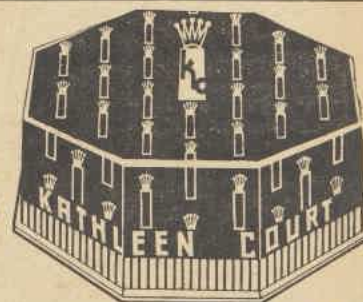


gay, sporting, tailored or sophisticated—according to your blouse.

To the business woman the blouse can be the main standby. She can start the day wearing a trim waistcoat, a shirt-collar type or one of casual mannishness under a well-cut suit. With a change of blouse, she remains well dressed, no matter what engagement she may be called upon to keep.

For the afternoon tea or bridge, be as frivolous as you please! Though Paris says blouses are not to be as frilly as they were, you may be ruffled in muslin, or frilled in organdie and laces, this type having small puffed sleeves and worn either tucked in at the waist or with a peplum.

But
Powder
like this
for 1/-



... that's **NEWS**

No more the nuisance of a shiny nose just when you want to look your best! Gone the tragedy of flaky, patchy specks! An end to harsh, plaster-like powdering that gives an aged look to your skin! 'Velvet Skin' Face Powder is free from grit, clings for hours, and does not clog the pores. This Face Powder, famous creation of Kathleen Court, comes in a smart

octagonal box. It offers a good supply of truly exquisite face powder, with a delightful fragrance, and in every modern tone graduation to suit all types and colorings of skin, hair and eyes. The price of this is 1/- the small size, and 2/3 the large. The large size contains a sample tube of 'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream, the perfect powder base.

kathleen court's exquisite
★ **'Velvet Skin'** ★
face powder

obtainable at all Chemists and Stores — 1/- and 2/3

Use 'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream, the perfect powder base, as a foundation for 'Velvet Skin' powder. 'Facial Youth' is obtainable everywhere in tubes, 1/3 and 1/2; jars, 2/6.

An Editorial

AUGUST 14, 1937

MAKING WOMEN INTO MACHINES



CAN women be regimented—organised into machine-like behaviour and a mass outlook?

Germany and Russia—as articles published in The Australian Women's Weekly last week and to-day show—are attempting this experiment.

Women may appear outwardly to be more amenable to mass thinking than men.

For instance, women find little hardship in obeying conventions that irk men, and though each woman likes to be the best dressed woman about, she insists on achieving this within the lines laid down by fashion.

But this is purely superficial. At heart every woman is an absolute individualist.

Some men are individualists. The vast majority much prefer to join with their fellow men in some communal enterprise, whether it be a football team, an army, or a political party.

What, then, of the German girls with their plain uniforms, their unadorned complexions, their obedience to the Fuehrer's orders as to how they shall work, play, speak, think, and feel?

They will certainly obey orders as long as those orders tend to get them what they want. If Herr Hitler forbade them to get husbands, have children and set up homes, there would be no more obedience!

The Russian girls welcome the novelty of wearing uniform, of doing men's work, of showing that they can be as intelligent, as efficient, as economically co-operative as men.

But take away the right to laugh, to make love, to marry and live the secret inner individual life of woman, and a revolution would sweep Russia that would make 1917 look like a regulation strike.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Fate of the Child Star

BECAUSE the film-makers won't pay Freddie Bartholomew any more than £525 a week, his personal guardian, Aunt Millicent, threatens to take him to England to go to school and lead a normal life.

Everyone—particularly every mother—would like to know what effect child stardom has on the child star. Is it much worse for him or her than "normal childhood"?

Judging from actual cases, adulation has apparently little effect on the child when he grows up.

Jackie Coogan and Jackie Cooper both turned out very normal young men. Mital Green, as clever if not as hysterically popular as Shirley Temple in her day, is now a talented and attractive young actress.

The fact seems to be that though some children are equally "spoiled" most have a remarkable resistance to childhood influences, and in the end make their own lives.

Invisible School

HOW the world changes, almost without our being aware of it.

Fifteen years ago, the idea of 30,000 children being taught lessons in their own homes by a voice coming over the air would have been staggering, even absurd, to most people.

Yet that remarkable piece of work was actually carried out in Victoria, at a moment's notice and with no fuss or trouble, when infantile paralysis compelled the closing of the schools.

Perhaps if radio were more widely used for such splendid and significant purposes as this, our reaction to it would be more respectful.

Marrying a Stranger

SCORES of proxy brides are arriving in Australia to marry foreign-born Australian citizens whom they have never seen.

Even from the British Isles, two girls have recently arrived to wed men they have come to know only by correspondence.

Are they really taking such a terrible risk? Or is the risk no more than we all take when we wed a life to those of others?

No one ever completely knows another human being. But most human beings are tolerably nice people, and the best guarantee of happiness in marriage is a determination on the part of each partner to make the best of the other.

People who take the great step of marriage without meeting are pretty sure to possess that determination in full measure!

The Absurd Touch

THAT tormenting spirit that Edgar Allan Poe called "The Imp of the Perverse" seems to haunt Australia's efforts towards the outward manifestation of nationhood.

At Canberra, that truly beautiful embryo city, destined to be the centre of the national culture and the national life, an impressive hotel makes itself the scene of cheap comedy.

The Hotel Kurrajong, where Public servants stay, has forbidden these servants of the Commonwealth to eat jam and dessert at the same meal.

A little while ago the department insisted on censoring the guest list for a ball given by residents.

Ever since Canberra was founded absurd incidents such as this have been going on, making the national capital ridiculous. Couldn't we hope for a little more sense of proportion?

Shopgirls and Shopmen

DESPITE rumors which have persisted, evidence adduced in an industrial court during the past week showed that women have not invaded the male workers' field in the retail trade.

Women still serve in the departments they have served in since the early days of the century, and apart from a few girls at tobacco counters and such, they leave the rest of the field to the men.

There's a great deal of subtle psychology in the value of the respective sexes as caterers to customers' varying tastes.

Men like to be served by men with most merchandise—things like clothes, etc. They like girls to serve them with cigarettes, flowers, and any sort of present for women.

Women, though they frequently quarrel



MISS MARY NEILSON, of London, who has been appointed Principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne. See story, Column 4.

with them, like girl shop assistants, except for the more impressive lines such as motor-cars.

Work it out as you will, it's true.

Women Jurors

DIVIDED opinion was shown by feminists the other day on the question of women sitting on juries.

The main opposition came from women who said their homes would be disorganised if they were to be called up for jury service.

"All the time," said one woman, "a good wife would be wondering who on earth was doing the washing up, or putting the children to bed, or cooking the dinner."

Despite the fact that jury work would create a certain amount of disorganisation in the home, there is the wider claim of community service to be considered.

The women considered this and voted unanimously for women jurors; not because they really wanted the job, but because in many cases overseas where women served on juries the practical outlook of the average woman has been of great value to the courts, particularly in cases concerning public health and the welfare of mothers and children.

Hard to Read Girls' Minds at School!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Is it easier to teach boys or girls? A leading headmistress in England, who has just been appointed first woman head of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, expressed interesting views on this question.

SHE is Miss Mary F. S. Neilson, who will arrive in Australia later this year.

"It would not be fair for me to choose between them," she said. "When I taught the boys, they had been put on their honor to behave well by the men teachers who had gone to the war."

"But, though I enjoy teaching girls, I must admit that it is easier to know what boys are thinking."

"One knows when they are interested in a lesson and when they are not. Girls are more complex and subtle, and it is harder to read their minds."

"I have a great admiration for the modern schoolgirl. She absorbs knowledge quickly and intelligently, is interested in public affairs and shows initiative in her studies."

"When I went to school we 'learned lessons.' The modern schoolgirl realises she is acquiring knowledge that she can use in relation to the business of living."

"To encourage initiative in study I believe that homework, of varying periods according to a girl's age, is very necessary. But it must allow for a period of relaxation and a reasonable bedtime."

Develop Individuality!

BESIDES encouraging this initiative, the teacher should also strive to develop the varied individualities of her pupils.

"To achieve this, of course, we need comparatively small classes so that children receive a direct, personal—rather than mass—education."

"To balance this development of the individual there must be a reasonable period of sport and exercise."

"A certain amount of self-government, especially among senior girls, is of inestimable value in school life."

"It creates a sense of responsibility and establishes a friendly, trusting relationship between teachers and pupils."

"In our school here, prefects are elected by teachers and senior pupils—the pupils being allowed two-thirds of the votes."

"I understand your schools in Australia work on much the same system. I am looking forward to my appointment tremendously, and hope I shall find this same friendly spirit among the girls and teachers as we have here."

Slight, blue-eyed, with greying hair, Miss Neilson talks in a rather confidential voice with a warm Scottish accent.

Born in Glasgow she obtained her M.A. degree at Glasgow University and trained as a teacher at St. George's Training College.

Towards the end of the war she taught in a boys' school for two years, and has been teaching girls for eighteen years, chiefly at North London Collegiate School, one of England's best-known girls' schools, which was founded in 1850.

More Readers

ACCORDING to booksellers and librarians, Australians are reading more books than at any time before.

Better-class books are having a readier sale, and librarians also report that the literary novel as well as books on travel and biography are in great demand.

Curiously enough, "Old Man Depression" is given the credit for this greater reading activity.

Thousands of people out of work took up thrillers as a means of escape from the problems of the moment. From that point they progressed to more serious reading, and the book-a-month woman became an addict with a library ticket and ideas of her own about books.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



MAKING "SPORT" of HE-MEN'S SPORT



L. W. Lower Worried at Women's Invasion of Field Games

Women are increasingly engaging in men's sports.

No longer will the local billiard saloon be safe on Saturday afternoon, it seems. It is even becoming effeminate to play football. What is there left?

It looks as if we'll have to go back to croquet.

"WHERE'S your wife this afternoon, Alfred?"
"She's playing football. Brutal game, football. Last time she came home with a broken collarbone, she just stood around while I did all the housework."

"How utterly boring! Comes home covered with mud, I suppose?"
"Oh, blood, mostly. Still I suppose I am lucky. Frankie's wife plays polo and he has to sleep in the stable."
"He says he is beginning to prefer it. I think the sun's getting too hot here on the lawn. We'll go inside and have a nice cup of tea. I've made some most delicious little cakes. You'll

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

love them. I got the recipe from Tom Lurich."

"How is Tommy these days?"
"Oh, he never goes to the wrestling these days. He's got to mind the house. His wife's doing the wrestling now. And quite right, too. A lot of people say that a man's place is in the home, and I quite believe it. After all, when a woman comes home tired from a day's sport or a night at the wrestling or boxing, she needs nourishment and attention. Here comes my little daughter. Come here, darling, and say 'Hullo' to the nice gentleman."

"Aw, wait, cancher! Is there any sticking plaster in the house?"
"Dearie, I forgot to get some in!"
"Bah! A pity you didn't use a bit more system in the place. You always seem to run short of things just when they're needed."

"Well, dear, I always try to do my best, but what with bandages and liniment for your mother, and she brought home the whole football team for dinner the other night, and me with not a thing in the house... I do think she might give me some warning. I felt such a fool. She has no consideration. She goes out and enjoys herself and I'm left here in the house and then I'm expected to have everything ready."

Reversing the Order

"WELL, I'm going up the street. Give me a couple of shillings!"

"Your mother took the last two shillings I had, dear, apart from the rent."

"Well, give me a couple out of the rent. It's not due till Monday, anyhow."

"Oh, dear! In my bag in the wardrobe. And don't take any more than two shillings."

"Humph! I don't know what you do with the money. You ought to go to a domestic science class, or something. Anyhow, you'd better snap into it with the dinner. Mum'll be home shortly, and you know how she kicks up if her dinner's not ready. As a matter of fact, I'm pretty hungry myself. Here she comes now."

"Oh, hullo, dear! I think you've met Mr. Whataname?"

"Eh! Who? Oh, him! Goodday!"

"Will you have a cup of tea, dear?"
"No. Turn the bath on for me. I'm stiff all over. Where do you keep the clean towels?"

"I'm not sure whether there's one left. This wet weather has held me up this week."

"Why don't you pick on a fine day to do your washing, instead of waiting for a blizzard? Have I got a clean frock and stockings?"

"They're laid out on the bed. Wherever did you get that black eye?"

"Another woman punched me in a scrum. I want an early dinner to-night. I'm going out with a couple of the girls."

"Can't you stay home one night in the week? You promised to take me to the pictures to-night."

"Did I? Oh, well—some other time. Hurry up and turn that bath on."

"You'll excuse me, won't you, Alfred?"

ARTIST LAHM anticipates the day when L. W. Lower will defend his title as marbles champion against a woman, and predicts the adoption of shock methods to combat the intrusion of the gentler sex into men's games.

She's always like this when she gets home from a game. Help yourself to some more tea. I won't be a minute. And just have a peep in the oven and see how the roast's getting on. Will you?"

And then when she comes to her dinner: "What's this? Mutton again? Can't you think of anything else? Aw, don't bother dishing it up. I'll have dinner out. Where's my cloak? Must you always hide everything?"

"Here it is, dear. What time will you be home?"

"Might be home a bit late. Don't wait up. Get a bit of rest. You're looking a bit pinched lately. Good-bye."

And alarm goes the door. Well, the only thing to do if women are going to take up sport is for a man to lay in a few hanks of wool with which to knit the long, lonely evenings away.

I wish I were a woman. They always seem to get the best end of the stick.

How can you get a Slender Line

JUST think how much nicer you look in your evening frocks if you're slim—and how much healthier, fresher and fitter you'll feel if you become slim the Bile Beans way.

Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed and you'll slim while you sleep. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a reduction in your weight.

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"I was putting on weight at an alarming rate on the hips, shoulders and limbs. But Bile Beans not only removed this unwanted fat and gave me a slim figure, but improved my health at the same time. It's all due to taking Bile Beans. I feel so active and young." Mrs. K. Neal.

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SOUL of HONOR

Continued from Page 8

HE dismounted, tied his horse to the stump of a withered tree, and silently crept along the grass to the silent, dark dwelling—a hovel of four walls and a low door, and a hole in the thatched roof for the peat smoke to escape.

He stood a moment, listening, became aware of stifled breathing near at hand, in the pitch darkness of the interior. He coughed gently.

A voice, hoarse and urgent, spoke in English.

"Number fourteen?"

Hector understood. The little English that he knew had had to serve for his dealings with Wilkins.

"Yes," he whispered.

A dim shape filled the doorway, indistinguishable for the moon had clouded over.

"The letter, man!"

He pulled the mistle from his pocket, handed it over. As he did so the trailing cloud abandoned the face of the moon.

He started back. The face of the man whose hand closed over the letter was neither ferret-eyed nor thin. It was a dark, passionate, bearded face, whose eyes glared redly.

He flung himself forward, stifling a gasp, and snatched at the paper. A fist drove into his throat, and as he staggered the moonlight glinted on naked steel. The little vicious agian dugh, half-hidden in the hand that clasped it, flashed downwards.

A Symphony
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A sophisticated
afternoon frock,
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Evelyn Venable.
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buttons high to
the throat. Gay
silk scarves are
introduced at the
neck and waist-
line.



Hector dodged, leapt back, swinging his long rapier clear with a twist of the hip. The slim blade leapt to his hand. The dim shape rushed from the doorway, hurling itself upon him.

He felt the blade slipping without effort through thick plaiding, through skin and muscle deep into flesh. The blade bent sharply and he tugged at it, staggered backwards as it came away dripping red.

Then his enemy charged again, with a bellow of rage.

The little knife glinted in his left hand. As Hector stood faltering, stunned by the roar of the well-known battle cry, the other darted under the point of his rapier, which he knocked up with his forearm, and stabbed upwards—the stroke that, with a twist of the wrist, would lay him low.

He avoided it by a hair's breadth, and heard the silken doublet rip as the knife point bit into it. He flung himself sideways and saw, upon the ground, the white shape of his letter. He pounced upon it, straightened up in time to meet a fresh assault.

He drove it off. The rapier had a long and flexible guard. But an answering shout came from the darkness near at hand, and as he retreated step by step, careful to avoid tripping on the loose stones, he saw that he dared not leap upon his horse and escape. This fellow might have recognised him. Panting, he glanced to right and left. Footsteps thudded.

So Wilkins had been caught—and they were waiting for him. He ran forward lightly, his arm drawn back.

His enemy, weak from one deep wound, crouched to meet him. Hector lunged.

The rapier slid smoothly through the dire bulk confronting him. He recovered, turned, and raced for his horse. He slipped the halter, leapt into the saddle, and lashed the beast with his naked, dripping blade.

The horse reared and set off at a headlong gallop, just as shouts proclaimed the arrival of reinforcements.

He was headed the wrong way. It took him several hours, on a wide detour, to get back on the road to the north. Dawn was greying the skyline when he reached home.

He had his own means of effecting secret entry into the house. There were voices, commotion.

"Hector is not here?" he heard a voice exclaim—Red Donald's voice.

"No. He is gone—on a mission."

"Ah! Then you must tell him the news, Sheila—great news."

"Not—of himself?"

"No, no. But they caught a spy, an Englishman, and they laid an ambush for another spy who was bringing him word to pass on to his masters. This fellow escaped. But he did not get clean away. Runners—relays of swift runners—brought me the word, over the mountains. He galloped off to the south, but the passes are watched, he will be headed back. And he will be known. He killed one man, but he left some-



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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"James, I notice you are wearing my overcoat."
"Yes sir, it is raining, sir, and I knew you would not wish your new suit to get wet!"



"I must have £50 by to-night, or I'll shoot myself! Can you help me?"
"Sorry, I haven't a gun!"



MOTHER: I asked him to take his medicine like a man, and he's crying because I won't give him counter-lunch with it.



"You come from a teetotal town, don't you?"
"Yes, they won't even allow the carpenters to use spirit levels."

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHY do you get up so early?"
"To get to town to find a parking place."
"But that means you've got to waste a lot of time in town before you start work."
"Oh, no, I sometimes take a tram back home and have breakfast."

RIGGER: What Australia needs is more men to plough the fields.
Ragget: Yes, but you know it's not everyone who can spare the time to play golf.

DOCTOR: What gave you the sore throat?
Patient: Telling everyone about my operation.

LADY: How is it you have never found work after all these years?
Tramp: Luck, Missus, just luck!

"AT twenty you left the farm and came to the city. And for twenty-five years you have been working very hard. What for?"
"To make enough money to live in the country."

INQUISITIVE LADY VISITOR: And is your husband skilled in anything besides his usual work?
Wife: Of course he is. His boss says nobody can touch him at malingering.

DOCTOR: There is only one thing to rid you of your surplus fat—exercise, and plenty of it.
Fat Man: Ridiculous, Doctor. How do you account for my wife's double chin?



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Australia's Future Depends on Her Daughters

Women Declining in Numbers

Australian women are steadily decreasing in numbers.

Apart from the saddening effect of this news on the innumerable admirers of this charming variety of the human species, it has a very serious national aspect.

If we don't have more daughters—which means more potential mothers—our race is going to die out.

THIS unpleasant prospect forms the theme of a fascinating book just published in London, called "The Menace of British Depopulation," by G. F. McCleary, M.D.

Dr. McCleary has studied Australian conditions at first hand, and his chapter on our problem is sympathetic and striking.

It is a truism that woman is the mother of the race, and up-to-date students of population problems, says Dr. McCleary, work on this idea.

They point out that the true indication of what is going to happen to a population is not the general birth-rate (the number of babies born each year per thousand of population), but the number of GIRL babies born to the mothers of the nation during their lifetime.

Here's how it works: Unless the women of a nation, during their lifetime, reproduce their own

number of girl babies, the number of women in the next generation will obviously be reduced.

That is, the potential mothers will be fewer. And if the same low rate of girl-baby births continues, the generation after that will have fewer mothers again.

In brief, if Australia's women don't have girl babies equal in number to themselves, the population is going to decrease and go on decreasing.

At the present rate, each 1000 women in this country, during their lives, have only 976 girl babies. So that our population is going to get smaller—unless we have more daughters, or unless we encourage immigration.

England's Problem

BUT immigration isn't an easy solution, the author points out, for England, our natural and most desirable source of migrants, is faced with the same problem.

England's population is headed for extinction, unless the girl birth-rate changes, for at present each 1000 Englishwomen during their lives have only 734 girl babies. That is, each generation of English mothers is less than three-quarters the size of the previous one.

Faced with steady depopulation by this decline in reproduction, England is going to be increasingly loath to deplete her stores of man-power by sending immigrants to Australia.

Suppose we contemplate encouraging migration from other countries. We face the same difficulty almost everywhere.

There is another aspect to the immigration method of boosting population. If our native birth-rate keeps falling, and we keep on making up our numbers by immigration, we shall eventually have a land populated by an entirely new race, with none of the old Australian stock left at all.

The only way to avert that fate is for Australian women to have more children.

Human Analysis

DR. McCLEARY, in a calm and very human analysis of the causes of population decline, shows that smaller families are a result of many social and economic causes, and not of a wanton and unnatural unnatural trend in modern women.

Dr. McCleary also makes a vigorous defence of the Australian people against the charge that they are acting like the dog in the manger, in keeping a vast continent to themselves and refusing to populate it.

He points out that, compared with other countries, Australia has increased her population very rapidly. Up to 1926 our rate of increase was the highest in the world, except for New Zealand's, and now it is exceeded only by Canada.

Putting the case for the White Australia policy, he writes: "It is claimed that Australia has made a specific contribution to modern civilisation. She presents an industrial community with a standard of hygiene and economic welfare for unskilled as well as skilled workers which probably has no equal in the world except in the sister dominion of New Zealand."

"The Mother Country," he writes, "has still sons and daughters to spare for overseas settlement, though we appear to be rapidly nearing a time when that will no longer be true. But the chief need is an increase in the native-born. Australia produces splendid boys and girls. It is a pity there are not more of them."

FIRED—



because he was
always tired!

"Drowsy Bill," they called him—a listless, eternally tired, old young man. He tried hard enough, but his energies always sagged before the job was done. One day Bill was missing... fired! His trouble was common constipation. Poor Bill—he knew it. He tried to cure himself with harsh medicines. He would feel well for a day—and then the "life" would go out of him. Well Bill,

Here's the truth about Constipation

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Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good) but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

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DESPICABLE CAVALIER

Unschoolled as a mere Colonial, thought Diane. Yet, for her favor, he dared compete —with royal blood!



AS Diane Christian reached the door of the green room of the Drury Lane Theatre, she turned on a demure toe and glanced discreetly over the peruffled musings of her left shoulder. There was no show of emotion on the dainty, clear-cut features, save perhaps an almost imperceptible tremble of the scarlet bloom of her lips. The tall young man who stood only a few steps across the flagstones quickened his pace, but Diane did not see, so fleeting had been her glance.

But once inside the green room, leaning against the closed oaken door for support, she pressed her mittened fingers to her hot cheeks and exhaled a long and weary sigh. Could she never step out into the fog or brightness of a London afternoon without that despicable cavalier trailing her? Was she never to indulge in the pleasures of the shop windows without seeing his reflection in the small panes? Despicable cavalier, indeed! For all his evident wealth and Bond Street foppishness, he was as unschooled in the graces of behaviour as the most clumsy lamp-lighter who ever climbed a ladder!

Not twenty minutes had passed since he had stalked behind her across Westminster Bridge, quickening or slowing his pace until his salt matched hers. Beside them had passed the magnificent carriage of the Duchess of Cumberland. The great lady had leaned out her head.

SEE!

See, I have found within this book
An uncut page. A seal upon a door.
To some illusionary dream; untouched by hand,
A page no eyes have ever read before.
Perhaps a slender lovely thought
Has slipped in here unbidden.
The image of a poet's soul
Within these pages hidden.
A sonnet to his lady's lips.
A chime to kissing, who may tell—
Oh, keep your secret, pale while book,
I will not break the spell.

with its towering wig and bright-plumed chip hat, to beckon to Richard Sheridan, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, and the clever Charles Fox, both foot-passengers on the bridge, when a mad April gale had lifted her wig and soft plumage and had sent it floating towards the Thames.

Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fox, who had witnessed the mortifying spectacle, had suddenly interested themselves in the soaps and oilmakers' warehouses on the river bank, but he had sprung into the air, like an inmate of Bedlam, to retrieve the wig, and in so doing had addressed the back of the Duchess' flushed, bald pate, in mistake for her face, with a speech of condolence!

But Diane's thoughts of the despicable cavalier were destined for an abrupt ending, for the oaken door suddenly flew open and Lady Jersey, with a swirl of her satins and silks that matched the grinding of her pretty teeth, burst into the room.

Diane thought that a mad woman had swooped down upon her. Never the glorious Lady Jersey! For the

moment every atom of beauty had deserted this reigning favorite of the Prince of Wales.

"Look at me, you breedless one," the Lady Jersey screamed. "Remember what I was and look at me! Look at me!"

Diane did look, awaying a little, too, with some undefined terror seeping at her heart. Dead silence. Not a breath. A full moment elapsed with not even a flutter of an eyelash from the women.

Then the Lady Jersey spoke, and her voice was in control of a sort. "You may tell the whole of London about this meeting! I do not care! From henceforth I will do what I please! . . . that I will!" And she lifted her graceful hands and slapped them several times across Diane's flushed cheeks, the great emeralds and diamonds leaving their crimson marks. Before the poor girl could regain her wits, Lady Jersey had turned on her indignant heel and had disappeared into the encroaching blue of the twilight.

Diane had not fainted and yet she was scarcely conscious of the strangeness of the scene that had just passed. She had not known how angry she was until the door had reverberated with the Lady's departure. Then, and not until then, did resentment and a pang of revenge surge over her. How dared she! . . . and what was the meaning of it all! But when she flung the door open and dashed into the street, the Lady Jersey was only a dim shadow on the barouche box of her already moving carriage.

Perhaps it was because her cheeks still smarted and her incurably Irish temper had had no outlet—in later years she was to wonder about that—but when she saw the despicable cavalier, only a pace away, staring not at her but on the watering processes of a cart that was making a pattern of mud-holes on the street, she crossed to his side and stamped her tiny foot loudly and would have yelled for him to "Be off!" had not anger left her inarticulate.

He turned quickly on his glistening boot heel. "Madam!" But when he saw who stood there, the ferocity of his expression melted and his eyes burned into hers with a bright, inextinguishable flame.

Diane, whose lips had curled scornfully and whose tongue-tip was heavy with a loading of vicious phrases, suddenly felt the color drain from her face. For the life of her she could plot not a thing to say.

The despicable cavalier spoke again, and his voice breathed a romance that would have graced the boards of the theatre, so smooth it was, rich and resonant, though indeed he had an accent. Not French, like the infamous Duke of Orleans, that most advanced blackguard of the period, but foreign, notwithstanding, and hard to place.

"Pray, Madam," he said, bowing politely. "Had you better not have a bumper of claret, so pale and shaken have you become!"

Her silence was continued and so alarming that he flitted a handkerchief from his sleeve and fanned her delicate features.

Finally she spoke. "Tis as easy to mill a cup of chocolate on the street as to produce a bumper of claret, Sir! May I inquire your reason for this politeness?" She bridled sweetly, hardly knowing that she did.

"I beg of you, Madam, to suffer my attentions," he began in the high-flown language of the times. "I have followed you, the coarsest of things to do, I know! But, Madam! What mortal man can resist a beauty such as yours?" The beaver had held in his gloved fingers was swept swiftly over his heart. "I am John Stafford, of Williamsburg, Virginia," he finished.



Diane's lovely eyes had drifted past the Royal box to Mr. Sheridan's, where sat the despicable cavalier.

Illustrated by NOEL COOK

Diane's pretty teeth clipped her lower lip. A man of the Colonies! Ah! then she understood! . . . born an American, to which wild strain she immediately attributed his passion for adventure and bad behaviour! But Stafford, John Stafford. The name was not new to her! For a full ten seconds it fought for recognition in her mind, tumbling about in every corner. Stafford? Stafford? Then she remembered. Mr. Sheridan had told her about this man who had played cards for such high stakes at Brooke's Gambling House with His Royal Highness and other leaders of the fast London life.

With Colonel Byrd of Westover, Virginia, and other gentlemen of the old Virginia school, who had half ruined themselves by high play. It was John Stafford who had received a message from the Prince of Wales that half the debt would be enough to settle the account between them. John Stafford had replied promptly that a Virginia gentleman never staked more than he could afford to pay.

And while he stood there waiting for her to speak, the most

a means of introduction? I could stand here all afternoon running you off a list of your charms and graces and beauties. And then I would not exaggerate."

With feminine dissimulation Diane was at once righteously indignant at this despicable cavalier who was not only very despicable but overbold!

"Why, sir! You are flattering as almost to deprive me of my reason, I am Diane Christian of the Drury Lane performers, and, if you do not unfasten my wrist I shall call Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who is doubtless at this minute impatiently awaiting me."

And as she left the young man at the kerb she heard only his breathless "You! . . . An actress!"

And she detected the note of disappointment in his voice—and indeed she didn't blame him, for the theatre was no school for innocence and virtue.

She deserved better than this! Because her family, of gentle birth, had been penniless, she must needs back in the muddy reflections of the actresses who had preceded her. She who had refused the insulting advances of half the rank and fashion

The King was a great patron of the drama, and on that evening the Royal Family would honor the Drury Lane Theatre, where "By Command of Their Majesties," was to be performed, not Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," which recalled to the Royal parents the first and tempestuous escapades of the young Prince with the exquisite Perdita, but "She Would, and She Would Not," a light, frothy affair, maudlin with romance.

It was no little thing to perform before a Royal party, which in turn drew all the lights of London's fame and fashion, and as Diane waited in the ante-room for the theatre to fill, her courage ebbed time and again.

But when the pit and galleries and boxes were filled to overflowing, and indeed it was rumored that two great lords had duelled over the possession of a box, her confidence returned. So when she finally stepped out on the boards, curtseying to the Royal box before commencing, what a gorgeous, glittering figure she cut in the pale blue lustrous gown garnished with elegant point lace and her powdered hair dressed high as the clouds!

But as Diane had curtseied to the Royal pair, her eyes had shot past their box, abutting on the stage, ignoring their Majesties with a treason known only in the depths of her heart. Because her stare had seemingly lingered longingly on George III and his good Queen Charlotte, the audience became vehement in applause, scenting loyalty and patriotism in the enchanting smile. The audience did not know that Diane had not so much as seen the Royal couple, nor indeed the Prince of Wales on whom rested all their future hopes, but that the lovely eyes had drifted to Mr. Sheridan's box, where sat the despicable cavalier, leaning a little back in the gilt chair, and surveying her with eyes that bespoke no hidden hiss for a woman who trod the theatrical boards.

Please turn to Page 18

Complete Short Story by Phyllis M. Gallagher

handsome young man she had ever beheld, she merely smiled and withdrew with only: "Sir, your attentions would be flattering were you a gentleman of my acquaintance. But not knowing you, I must ask you to cease following me like a shadow on a sunny afternoon. I bid you good afternoon, Sir!"

But he could not let her go. He reached for her hand and closed his fingers about her wrist.

"Madam, a thousand pardons! I grow tedious, but really I must know who you are, or else how can a Virginia gentleman effect

of London! She who had dared to refuse the advances of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and with him his costly presents. Fate had decreed that she follow in the professional footsteps of the Gwyn and the Robinson and the others, but it had not demanded that she follow in the jades' private lives! To think that he, the despicable cavalier, had dared to say "actress" with that indicting inflection!

And all that afternoon, practising and repeating her lines before the great Sheridan, she had only half an ear to her own voice.

FOR ALLURING UPLIFT



MOULDS THE HEAVY BUST

At right: Berlei brassiere specially designed to give support and soft roundness to the heavy bust. Two back suspenders prevent riding up. For 34-42 bust. No. 8172.



SHOULDER CONTROL FOR THE MATURE BUST

The special feature of this brassiere is the raised shoulder line, which prevents "bulging" and gives a smooth contour. For 34-42 bust. No. 8166.



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FOR ALLURING UPLIFT. No. 8171, photographed. Stitched satin petals uphold the bosom, giving a natural "separated" line. 32-38.

BRASSIERES BY **Berlei**

8-207

DESPICABLE Cavalier

Continued from Page 17

IN that one searching flash she saw that his clothes suited him magnificently well, uglyfying all the men about him. Once again she thought: "Ah, yes! He is more princely than the fat Prince who ogles me from the Royal box this very minute!"

It is hard to believe that a girl could spurn such advances, but Diane did just that and likewise gave the performance of her career. For she played to John Stafford that night, glancing often at him during her lines, pursing her lips as if to meet his kiss instead of the stage-lover who seconded her. John Stafford, sitting there linking and unlinking his long fingers against his velvet breeches, saw and wondered. And because he was not a man of conceit, he feared that the honeyed words and warm glances were darted at the Prince, who obviously had the same impression.

It was not until the Lady Jersey, who sat next to the Prince, suddenly gathered her full cloak about her shoulders and marched out of the Royal box in an indignant huff, that John Stafford was sure where the lovely glances had truly fallen. And when the Prince did not follow the

her talents and beauty homage and to speculate on her resistance to the Prince.

Mr. Sheridan, who had perceived her mood, and indeed the great man was said to have had a second sight when it came to his actresses, awaited Diane. For an exciting, breathless moment she had thought what John Stafford arranged for the suggested introduction through Mr. Sheridan, and her cheeks had flamed as she had cast a glance around the room for another, a tall dark figure! But Mr. Sheridan's mission was for a more important personage. The Prince, Mr. Sheridan told her as best he could, for he was in his cups, lay in a dying condition in Mr. Sheridan's own quarters in the theatre. His Royal Highness had packed the Lady Jersey on her way, with no mincing of words. Then he had stabbed himself over the heart because of Diane's cruel indifference. Diane, alone, could save his Royal life! . . . the hopes of all England! . . . the future of the people!

"Don't preach to me, Mr. Sheridan!" she said coldly. "I sicken at the thought of the Prince!"

Mr. Sheridan threw a heavy, shocked glance at her.

"Good heavens! Madam! The man is dying! Have you no patriotism for your country? Surely if you have not enough love in that stone that is your heart to save the life of a good Prince, have you not enough love for the Royal parents?"

"The future of all England!"

Diane was moved, but what were mere words? There probably never was a man so ridiculous when playing the part of a lover as the Prince of Wales. To have himself bleed that he might make himself look interesting to some fair lady was no unusual trick with him. He had stabbed himself before!

"Madam! I beseech you!"

Diane cut Mr. Sheridan short almost in an agony. "I beg of you, no more of this! Go back to your Prince with the message that it is my patriotism that forbids my return! He would serve England better as a corpse than as a king! Good-night, Mr. Sheridan!" She stepped out into the lane beside the theatre.

Diane could not know that she had uttered a prophecy for the career of George the Fourth is history.



GLENNIS LORIMER chooses an unusual gown of black velvet for dining and dancing. From gold-braided epaulets fall cascades of white silk fringes.

Lady Jersey his great heart sank in his breast. John Stafford knew then what it was to want to strangle a man!

Diane, so sure she was of her lines and her acting, had seen the Lady Jersey leave. It was now that she began to understand the full significance of the fingers that had lashed her cheeks that very afternoon! Jealousy! And she had not suspected! She smiled broadly, though her lines demanded not so much merriment, and John Stafford, seeing, thought: "A smile of conquest, if ever I beheld one! Lud! What a fool I am to think of myself, a clumsy colonial, in competition with a Royal blood!"

When Diane finally stepped off the stage after an elaborate curtsy to the Royal box, it was with the most painful sense of failure that she had ever felt.

She had failed to-night! . . . not in her performance, for she had surpassed her best. The thunderous uproar of the audience and the wild shrieks of the mob pushing into the street were proof conclusive of her artistry. But she had failed, nevertheless, for John Stafford had not once returned her smiles.

Diane, wrapped in depression, went to the green room, where the world of fashion awaited to pay

THE same April gale that had bereft a Duchess of a wig now extinguished the flickering lights of the street-lamps, leaving the narrow way a path of blinding darkness.

Diane was not alone on the smooth flagstone, for a lugubrious figure walked as stealthily as a footpad behind her. It was an eerie hour, and Diane, speeding along in the darkness, wondered if Fate had thrown her into a more revolting situation than the one from which she was fleeing.

And then a voice: "Madam! Wait! Pray wait!"

The heart that was sunk so low and trembling with fright flew in a fluttering fit to her throat! That voice, that gentle, foreign accent!

John Stafford was beside her now, matching his gait with her mincing one.

"Lud, Madam! I decided to escape the maelstrom of the green room," he began, his eyes fastened on her upturned face. "And in truth I could not bear the disheartening sight of you flashing witches' glances at his Royal Highness. A thousand pardons, Madam, but I overheard your inflamed words with Mr. Sheridan, and my own worst fears were dispelled."

He paused as if to gather courage. Then he said: "I sail at dawn in a fortnight for Virginia, Madam, and I would be honored if you would go to America with me, as my wife."

Diane stopped from sheer exhaustion. John Stafford was staring at her with a love inexpressible in any words, and needing none, for in the next minute she was in his arms of her own volition, and her slender, ringless fingers—and it is to be remembered that those same fingers could have been bedecked with the rarest jewels of a great kingdom—were clasped about his neck.

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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffery, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Oris Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

INDIVIDUAL PEACE

THE world talks of peace and war in the same breath, yet we as individuals are continually making religious, political and social barriers in asserting our own importance with a desire to live other people's lives as well as our own. This is not from brotherly or sisterly love, but lack of consideration, or call it what you will, a small thing in itself, but internationally a strong blockade against peacemaking.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Lilian R. Johnson, 38 Park Avenue, Mascot, N.S.W.

JUSTICE NEEDED

WE hear a good deal of talk today about shorter working hours for certain sections of the community, but there is one class of worker who seems to come in for very little consideration in this respect—it is the daughter or sister of the family whose job in life it is to keep the home bright and comfortable for the members who go out to business. Here is no forty-hour week job—there are usually seven days to her week, rich of at least ten hours or more.

And what about her salary? Often she is in the invidious position of having to ask for money for fares and outings. Surely it is time that families began to consider the need for at least justice to the one who in many cases slaves for their comfort!

V. Jones, 76 Radnor St., Camberwell, Vic.

THESE BUSH SHACKS

WHY is it that so many bush-dwellers are allowed to live in such miserable shacks? Should they wish to start dairying or butchering the authorities will make sure that the dairy or butcher's shop conforms to standard regulations no matter how far they are removed from civilisation, but a man is allowed to house his wife and children in any crazy edifice that will hold a roof.

In hundreds of cases poverty cannot be pleaded, but force is needed to make our stalwart bushmen house-conscious.

Nan Childs, Table Tops, Ubobo, via Gladstone, Qld.

LATER MARRIAGES

GIRLS with a career marry later, but more happily, than their stay-at-home sisters.

Social functions and house duties—the lot of a home girl—become monotonous, and she is inclined to idealise marriage as an escape from the daily round. A home girl often accepts her first proposal lest she be left on the dreaded "shelf." A girl earning her own living is in no hurry to marry. When proposals come her way she weighs the "pros" and "cons" very carefully. Marriage, she believes, is rather like the girl with the curl in the centre of her forehead. A business girl will not exchange her independence for a marriage which might prove to be "horrid."

M. Eagle, Box 16MBB, G.P.O., Sydney.

CATTLE-BRANDING

SCIENCE to-day has reached dizzy heights never before dreamed of by mankind, and cattle-branding has changed very little from its original crude methods.

During a recent visit to the country I was horrified at the cruelty of cattle-branding. An iron is put into the fire until it becomes red hot and then quickly taken out and applied to the hide of the poor unfortunate beast, which kicks and bellows with pain. A person standing close by can smell the burning and sizzling hide.

Surely in this age of miraculous science some practical method could be introduced by which cattle could be branded in a much less painful manner!

Miss C. Peterson, c/o Miss J. Brooks, 27 Planthurst Rd., Kogarah, N.S.W.

What A Mother Gains When Daughter Marries

I AGREE with Mrs. Armitage that it is wrong for a mother to feel she is "losing" her daughter when she marries (24/7/37).

In reality, I think that, after marriage, a daughter has much more in common with her mother than she had before, and the relationship is definitely strengthened.

A son is more likely to be "lost" to his parents when he marries. I agree with the old rhyme which says: "A son is a son till he takes him a wife."

But a daughter's a daughter all her life.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew E5, Vic.

New Interests Enter

OF course, Mrs. Armitage, a mother loses her daughter when the daughter marries.

And isn't this only natural? When a woman marries she enters a new life, with fresh interests, friends, and new ambitions, and a mother can't expect the same consideration and love that she had when her daughter lived with her.

Oliver Weber, 103 Arthur St., Rosehill, N.S.W.

Grows Closer to Her

MRS. ARMITAGE is right when she says that a daughter is closer to her mother after marriage than before.

Many young girls are very unsympathetic and intolerant towards their mothers' outlook on life. It is only when they in turn become wives and mothers, and have experienced the cares and disappointments even the happiest marriage cannot escape, that they fully understand her.

Mrs. C. Young, Birdwood Rd., Bass Hill, via Bankstown, N.S.W.

Adult Companions

A DAUGHTER assumes a different place in her mother's affections when she has married—but probably, a happier relationship is established. Mother and daughter are now equals—with similar problems and interests. The mother, intensely interested in the new home, which she regards rightly as an offshoot of her own, can help the daughter from her experience. But now they are adult companions for each other, instead of



being one woman exacting obedience and respect from the other.

Miss L. Powell, Garfield St., Launceston, Tas.

The Mother's Jealousy

ONCE married, a daughter is lost to her mother.

This is principally the mother's fault. Naturally she still assumes authority over her child, and at the same time is somewhat jealous of the attentions the new husband gets. This often causes real friction in the new household. So that, gradually, the mother sees less of the daughter, both becoming less important to each other.

Mrs. J. Carroll, Merrima St., Hollywood, W.A.

Husband Always First

FROM observation I have proved

Mrs. Armitage wrong.

When a girl marries she becomes the centre of her own little family where formerly she was a unit in her mother's. Her interests are completely changed. Her husband is her chief and complete confidant where formerly her mother was all that.

K. Taylor, Fifth Avenue, St. Peters, S.A.

Should Wives Be Given Pocket-Money?

I AGREE with Mrs. E. C. Dunn (July 17), and consider that no matter how small a man's income is, finances should be arranged so that both husband and wife have an allowance for personal expenses. They can then buy their own clothes and indulge in small extravagances, should they so desire.

A husband may be called upon to settle many bills just at the time when his wife makes a request for some new article of clothing, and temporary unpleasantness may result, which would be entirely obviated if the woman had an allowance.

Miss E. Smilie, 19 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Gives Independence

EVERYBODY must endorse Mrs. Dunn's views on the "pin money" question.

The attitude quoted by her of those men who say "you just have to ask for anything within reason, and it is yours" is particularly humiliating to women who have previously been in business, and have been used to being entirely independent, and relying not only on their own judgment, but on their own earning power.

Fortunately, however, such men are but a few survivors of an age when women were not supposed to know

Wireless Announcers

MOST people condemn the woman announcer over the air, but from careful listening in I have come to the conclusion that with men announcers there is even more room for improvement. Many speak too quickly, and it is difficult to follow them.

In plays and sketches it is nearly always the women speakers who are most easily understood, and although some women announcers speak in an affected manner the listener can understand what they are saying.

Men who give addresses and lectures are more pleasing to listen to than the trained male announcer.

Mrs. E. Gray, 31 Dinsdale St., Albert Park S65, Melbourne.

the value of money. Most men of today treat their wives as their equals.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.

Lucky Wife

THE husband quoted by Mrs. Dunn as wondering why his wife wanted a special allowance when he would give her anything she asked him for is a jewel. Few men are prepared to give to their wives so freely, as he apparently is, and the wife would get a lot more in this way than having to scrimp within a certain fixed weekly allowance.

Mrs. Thornton, Raleigh St., Thornbury N17, Melbourne.

What Does it Matter?

AFTER all, what does it matter whether a wife has a special allowance from her husband for her personal expenses or whether her husband gives it to her as she asks? All the money is earned by her husband anyway.

The advantage of having such pin money is not in giving a sense of independence to the wife, but in being a better business arrangement all round.

T. G. Jones, Abbott St., Launceston, Tas.

The Modern Way!

UNDOUBTEDLY, having a few shillings to spend yourself as you wish gives you a greater sense of independence than having to ask your husband for every penny you spend.

But I think most wives to-day are given an allowance for themselves, if they don't themselves handle all the salary and give their husbands pocket money!

Joyce, Coutts, South Terrace, Adelaide.

Have You Knack Of Setting Guests At Ease?

MISS ROBINSON, I quite agree with you regarding the lack of thought and consideration the average hostess has for her guests (24/7/37).

A friend was telling me that she attended a party recently and never spent such a miserable time. She was a stranger to most of the other guests, and the hostess, instead of introducing



her to them, left her to get to know them the best way she could.

Robin Nelson, c/o Box 46, P.O., Moree, N.S.W.

Be Natural

THE art of being a good hostess is a very difficult one to learn. The best one can do is not to "consciously" exert oneself to make a guest feel at ease—this sets up a stiff, artificial, "business" atmosphere, and makes the visitor give frequent glances at the clock. Far better to be completely natural, not to stand on ceremony.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campbell, N.S.W.

Don't "Mix" Friends

I THINK the failure of so many parties is not so much because the hostess fails to make the guests known to each other as that she has people at her parties who simply don't mix. All may be very nice people, but they haven't the same interests or kindred outlook. The hostess may do her duty as regards introductions, but she will not be able to help some of her guests feeling miserable and out of place.

Maude Wilson, Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

BORING OPERATIONS

I WAS recently at an afternoon-tea party given by a woman. All the guests were women. It was very dull. With world affairs so interesting just now, at least two really fine films being shown in the city, a whole afternoon had to be wasted discussing goitre and appendicitis. Almost every woman present described the gruesome details of all her operations and ailments. When I said that I was very healthy they all looked a little sorry for me. It might have been amusing if it had not been so boring.

Do women do this because they think an operation gives them glamor?

G. M. Sproule, Home Hill Rd., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

IS MOTHER RIGHT?

"WHAT mother says is always right." What a fallacy! What mother says is generally governed by maternal emotions rather than reason.

We need wise women who will give the world wise and healthy children. This can only be brought about by education. The future mother (I am referring now to very young children) should be given a psychological training towards this end.

Margot Manners, Psyche, 515 Antae Parade, Maroubra, Sydney.

GREATEST GIFT

A SENSE of humor is a priceless possession. To him who is bereft of this most valuable sense I extend much sympathy.

Strange, too, that a sense of humor was admiration and affection when some of the more noble qualities win but dull respect.

Betty Hosking, Manning House, 258 George St., Sydney.

SCHOOL HOMEWORK

HOMEWORK should not be written work. It should be far more in the nature of preparation—reading in advance of a lesson, so that there will be a better understanding when the teacher comes to explain it.

Written work, if given at all, should be confined to copying something already done at school for the sake of memorising it.

Mrs. Richmond Burgess, Ardallie, Box 343, Lismore, N.S.W.

END THAT DYSPEPSIA

Modern science has come to the rescue of the dyspeptic martyr. No longer need you purge and purge your system with weakening salts or old-fashioned strong mineral preparations—"hoping for the best." With De Witt's Antacid Powder you can treat your digestive troubles in a truly natural and scientific way.

How De Witt's Antacid Powder Acts

1. Restores lost appetite and assures the assimilation of all the nerve and body-building elements from the food you once more enjoy. One ingredient actually digests many times its own weight of certain foods.
2. Banishes the pain and danger of neglected indigestion.
3. Neutralises the sour, acid condition that leads to ulceration and gastritis.
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Every case of Indigestion is instantly relieved, and continued treatment restores the normal digestive processes. Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

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"Crowded trams... closed windows—skin can't breathe."



"Stuffy office... no sunlight—takes all the colour from your cheeks!"



"Rushing to keep appointments—no time for proper skin care."



...BUT
THANK GOODNESS
THERE'S ALWAYS
PEARS'
'TONIC ACTION'
TO STIMULATE MY SKIN! KEEP IT
SOFT... SMOOTH... GLOWINGLY LOVELY!

How joyously fresh your skin feels after Pears' tonic action! Revived... invigorated... aglow with health and beauty—because Pears' stimulates cells and tissues! Each cake of Pears' undergoes a long and costly process of maturing—that is why Pears' is so mild... so mellow... so transparently pure!

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm all it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, mottled, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



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A CAKE
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ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

Economical because it lasts far longer.

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TRAVEL



Free FRIENDLY
ADVICE
on all Travel subjects

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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**Knuckles Ached
With Rheumatism**



"My knuckles were so sore and swollen with rheumatism I couldn't hold a pen in my hand. After many remedies had failed I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' Almost instantly the pain disappeared and soon my hands were normal again."

"St. Jacobs Oil" is the good old remedy for the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sprains and Strains. It goes directly to the seat of the trouble and draws out all the pain. It works every time and does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from your chemist and see the magic.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

LOLA MARGAN
said nothing, showed nothing. No man ever did know what went on in her still soul. But this Savaran did know—her marriage to Jim Pendrych was monstrous.

Savaran was that form of living crassness known as a genius; that is, one never knew how his mind would jump.

Jim Pendrych was a whim. To the naked felonious eye he was merely a prize pigeon born for plucking, yet Savaran loved the boy and was ready to wreck nations to protect him.

Naturally Jim Pendrych offered several excuses for this. He was, for one, as candid, trusting and fine-minded as any young thoroughbred could be. For another, he frankly worshipped the eagle-fierce adventurer. These things helped to affection, no doubt, but they did not quite explain, for Jim Pendrych represented loot to the tune of eight hundred thousand pounds English, and, in the main, hard cash counted more with Savaran than mere passing human emotions.

Jim Pendrych came to the Swamp Coast to win a fortune out of a mine and so restore the glories of an ancient and aristocratic family. He was the ten million and tenth youth to hit Africa with the same idea. Nevertheless, his case had a unique touch. There was really gold in his gold mine.

It was an odd story. The mine had belonged to Jim's uncle who had bought and worked it before the World War. It had proved a first-class proposition in those days, with but one defect—the Mafatish. Even then the Mafatish had been a rogue people, a living danger to all neighbors, white and black. Not a big tribe, they made the most of their jungle fastness, their genius in jungle war, and, above all, the fact that they straddled the only available caravan route to Port Hamattan.

Because of them Jim's uncle had made no attempt to get his gold along that road to shipboard. He had just let it accumulate in ingots until he had a fortune as big as he wanted, and which he could move in one well-protected caravan. His plan was sound, for he meant to hire a white regiment from the Swamp Coast and so defy the Mafatish.

HE had collected £200,000 in ingots and was ready to put his plan into operation when the World War spoiled it.

That £200,000 now belonged to Jim Pendrych. His uncle had been killed on the Ypres front and Jim had become heir to all the Pendrych mortgages, the mine, and its secret. During Jim's minority his lawyers had made discreet inquiries about this property, only to learn that Jadilla was still rampant and the district more lethal for whites than ever.

They advised Jim when he came of age that merely to think about the mine was sheer waste of tissue, and that he had better find a job selling motors. Jim grinned, he usually did, managed to whack up another mortgage, and with it paid his expenses to Hamattan.

The first forty-five white residents of that tropics pest hole he consulted made it plain that only those men who preferred their suicides lingering ever ventured into the Mafatish bush. Jim did not consult the remaining thirty-seven whites. Before he came to them he'd had word that Savaran was in Hamattan.

He'd heard many tales about this roccoco soldier of fortune—who in Africa had not?—and he felt at once that this African Robin Hood with an Alexander the Great complex was just the merchant to help him. Therefore, by means of palm-oil and stealth, he found his way to that dark and gressy house in Hamattan's cut-throat quarter where Savaran, under the name of Von Moltke, lurked. Savaran had natural causes for modesty of address. Not only was he reduced to one suit of clothes and eleven borrowed dollars, but there were five warrants out for his arrest in Hamattan.

Jim Pendrych knew all this, too, but it only seemed to make him like Savaran the more. It lent the dark and lanky adventurer a glimmer that led him to spill the whole of his story with a candor that made even Savaran cry:

"Shut up, you young madman. Don't you realise that this town is filled with rascals all ready to promise you safe escort to the mother lode of hell merely to rob you of that letter of credit you're flourishing under my nose?"

"Oh, quite," grinned Jim Pendrych, "but—you're Savaran."

"Hang the boy," roared the spidery man, "he's going to make me love him."

It had probably already happened.

LILY of DECEIT

Continued from Page 7

Savaran, swift in all things, love, war and hate, had already become Jim Pendrych's father, mother, and dry nurse before the boy even spoke of partnership, for when Jim talked airily of a fifty-fifty split on any find, Savaran cried with a flash of white teeth:

"You don't seem to realise that having let the cat out of the bag to Savaran, that £200,000 is no longer yours to offer. But for some odd reason not unconnected with your pink cheerfulness, I'm going to be a darn fool and take an eighth share only."

Possibly Savaran found a heady satisfaction in demonstrating his power to create armies and dominate natives in front of a disciple so quick to admire, but the mere company of a lad so trusting, loyal, and generous was warming enough. And it is also a definite fact that the strange, harsh fellow did shield Jim from all the filth, the vileness and the treachery that African ports abound in—until the Margnans came.

SAVARAN was not to blame for the Margnans. The expedition was practically ready and its plan discussed and decided on, when the dhow smuggling their ammunition had to dodge a Swamp Coast gunboat. This not only meant a delay of ten days, but Savaran had to leave Jim in Hamattan and go to the coast to make sure of the landing of their arms. During those ten days the Margnans came, saw Jim, and Lola conquered.

Why Max Margnan brought his gang to such a swelter spot as Hamattan only the suave sly brain of Max Margnan could tell. Maybe he had heard whispers of Jim Pendrych's venture, for Max had spies everywhere, as well as an uncanny nose for loot.

Anyhow, they came, took the millionaire's suite in Jim's hotel, com-

ported themselves as they always did, that is as super-gilt globe-trotters, and loosed the destructive loveliness of Lola at the boy's impressionable heart.

IT was their usual line of attack, for the Margnans were wolves de luxe, as score upon score of dupes and the baffled police posts of all Africa knew to their cost. Old Max supplied the deep brainwork of the family—if it was one family—that enabled it to rob, nine times out of ten, inside the law. Bonny Margnan, who probably was Max's son, for he had breeding, gave to the gang that extra spurt of drug brilliance or brutishness that often meant the winning of a difficult coup. Gil Margnan, who was supposed to be a cousin, had all the crude ferocity of the Bowery and was supreme in a rough house. And Lola—Lola was the unflinching bait.

Lola made short work of most of her dupes; she made even shorter of so innocent a proposition as Jim Pendrych. In a single day he was swept off his feet and before many days were out the skill of Max had wormed from him the whole meaning and plan of his venture, including the easy way round the Mafatish by the Panna Pass, though Jim himself would have been startled to learn how much he had blabbed.

Max Margnan knew at once that he was on big money that could be lifted easily and without great risk. It was a temptation that Max would have scorned to resist. He, therefore, made plans that were, in their way, quite as brilliant as Savaran's. The lean adventurer only heard about the Margnans when he arrived back in Hamattan to tell Jim that they would march the next day. It was morning then and as daylight was no time for Savaran to walk about a city infested with warrants he merely swore luridly and promised to deal fiercely and finally with the Margnans when he met Jim that night.

Please turn to Page 22



First favourite

with all the family!

Whether cooking is your job or your hobby, you want the approval of your people. You may know how to produce all those nice things of which cornflour is the important factor. But, do you know the difference—the wonderful difference—when KREAM CORNFLOUR is used? To make always that velvet-smooth custard; those delightful cakes, puddings, desserts and blancmanges use Kream Cornflour. Packed in the DISTINCTIVE PINK PACKET to ensure that you get what you order.



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In the Pink Packet



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, fly to the South Pole in quest of

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Intrepid young airwoman, who has made a solo flight to the Pole and wirelessly that she is in difficulties. At the Pole they come to a strange phenomenon, a wall of steam, encompassing every-

thing, and walking through it they find themselves in a strange world peopled by prehistoric animals. Mandrake realises that they have stepped into the past, and that this is the prehistoric world of a million years ago. Finding the wreck of Molly's plane, they go in search of her, only to be set upon by a primitive, ferocious man, shouting in a barbaric tongue. Lothar makes short work of him. NOW READ ON.





"What's that stuff?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightfully embarrassed, tried to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when you pour on the milk! I have two bowls full every morning." "Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles tomorrow," said Auntie Martha, "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast," said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxtite packet—fresh and crisp and delicious." Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are sold at all grocers—order some today.



R.S.

LILY of DECEIT

Continued from Page 20

UNFORTUNATELY, Max Margman was a man of quick action, too. Hearing from a spy that Savaran was back, he lit a fat cigar and strolled in his elegant way to the Police Commissioner. Here certain bills of high denomination passed and as a result ten brass-handed millah police fell in a mass on Savaran as he left his house to call on Jim. Savaran guessed most of the Margman plot, but only learnt the working details four days after they had set out with Jim Pendrych for the mine. There was a certain excuse for this delay. Records had it that no man ever had or ever could escape from the particular cell in Hamatian's morro in which Savaran had been chained.

Savaran gathered his facts as a friendly brass-worker cut the chain rings off his limbs, and as he listened

seemed, smashed his chance of reaching his mine, but he had left him penniless to face big bills for men and munitions.

It was a crushing blow, but it was here naturally that Max Margman played the splendid little gentleman. He came at once to Jim's rescue. His noble soul was outraged at such a dirty trick played on such a splendid young fellow. He put all his wealth and his experience at Jim's disposal. He and his family would join the expedition for the sheer sport of the thing.

No, he wanted no reward, not he—still, if Jim insisted, perhaps one of the ingots suitably engraved as a memento of the adventure would serve. Max Margman was, in fact, superbly generous—as he could afford to be since the expedition was already paid for and he had



Dusty-pink
For
Brunettes:

A THREE-PIECE SUIT of dusty-pink cloque is chosen by Katherine de Mille for afternoon wear. A chocolate knife-pleated georgette scarf peeps through the Vandyke bodice of the gown.

his eagle face took on that genial savagery that meant death for someone.

He heard that Jim had been thoroughly upset by his partner's mysterious disappearance and ready to beat up the whole Swamp Coast territory to find him. The boy had refused to believe Max Margman's urbane suggestion that Savaran had merely been true to form and had bolted, as usual, after securing all the cash possible from his victim.

In fact, so loyal had Jim been that Max had had to bribe natives to act as debt collectors for Khalid Ali, the Imam Galban, and the rest, to convince him that Savaran had not paid a penny of the £4000 handed to him for expedition expenses, but had gone off with the lot on the very show that was supposed to be bringing the ammunition.

When he heard that, Savaran, who had paid every bill with the scrupulousness of a bank manager, swore so complete and terrible a vengeance on the whole Margman clan that the brass-worker got under his counter and awaited death, dagger in hand.

In the end Jim's desperate position persuaded him against his convictions. Not only had Savaran, it

Savaran's plan of campaign to work to.

And where Max Margman's generosity might have seemed suspicious, the deadly charm of Lola covered it up. That £800,000 was going to be the biggest and easiest steal in the gang's history.

Savaran heard all, stood up unfettered and said with the grin of a panther:

"In a month these Margmans join the legends—they'll be a legend told with shudders of what Savaran did to those who wronged him in the eyes of a boy."

"But you cannot catch them," said the brassworker. "They have too much start."

"What are four days to Savaran?" flashed the lean man. "Go thou now to Khalid Ali and the Imam Galban and say that at noon tomorrow Savaran will be at the Saint's tomb by the Mafatish trail; there he expects to find two hundred men, with stores, ammunition, and five machine-guns for his march on the Mafattish. And that if they are not there Savaran will want to know the reason why."

SAVARAN drove his two hundred forward by marches that shocked them. They were a bad-hat lot and on the third day they gathered into a sullen mob to decide how best and quickest to kill this driver of slaves.

Savaran went straight among them and when a murderous Sudan negro put a rifle to his chest he lifted the muzzle, squinted down it with calm ferocity and told the spell-bound brute that he and his weapon were so foul that if he did not clean both at once he, Savaran, would call at the next village and get the "mammies" there to give him a public bath.

Savaran knew the value of a gesture. His cold audacity intimidated his men, his savage humor tickled them. They fell back from his steel wire figure and listened to his talk, and Savaran talked like a ju-ju man spurring braves to frenzy. When he had finished they had forgotten that they had objected to marching and suggested that they should do an extra trek that night.

Please turn to Page 24

LENTHERIC

PARIS



THE TOUCH OF GENIUS

A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof—gloriously flattering. Six shades to make you lovely.

3/9—REFILLS, 2/6

FACE POWDER - EAU-DE-COLOGNE

LENTHERIC

PERFUMES - ROUGES L2.

PREVENT many COLDS



THIS IS ALL YOU DO WHEN A COLD THREATENS

It is so easy to prevent many colds—if you heed Nature's first warning sneeze. Doctors and nurses recommend this new way. Simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

Helps Nature's Defences

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden passages where colds begin. Their tingling medication stimulates Nature to throw off the threatening cold, banishes the sneeze, irritated feeling almost instantly.

Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too

Even when a head-cold or nasal catarrh has stopped up your nose, Va-tro-nol clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, makes every breath cool and delightful.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub

70 Year Old Herbal Remedy

Still stands supreme

Twelve distinct Herbs banish Stomach and Liver Disorders.

For over 70 years Mother Seigel's Syrup has been a recognised remedy for faulty digestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Constipation, and other ills due to a Disordered Stomach and Liver.

A regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails to tone up your system and rid you quickly and safely of these distressing troubles.

Get a bottle of this world famous remedy to-day—its twelve distinct medicinal Herbs will quickly work a marvellous improvement in your health. Sold in Trial size, 1/9; Economy size, 3/6.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

I stopped experimenting with face creams—

when I discovered DAGGETT & RAMSDALL Perfect Cold Cream

Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will be rewarded beyond all expectations. You will find this cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDALL

What Women Are Doing

Once a Cricketer

WHEN Earl Baldwin, then Mr. Stanley Baldwin, met the Australian women's cricket team at an "At Home" at 10 Downing Street, recently, he described how he had umpired matches in which his wife took part.

Before her marriage, 45 years ago, she played cricket at Rottingdean, near Brighton, where she lived, and is said to have had a batting average of 80 in one season.

Will Introduce Some New Ballets

MISS LOUISE LIGHTFOOT, of the First Australian Ballet, and her partner, Mr. Burlakov, are returning from abroad by the Strathaird, due in Sydney on August 19.



Miss Lightfoot.

Miss Lightfoot has studied the latest developments in the ballet in London and Paris. She studied with Egorova and secured dance routines from Uday Shan-kar, the famous Indian dancer. She is particularly interested in India, and proposes to create a new Indian ballet on her return.

While in London Miss Lightfoot met Colonel de Basil after his company's performance of *Symphonic Fantasia*, and was fortunate in securing routines, music, and ballet all new to Sydney.

Working to Help Crippled Children

MRS. FREDERICK HENTY, who, with Mrs. Wallace Mitchell, has organised the Joy Bells Ball for the last five years, is hard at work again, as the date is fixed for August 23 and the place will be Palm Court, Melbourne.

As usual, the proceeds are for the Orthopaedic Hospital at Frankston, and apart from her share of the organising Mrs. Henty is rallying the residents of Frankston, while casting a calculating eye at the garden of her home on Oliver's Hill, Portland Cottage, the landing-place of the original Henty. Some of the blooms are to augment those Mrs. Harold Grimwade always sends from Marathon, Frankston, for decorations.

Owning a small daughter of her own, Mrs. Henty is naturally interested in the welfare of children. She has worked for the Orthopaedic Hospital ever since it was founded, and was one of the most enthusiastic listeners when the new hospital was opened there recently.

Practical Interest in Varsity's Welfare

ONE of the most enthusiastic graduates of the Adelaide University is Mrs. Herman Mens, who takes just as keen an interest in undergraduate life as in graduate affairs.



Mrs. Mens.

Mrs. Mens graduated in arts in 1932, and during her student days was a member of both the women's hockey and swimming teams, gaining one of the only two Blues ever awarded to members of the women's swimming club. Now in her second year as president of both the basketball and women's swimming clubs at the University, Mrs. Mens is making arrangements for a dance to be held on August 19 in honor of basketball and basketball players who will be visiting Adelaide to take part in inter-varsity contests.

As a member of the Adelaide University Graduates' Association, Mrs. Mens is hoping to attend the 45th members' Conference in Sydney next January.

First Prize-winner

THE first John Masefield prize for English poetry has been won by Miss Barbara Burton, a Melbourne University honors graduate in Arts.

The prize was endowed last year by the Poet Laureate with proceeds from a reading of his works given by him at the University in 1934.

The subject of this year's competition was an original poem of not more than fifty lines on music.

Miss Burton intends to continue her studies abroad, specialising in languages, particularly Latin and French.

She is now on her way to Italy, where she will spend a month's holiday before entering St. Hilda's College, Oxford.

Interesting Women Work For Good Cause

WOMEN of widely differing interests joined the committee for the Victorian Aero Club ball, planned for August 11, at the Palais St. Kilda. They included Miss P. Wurtz and Miss Stella Power.

Miss Wurtz, who has been an enthusiastic flier for two years, has won several of the Victorian Aero Club's races and forced landing competitions, and has a commercial pilot's licence.

Miss Stella Power, the well-known soprano, is a sister of the acting-president of the club, Mr. C. M. B. Power. She recently returned to Melbourne after touring New Zealand for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and singing with the Symphony Orchestra at Schnesvoigt's first concert in Sydney. Soon she will be off on another broadcasting tour.

President of Women Bowlers in Queensland

SPORT has always played an important part in the life of Mrs. H. E. Twamley, of Brisbane. She is president of the Queensland Ladies' Bowling Association, an honorary member of all metropolitan ladies' clubs, and an active member of River-view Club, New Farm.



Mrs. Twamley.
—Dorothy Coleman.

Before she interested herself in bowls, Mrs. Twamley was an enthusiastic croquet player, taking part in all competitive games, and one year she was manager for an interstate croquet tournament.

During the war Mrs. Twamley did a great deal of patriotic work. She helped to form a sewing guild for the hospital, and, in recognition for work done, is a life-member of the Children's Hospital. She was one of the first street stall convenors, and the first treasurer for the Sandgate Red Cross Society.

For the last six years Mrs. Twamley, with the assistance of bowling and croquet friends, arranges an afternoon to provide Christmas cheer for the poor.

Hospital Auxiliary Formed in London

MRS. NORMAN BROOKES has carried out successfully her idea for an auxiliary of Australian women resident in London to help the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, the inspiration of the Queen Victoria Hospital in Melbourne.

At a meeting followed by afternoon tea at Mrs. Brookes' house in London, Princess Marie Louise consented to be president of the auxiliary. Lady Forster is chairman, Mr. Donald Anderson, grandson of the founder of the hospital, hon. treasurer, Mrs. Gilbert Lodge, asst. hon. treasurer, and Mesdames R. Beasmer Clark, John Higgin and Maurice Gibbs honorary secretaries.

Lady Robinson, Lady Stradbrooke, Lady Stonehaven, Lady Swathing, Lady Weigall, Lady Somers, Lady Denman and Lady Anderson are the vice-presidents. Already there are 45 members. The auxiliary plans to maintain one bed in the hospital.

Youth Movement Is Growing Apace

MISS M. CARDWELL, of Melbourne, has been appointed secretary of the Victorian Council of Youth. Similar councils have already been formed in N.S.W., Queensland, and South Australia.



Miss Cardwell.
—Jack Cato.

Interest was created in this movement after the World Youth Congress held in Geneva last year, when most countries were represented and each one decided to establish something of the same sort.

The aim of the movement is to link up all organizations working for youth and to endeavor to solve the problems of the younger generation.

The committee in Victoria is just beginning, and support is growing. An Australian Youth Congress is to be held in Sydney in January with the object of drawing up a national constitution and thereby forming an Australian Council of Youth.

S.A. Golf Championship Winner to Play in Melbourne

WHEN Miss Katharine Rymill contested the S.A. Women's State Championship with Mrs. Geoffrey de Grey, on the Royal Adelaide golf course recently, and won her match, it was the fourth time she had won that title, and she has now held it for three years in succession.

With other well-known Adelaide golfers, she will play in the interstate championship matches in Melbourne beginning on August 15, when she will enter the women's interstate match (which S.A. won last year), the mixed foursome, and women's foursome championships of Australia, and also the Australian women's championships.

Most of the South Australian women will be staying at a guest-house on St. Kilda Road, where they have booked their rooms, and a community sitting-room as well.

Devoted Many Years To Missionary Service

A LIFELONG interest in mission work has provided Mrs. A. P. Flint, of Brisbane, with a field for devoted service.



Mrs. A. P. Flint.
—Dorothy Coleman.

About twenty-five years ago when she was working for the Girls' Friendly Society, she volunteered for work in the mission field, and for six years served at the Yarrabah Aboriginal Mission. There she met her husband, also a missionary, and after their marriage they worked at the Lockhart River Mission in Cape York.

About nine years ago Mrs. Flint came with her husband to live in Brisbane, where she resumed her G.F.S. interests, and recently was elected a Diocesan secretary.

Mrs. Flint is a member of the Weavers' Club, which is a branch of the Women's Auxiliary, members of which do practical work for all missions by sewing and sending parcels to the mission fields.

Singer Acts As Adjudicator

ALTHOUGH she is among the best-known concert singers and broadcasting artists in South Australia, Miss Elsie Woolley (Mrs. Grivell) does not confine herself solely to stage performances, but often adjudicates at junior competitions, and was judge at the competitions for Congregational and Baptist Sunday-school children held recently.



Miss Woolley.
—Dickinson-Mountbath.

Miss Woolley has adjudicated at these competitions for the last three years, and has also assisted her husband, Mr. Sabie Grivell, many times in judging country competitions.

Miss Woolley is a member of the recently-formed Adelaide Wireless Chorus which has already given several national broadcasts.

Market for the Work of Crippled Children

MISS G. KNOWLES, who for the past thirteen years has been in charge of the Red Cross Handicrafts Shop in Adelaide, has had her territory enlarged to include the handicrafts of crippled children as well as those of disabled returned soldiers.

Formerly the crippled children had no means of presenting their work to the public, but Miss Gwen Waters, the almoner attached to the South Australian Committee for Crippled Children, has arranged with the Red Cross Society for their work to be displayed and sold at the Handicrafts Shop from now on.

Miss Knowles considers that the varied handicrafts of the children are of a very high standard.

Speaker for Junior Red Cross Work

LADY BUTLER, who holds several executive positions with the Red Cross Society in South Australia, works most energetically for both the senior body and the Junior Red Cross. Of the J.R.C. she is a vice-president, a member of the executive, a member of the home and admission committee, and also a speaker at the State schools, where she addresses the Mothers' Club on J.R.C. work. Another of her activities is to address country meetings on the same work when the organiser is unable to visit these districts.

Lady Butler, whose late husband was a Minister of the Crown in S.A., was one of the very first women to be called to Government House to sew and pack for soldiers at the outbreak of the war, a work she continued until after hostilities ceased.

Going Abroad To Teach

MISS KATHLEEN GRANT STEVENSON, daughter of Mrs. L. Grant Stevenson, of South Yarra, Melbourne, sailed for England in the Jervis Bay.

Ever since she gained her diploma of Domestic Economy at the Emily McPherson College, Melbourne, Miss Grant Stevenson has held a position with the Victorian Education Department. Now the department has arranged for her to teach in London for twelve months, but she hopes there will be some relieving work so that she will have a chance of seeing the country.

Her sister, Miss Clare Grant Stevenson, already has a job in London, so she hopes to see a little of the Continent with her before returning home.

To Train Juveniles for Nursery Rhyme Ballets

MISS NORA STEWART, who has trained countless ballets for charity concerts in South Australia, has undertaken to train the children's ballets for the final night of the Nursery Rhyme competition, which is being run in connection with the Knitpot Coronation Gala.

The whole gala, which is to be held in Adelaide on September 9 and 10, is to have a nursery rhyme background, and Mrs. Frank L. Harcus, who originated the idea, is designing a decorative scheme along these lines. Each stall at the fair will portray a different nursery tale, and on the final night will be represented by posed groups, while the children trained by Miss Stewart will present the various stories in ballet form.

Voice That Comes to Us From the South

ONE of the best-known soprano voices in the South Australian radio world is that of Miss Linda Wald, who, besides doing a lot of solo broadcasting, is one of the Lydian Singers and a member of the Adelaide Wireless Chorus.



Miss Wald.
—Rembrandt.

This chorus, which was formed last March, is composed of sixteen chosen voices, and has already been responsible for several national broadcasts.

In addition to her broadcasting, Miss Wald is well known as a concert artist, and has given concerts in Melbourne and Sydney as well as in Adelaide, and has been the guest of the Quartet Club at Broken Hill for concerts at times during the last three years.

Who could tell that I once suffered from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR? NOW IT IS GONE FOREVER



Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I relied my face to hide the hideous growth of 1937, the flaring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India, I suffered agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive painful electric needles brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disgusting growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then, almost in a day, my doubts were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo widow. To his gratitude the Hindoo bestowed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen a sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon, or a copy of it, to-day with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address: Frederick Hudson (The 125th St. 4 Old Convent Street, London, W.1, Eng.

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FROM
ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES

LILY of DECEIT

Continued from Page 22

MARCHING them like machines, welding them into a fighting mass that would respond to his slightest gesture, Savaran carried his two hundred to the point where Margnan and his party had left the main trail and Jim and his handful had been overwhelmed by the Mafattish.

"Listen, brothers," said Savaran, grimly. "There is the voice of enigma speaking beyond the miles. Tomorrow at dawn there will be blood rites in the big Mafattish palaver place. It is then we will fall upon them, for they will be too bemused with the wickedness before their eyes to fight. Is it not good?"

It was good. These askari that Savaran had made out of coastal riff-raff felt the lean man's genius as a dog feels a friend or an enemy through its senses. They followed and obeyed. In the jungle mists of morning they moved unseen into position around the village and so the Mafattish fell to but a single shot through Jadilla's arm and the iron glance of a born conqueror.

But Savaran, though the spirit in him demanded it, could not bring it over the Mafattish. He had too few men, as the jungle brutes would see when they awoke from their bewilderment. Moreover, he was here to save Jim Pendrych's gold and to exact payment from the Margnans. He was also anxious about the

Lola put a damp cloth on Jim's forehead. She said nothing. Her consummate silence held even Savaran at bay.

"What's behind it?" he burst out. "What devil's game were you playing when you stayed behind? Oh, I know your yarn, but it doesn't square with your record, my dear. Jim Pendrych might have stayed to look after you or even a sick Bonny, he's a gentleman—but you, why did you stay? You and your skunk of a father and Gil knew the danger and you won't convince me you would have risked your precious skin for a moment without some good reason."

What was Max Margnan's foul game? Jim Pendrych's death, no doubt, but how had he meant to work it? Even apart from affection, if any, Max would not have risked the death of one so useful to his schemes as Lola and most certainly Lola would not have risked herself. Yet she had stayed to face the Mafattish... or had she?

Had Max Margnan heard a bush rumor that Savaran was on his heels and so arranged that Jim should be left behind to die on his partner's hands from wounds the Mafattish might have dealt—or Bonny? The presence of the girl would have given such a murder an innocent look—Jim would have died in defending his dear wife! That certainly might be it, though something had gone wrong, the Mafattish attacking too swiftly and strongly for Max's calculations, perhaps.

That was the sort of bold risk Max would take—or it might even be that Max had bribed Jadilla with the promise of half the hidden gold to stage manage Jim's slaughter. Max was quite capable of such a horror and an old enough hand in native dirtiness to bring it off. And yet...

GIRLIGAGS



"NOWADAYS IF the guests don't leave the house a wreck, you feel that the party was a flop."

Margnans, Max Margnan and Gil had not left the others behind without reason. There was some sly trick in the air that had to be countered.

It was best countered by pressing on to Jim Pendrych's mine. That called for all his forces, too. Max Margnan had a strong band with him—Savaran knew that, for he had hired it—and if it came to a fight it would need all Savaran's generalship and every rifice to win.

So he moved swiftly, though Jim Pendrych, blank-minded and helpless from wounds and fever, had to be carried in a litter. Bonny Margnan had to be carried, too, but only for a day; after that he died from lack of cocaine, evil living and local privations.

He had not talked. Jim could not. Lola only answered as her still and secret mind permitted. Savaran found himself at sea. He could not even begin to get a line on Max's sly plot, though his knowledge of these crooks made it plain it must be something ugly.

There was the business of the marriage, for instance. A rushed affair. Lola told him it had happened on the day they left Hamatan, at the British consulate. Jim had wanted it as none knew the dangers that lay ahead.

"But Max Margnan prompted it, of course," said Savaran.

"Yes," the girl admitted.

"It wasn't legal, of course," he snapped.

"My wedding?" she said in her soft, still voice. "But it is."

"Good Heavens!" he cried at the mere thought of Jim bound even for a moment to such a woman. Then he sneered. "It's a waste of time lying to me, Lola, my dark angel. I'm not a Pendrych. I know of at least a dozen other infatuated fools in your career."

"Yes," she said in her unresentful voice—how she carried passivity to a deadly art. "But I've not been married before."

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Please turn to Page 26

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Ground Floor



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Ladies' Footwear, Third Floor. Why not Lay-by?

GIL, indeed, was off at once, scuttling like an evil crab amid the rocks, and the carriers crowding about the lean man prevented another shot.

Savaran waved them aside and went on to the mine, pistol ready for Max. But no shot came even when he tore the barricade of rocks away. Max Margnan was dead among the few dead men who had remained true to him against the others.

Savaran straightened as the mine entrance was blocked by shadows. Jim was being brought in on his litter.

"He will be cooler and safer here," said Lola, who walked, as ever, beside it. "Gil tried to kill him."

"Gil," said Savaran, and looked at her queerly. Then: "There's blood on your shoulder."

"Gil threw his knife," said the girl quietly.

"At the lord on the litter, cried a bearer. The white she-lion shielded him with her own body."

"Ah," said Savaran, in an odd voice. "And Gil?"

"Gil is dead," said Lola tonelessly. She lifted and looked strangely at

LILY of DECEIT

Continued from Page 24

the pistol she held in her hand, then let it drop to the ground.

"You shot your cousin?" said Savaran.

"He was no relation," she said, "merely a hired brute named Tanat."

"A just revenge, anyhow," said Savaran. "One of his shots killed your father."

He stepped aside so that she could see Max Margnan.

Lola looked at the dead man steady-eyed, only a little flush came to her white and lovely cheeks.

"You don't seem upset," said Savaran, looking curiously at her.

"No," she said, "only glad."

"Glad at a father's death?"

"I've never known who my father was," she said. "But I am certain Max Margnan was not he."

Savaran looked downward. Between Max Margnan's feet was a stout leather bag, open now and showing the papers which filled it. Savaran had been reading those

papers when Lola came in. "Not your father," he said, "yet you made a will leaving all you possessed to him."

"Yes," said the girl, and seemed to go very still.

"There is another will—Jim Pendrych's—drawn up by him the day after he had married you. He leaves you all he possesses; this mine, those ingots, everything. You knew about that will?"

"Yes," she said.

"And that was what you left to Max Margnan—this mine, the ingots, everything?" said Savaran.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And why, Lola?" he asked softly.

"Did you expect to die, Lola?"

"No," she said with a sudden, deep passion. "I hoped to die!"

"You hoped to die?" he cried. "With Jim Pendrych! Goodness, you loved him!"

"Yes," she said. "I love him."

She said it evenly, quietly, superbly and yet with a sense of fatality, too, as though she also said: "Yes, whatever I am, whatever I have been, I love him. That is why I married him, who married no others; that is why I stayed to die with him. Whatever I was, the woman in me conquered—and love mastered me."

Even Savaran was awed, for his quick wit saw the whole explanation of the mystery in that word—love.

"You won't believe that," she said with a sort of hopeless dignity, "but it's true. I have always hated the Margnans, the life they made me lead, the things they made me do. I have tried to fight them. They were too strong for me. They crushed me. The reputations Max so cleverly created about me shut me in against any escape to—decency. I could do nothing but obey them—like an automaton."

"Then your aloofness—" cried Savaran.

"My only defence," she said.

"Go on! Go on!" cried Savaran. "I am seeing much. Jim Pendrych was doomed?"

"FROM the first," she said listlessly. "But they saw that I—that he was different from the others. That was why Max would not let me marry him until the day we marched. There was to be no intimacy before then, and, after, no warning of mine could help him, for in the bush he could be killed out of hand. They were even ready to do it since he had made that will in my favor after our marriage."

"Yes, I understand. Max Margnan liked his robberies to be legal. With Jim dead he had complete control of this £800,000 in ingots through you. But they must have had a definite plot for making Jim's death look innocent."

"They built it out of something you had said to Jim," she said. "You told him that it was necessary to smash the Mafattish if the work at this mine was to be safe. Your plan, you'll remember, was for Jim and two-thirds of the carriers to attack Mafattish town directly while you and the rest worked round by the Panna Pass and took them in the rear. Max pretended to adopt the same idea, but, of course, Jim was to be left in the lurch and killed by the Mafattish when they had learnt of his presence, while Max went straight to the mine."

"The blackguard—to prostitute my plan," snarled Savaran, the military mind of him up in arms. "But to leave the Mafattish aroused in his rear—that meant death. How did Max propose to escape that?"

"With the aid of the French," said Lola. "He was going to send a runner—has, no doubt—to Tariffi imploring aid directly he got here." She saw the puzzlement in Savaran's eyes. "Don't you know there's a new military post at Umala on the border?"

"By Napoleon, I did not," cried Savaran and the instinct of self-preservation made him start for the mine entrance. But he checked and



LILLIAN GRIMSLEY in a scene from the Ballet Egyptian Suite to be featured at the dance recital by the Dance Teachers' Society on Saturday, August 21, at the Conservatorium, to aid the Kindergarten Union.

—Monte Luke.

said: "No matter. Tell me what it happened. The plan was altered it seems."

"Yes, Bonny became ill, could not even be moved for a few days. Max, who saw it as a way of making Jim's death look more innocent, decided to leave Bonny to die with Jim. And that gave me my chance to stay. Jim, who had unwittingly played into Max's hand by insisting that I went on ahead for safety, could say nothing against my staying to nurse Bonny."

"And Max agreed to your committing this—this divine suicide?" asked Savaran softly.

"Not at once. But I would not give way to him, and when I agreed to make a will in his favor he did not mind. It was the £800,000 that counted most, and with that secured to him he was in haste to get out of danger."

"And you stayed for love of Jim, Lola," said Savaran softly.

"It was the gladdest act of my life," she said suddenly and superbly proud.

"Yes, I see that," he said. "You would have died with Jim—thankfully."

"He was the one decent man I have ever known," she said huskily. "It was a splendid gesture—and you were worthy of it," said Savaran, and he lifted her hand to his lips, saluting a noble soul.

"It was worth it," she said, and then her voice dropped to misery. "It would have been worth it—but I lived."

"You lived," he cried, "to make Jim Pendrych happy. As you will I, who love the boy, too, tell you that

I am glad you married him and that you live."

"But—but you know what I am," she faltered.

"I know what you are," he cried, "a great lady whom Fate and the world have maligned. Live that down, Lola Pendrych. You can, for you have greatness in your soul. Go with Jim to England where you are not known and build up a new life. I will write the truth to the boy to forestall slanderers. He loves me. He will believe me."

"SAVARAN," she said with bright eyes. "Savaran, stay and tell Jim."

"Willingly, but—" he cocked his ear to listen to an uproar among the carriers outside the mine. "but it's plain that Max did get his runner to the French. And the French and Savaran are not quite the friends they ought to be."

An askari headman came panting to the mine.

"There are soldiers coming, Lord Savaran. Many soldiers, riding fast across the plain. They are undoubtedly French."

"They undoubtedly are," said Savaran with a flash of splendid teeth, "and Savaran must undoubtedly hurry. The Gallie mind is so rigid in the matter of executions. Good courage and good fortune, Lola. Oh, and I think I'll take one of these ingots . . . by way of a souvenir. Two, perhaps . . . well, we'll say three . . ."

With his white teeth flashing over an armful of four ingots, Savaran said good-bye and vanished running.

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**TIGER
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JAPAN is a MAN'S LAND

Woman's Impression of Women's Life in the East

Japan is a man's land, according to Miss Dorothy A. Parr, who after ten years in the East with the Central Japan Mission is now visiting Australia.

Rigid national traditions still keep Japanese women in the background, although gradually they are developing a new freedom and outlook, she says.

"EVERYONE I meet," Miss Parr told The Australian Women's Weekly in Brisbane, "asks how long it took me to master the Japanese language."

"I have not mastered it yet after ten years! It is a lifetime study."

"However, when I first arrived in Japan, I worked hard for two years studying the language, and now I have a pretty good working knowledge, and I am able to make

myself understood in everyday conversation. I seldom hear any English, so I get plenty of practice."

"I have been able to observe the freedom that is gradually coming to the Japanese women."

"A few years ago a girl was always kept in the background. When she left school she was taught just about three things—the floral arrangements in the house, the tea ceremony, and how to make her own kimono."

"Now the women are coming to the fore in many walks of life. More and more are taking up professions."

"Quite recently two women gained doctors' degrees and they are now practising their profession and making a success of it."

"It was an unheard thing for a Japanese girl to remain unmarried in the past. That is not so, now."

Miss Parr has a tremendous admiration for the Japanese wife and mother. Although she might seem to be kept more or less in the background, she is most loyal to her husband, and is a great helpmeet.

Important Males

IN Japan a proper wife walks at least a yard behind her husband, almost always carrying a baby on her back, and parcels in her hands. That is the correct and usual thing to do, Miss Parr reveals.

The male is the most important citizen.

The word Okusan (wife) means the woman of the back of the house! No matter how many children there are in a family, the son, whether he is the youngest or the eldest, is the most important, and is always considered first. It would be a great shock to him if such were not the case.

"The Japanese," Miss Parr said, "are tremendously keen on education, and parents will go without anything themselves to give their children higher education."

She thinks the children compare

favorably with Australian children, in spite of the fact that about eight years of their schooling is occupied in learning to read and write their own language.

Miss Parr was born in Reading, England, and after her school education she trained for missionary work. When the opportunity came for her to carry on her work in Japan, she was delighted.

She is stationed at Maebashi, about seventy miles from Tokio.

Improved Transport

ALTHOUGH Maebashi is not the part of Japan the tourists see, it is, nevertheless, up to date as far as modern conveniences are concerned.

"For instance," said Miss Parr, "ten years ago all travelling was done by rickshaw, apart from trams. Now a rickshaw is almost a novelty."

There are only four white women in Maebashi, and they are all doing missionary work.

Miss Parr seldom comes in contact with any white people at all, except when she visits Tokio, and that is not very often.

It will be nearly two years before Miss Parr returns to Japan, a land, she finds, teeming with interest. She will spend six months in Australia—in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide—and three months in New



MISS DOROTHY A. PARR, taken in the garden of her home at Maebashi, Japan. The letters under the umbrellas are the Japanese for Kami Wa, Ai Nari.

Zealand before she continues her travelling to England.

There she will see her people and do more missionary work.

Miss Parr said that already there are great preparations going on in Japan for the Olympic Games in 1940, and country-wide celebrations are already well in hand.

(See Pictures on Page 29)

WHY FAT STILL STAYS WITH SO MANY . . . IT'S A PITY

WHY do so many stay fat? When thousands take the "Reynmor" treatment, and become slender, excess fat in the past years has been disappearing fast, and you must realize that science has found a way to fight fat—how? Reynmor's formula. These happy slender people have not starved, not over-exercised, not taken harmful drugs.

Medical research has discovered that the cause of Obesity lies in a certain weak gland. That gland largely controls metabolism. When it is weak too much of our food turns to fat.

"Reynmor" Antifat Capsules contain vital fat-reducing factors. They are prepared under modern scientific conditions. Thousands take "Reynmor," and it has stood the test, because it is right, while countless fatter treatments have failed and disappeared. Get a box of "Reynmor" right now!

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ESTABLISHED 41 YEARS

WIDOW in Election BATTLE

A widow is among the candidates in Victoria's forthcoming election of a new Parliament.

SHE is Mrs. Clarence Weber, who will contest Nunawading seat, now held by Mr. Boyland.

Mrs. Weber, who has a pleasant flat at the top of Collins St., Melbourne, is tall, fair, and blue-eyed, with the perfect carriage of a woman who is a great believer in physical education.

Her first husband, Lieutenant Thomas Mitchell, of the 96th Battalion, was killed at Bullecourt.

Her son, Peter Mitchell, who is doing the Agricultural Science course at Melbourne University, celebrated his twenty-first birthday last week.

After the war Mrs. Weber married Mr. Clarence Weber, well-known physical culture expert, and a former wrestling champion of Australia, who was a widower with seven children.

She took on the management of his home, and later had three children, a boy and two girls, of her own.

Now, with an enviable record as a home organiser and social worker, she is seeking Parliamentary honors.



"My meals never disagree with me now"

Miss Gwen Perriman, of 313 Old South Head Road, Bellevue Hill, Sydney, writes:—

I felt I had to write and tell you what a splendid indigestion cure your BiSoDoL is. For six months I have rarely had a meal without suffering discomfort and sometimes severe pain after it. A girl at work told me about BiSoDoL, and though I've only been taking it for about ten days, my usual hurried meals never disagree with me now and I feel much better in general health, while my skin is clearer and brighter than it has been for a long time.

(Signed) Gwen Perriman.

The PAWPAW gives up its secret to BiSoDoL

and by its natural aiding of digestion, helps to make BiSoDoL the best known remedy for all digestive disorders such as—

ULCERATED or ACID STOMACH, HEARTBURN, GASTRITIS, NAUSEA, BILIOUSNESS, FLATULENCE, ETC., ETC.

THE value of papain, an extract of the tropical pawpaw fruit, has been known to the natives of South America and the Australian aborigines for hundreds of years. Papain makes meat and certain other foods tender and easy to digest. Papain is contained in BiSoDoL because it relieves the strain on weak digestive organs, and stimulates them to act in a normal, healthy way.

In addition, BiSoDoL supplies malt diastase, an active enzyme which converts hard-to-digest starches into sugars quickly absorbed into the blood.

So, for two reasons, BiSoDoL is the only remedy which helps indigestion sufferers to regain the vigorous, pain-free digestion of youth. Its effects are complete and lasting. BiSoDoL stops burning pains, distension, heart-burn and wind with the first dose. Then it begins the process of healing and strengthening the digestive system by natural means. Don't suffer a day longer. Your chemist has BiSoDoL. A large tin costs 1/9; the giant tin costs 2/6.

Get LASTING RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION with

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(REGD)

CONTAINING DIASTASE and EXTRACT OF PAWPAW

Special Announcement / For the **STOUTER** Figure

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FOUR COPIES of Imported MODELS

Here we show four garments specially designed for the larger figure. We have made a very close study of the making and costing of these frocks, the result being that we now offer these exceptionally fine copies of Imported Models at the amazingly keen price of 32/6 each. Their regular value is definitely 3½ guineas.

Lay-By Now for Early Spring Wear!

ALL IN THIS SIZE RANGE

	W	SOS	OS	EOS	EEOS
Bust . . .	38	42	44	48	52 ins.
Hips . . .	42	44	48	52	58 ins.



MT20—SLENDERISING STYLE IN FLAT CREPE, featuring cross-over effect, trimmed contrast shade to tone. Large fancy buttons to finish and long sleeves. Skirt is gored, tie sash across back. In Black/Beige, Navy/Saxe, Bottle/Jade.

	W	SOS	OS	EOS	EEOS
Bust	38	42	44	48	52 in.
Hips	42	44	48	52	58 in.

SPECIALISED PRICE at . . . 32/6

MT28—OUTSTANDING VALUE IN PRINTED GEORGETTE FROCK OVER SILK SLIP. Featuring long sleeves, V-neck with nest of net and rouleau trimmed. Large collar effect, also trimmed net. Gored skirt, tie sash at back. In Black, Navy, Brown, Saxe grounds with attractive colourings.

SPECIALISED PRICE at . . . 32/6



MT23.—PRINTED KAKE FROCK CUT ON SLIMMING LINES. Can be worn high at the neck or opened. Finished buttons and loops. Long sleeves into a cuff. Skirt has pleats front and back. Finished belt and buckle. In Black, Navy, Brown, Dark Saxe grounds, all wanted colourings.

SPECIALISED PRICE at . . . 32/6

MT26.—Cleverly designed Frock for the larger figure in GEORGETTE SHEER OVER SILK SLIP. Ruchings and pin tucks a feature on the bodice and sleeves. Gored skirt, tie sash at back. In Black, and Navy.

SPECIALISED PRICE at . . . 32/6

Sth. AFRICA Sends SOS for Our NURSES

Australian nurses have always had the name of being among the most capable in the world. Just how much in demand they are may be gathered from the fact that South Africa has sent out a SOS for Australian trained nurses.

It is significant that trained nurses from Australia—not from England, Canada, America or any other country—are the ones being encouraged to take up the responsible jobs at very good salaries that South Africa is offering.

Five, six and even eight pounds a week, with board, are the wages South Africa is offering for Australian trained nurses, who ordinarily receive three guineas to four guineas while they are in work here.

Miss Sinclair Wood, of the Australian Trained Nurses' Association in Adelaide, says that, although this South African offer to Australian girls gives the trained nurses a wonderful opportunity to travel, they must be recommended by an association in Australia so that the class of nurses to go will be of high standard.

"We must feel our way carefully in a movement like this," she said, "as we do not want the girls to go to a strange country and find themselves stranded, or friendless."

"We already have a few South Australian girls who have gone to South Africa, and another couple who will leave shortly."

"But we want these to get established before too many others go over."

Don't Come Back

MANY Australian trained nurses have left Australia before this for experience, and they are usually so well liked abroad that they do not come back here to work. Yet Australia has no shortage of nurses.

"It is excellent experience for them to travel, but the wages offering to them are not so great in England, for example, as they are in South Africa."

"In the last few years, a great number of Australian trained nurses have gone to England."

"If they are doing private nursing, they get quite good money, but if they join the staff of a hospital they become part of that institution, and their salaries drop to as little as 30/- a week."

"Only recently a woman I know well left a good Australian salary to get 30/- on the staff of an English hospital."

"But the experience she is getting will be invaluable to her."

"The one thing we must be very careful of, in recommending girls for overseas jobs, is to keep out the unwanted element which invariably creeps in if a strict watch-out is not kept."

"The South Australian girls we recommend to South African hospitals or nursing associations, however, need not think of themselves as quite friendless, because I am able to give them the address of a relative over there who will look after them."

A Queensland doctor, who recently returned from doing a post-graduate course in England, bore out the statement that Australian nurses were often preferred in English hospitals because of their willingness, their ability, and chiefly their unfailing cheerfulness under any situation, however trying.

Canadian nurses, he said, were also well liked in England, so much so that a young Canadian doctor became engaged to a nurse, married her, and the two of them went to England to do post-graduate work, for which the doctor had to pay, and the nurse would be paid.

In that manner the wife helped the student husband until his course was finished.

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Girls of Japan, Where War is at Hand

THE eyes of the world are turned to the East, where the struggle between Japan and China is intensifying.

On July 31 The Australian Women's Weekly published a series of pictures of China. This week we give glimpses of the daily life of average Japanese girls and women.

The recent marriage of an Australian society girl to a well-known Japanese musician in Tokio gives added interest to these pictures of Japanese life.



A JAPANESE GIRLS DRUM CORPS marching through Tokio with all the martial air of a regiment of troops. In such parades Japan's national, military, and patriotic enthusiasms are encouraged.



HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS learning Koto music. Even though the nation prepares for war, cultural accomplishments must not be neglected.



CONTRAST IN FASHIONS worn by society leaders at a Japanese garden party when Eastern styles met West. Will these social fetes be used to raise war funds in future?



JIU-JITSU is still the most popular sport in Japan—even women participating. These girls are receiving instruction in the art.



AN INTIMATE FAMILY STUDY. The youngsters are eagerly watching the preparation of grilled rice-cakes. Happy family life, traditional in Japan, is threatened by war, just as it is in China. For mothers in both countries it is an anxious time.



YOUNG JAPANESE MOVIE STARS enjoy a row on the river. They are typical of the new race of womanhood in the East.



JAPANESE STENOGRAPHERS attend business in a mixture of Eastern and Western fashions. In all Government offices now they're hard at work as the nation organises for war.



VOLLEY-BALL is a favorite sport with Japanese schoolgirls. Athletics in Japan are becoming as great a fetish as elsewhere, for an ambitious nation must be fit and Japan is ambitious for power.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4618390>

THE MOVIE WORLD

August 14, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

From Hollywood and London

Pickford Wedding

AS nervous as a debutante at the altar for the first time was Mary Pickford at her wedding to Charles ("Buddy") Rogers. The outdoor ceremony, beautiful in its simplicity, was performed under a spreading sycamore tree, and instead of the cathedral music there was the singing of

Elaine Gets a Chance At Last

• Since the reconciliation of the John Barrymores, there is new talk of putting Elaine into a picture. John is working at Paramount in the sequel to "Bulldog Drummond," and he wants to write a part into the story for his loved one.

Hal Roach is doing the same thing for the Oliver Hardy picture, "Road Show," in which Barrymore will appear—so it looks as if Elaine is at last about to have her cinematic fling.

birds and the fragrance of flowers. Close friends and relatives only were present.

Mary wore a dress of sky-blue silk and slippers to match. Her hat and gloves were of deep wine color. She wore fuchsia orchids.

Late that evening, after a reception at Pickfair to 350 friends and relatives, Mary and "Buddy" escaped to the liner Lurline for a Honolulu honeymoon. She wore a sheer wool plaid in shades of blue and rust, and a little felt hat in the same colors.

World's Best Dresser

THE much-hidden identity of the world's best-dressed woman is at last revealed. It is Annabella, French star of "Wings of the Morning" and "Under the Red Rose."

She is shortly going into harness again at Denham in "Follow the Sun" with Robert T. Kane producing for New World Pictures.

The other day a group of Parisiennes voted 23-year-old, blue-eyed, blonde Annabella the world's best-dressed woman—and who would dispute the judgment of Paris? Certainly not Rene Hubert, who designs her frocks. He says she marks a new phase in dressing—romantic sophistication.



MID-VICTORIAN DAYS

• Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer are together once more in R.K.O.'s "The Toast of New York." They are shown together (bottom left). In the cast are Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Donald Meek (bottom right), while Thelma Leeds (top left), cabaret singer, makes her film debut in the picture.

Actor Hurt

RATHER than cause further delay on the ill-fated picture, "Saratoga," already interrupted by the death of Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore went to work with a damaged leg. His entire leg, from the foot to the hip, was in severe pain.

Barrymore, who is an accomplished artist and etcher, dropped a heavy steel etching plate on his foot several months ago. At the time, he dismissed the accident as trivial, but the pains have become so severe that he was forced to go to the hospital. His leg is in a cast.

However, he insisted on continuing work until all his sequences were completed.

Voice Materialises

A VOICE which has made countless friends through the medium of the newsreel—though only a talking voice—is shortly to embody itself on the screen. The owner is Barry K. Barnes, and he steps straight into Leslie Howard's shoes in "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel."

Barry was a seasoned Thespian before he became a newsreel commentator. Now he is going back to Epping and having seen a few shots from this new picture I think it safe to say more will be seen of this very attractive "voice."

Taylor Talks

ROBERT TAYLOR himself sheds light on the burning question of the day—Is he or is he not in love with Barbara Stan-

wyck?

"Barbara," says handsome Bob, "is the best friend I have in the world. She is the only person I can go to with my troubles. I am always sure she will understand and help me. She's a wonderful girl and a wonderful companion."

Bob has clear-cut ideas about the type of girl he is going to marry. His first requisite, which is typically masculine, as every girl will agree, is that she must like to listen to him talk. And she must have a sense of humor.

PUTTING Enmity On a Paying BASIS

There's Nothing Like a Good Fight To Interest the Fans

By WENDIE MOORE

HOLLYWOOD has learnt, and very profitably, too, to extract the film of sentiment that seeps about the loves of the movie kings and queens, to mix with it a quota of sound business sense, and then capitalise it for all their publicity departments are worth.

In a more discreet manner divorce, suicide and murder have the accompanying tragedy extracted and put through the same process. All this Hollywood does more or less flagrantly, but the thought of doing the same thing with hatred never entered her head, or she would surely have done so.

HOWEVER, unfriendly relations have constantly been a source of publicity. Thus if Mr. Matinee Idol came home and kissed his wife the world Press would scarcely break out into headlines. But if, on the other hand, he shattered a costly Ming vase on her sweet little head there is the basis of a darn good news story.

To a certain extent Hollywood did realise this fact, but usually it was not played up to its full possibilities. The late Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb, in a minor fashion, some time ago played at being enemies, and found that their little ink-slinging feuds, through various syndicated papers, were a definite aid to publicity. But as these two invariably kept their friendly insults on a jolly-fellow plane, the feud never attained national significance.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were also canny in this regard. Or maybe their press-agent had his wits about him. This pair, however, are in the happy position of burning the candle at both ends. The very much publicised, very temperamental battles that these two strategists put across every so often are invariably alternated with very much publicised and very temperamental reunions.

If they are at war they hit the headlines: "Lupe and Johnny in Another Hollywood Cafe Brawl;" or if at peace: "Lupe and Johnny Judge Los Angeles Baby Show." Nevertheless the "entente cordiale" between Mexican Lupe Velez and American merman Johnny Weissmuller exists for the far greater part on very colorful feuds.

Famous Fights

IT wasn't because Hollywood realised the value of hostility in relation to publicity that she staged the famous hair, high-heels, and finger-nails rough-and-tumbles of the two Titian wildcats, Nancy Carroll and Clara Bow.

Hollywood only did that because both the contestants being Irish it seemed the natural course to adopt, especially as they were away from the Emerald Isle and there were no civil wars in America at the time in which they might use up any surplus yearnings. Nevertheless, Clara and Nancy dragged in their quota of publicity.

Even so, there were as yet unplumbed depths in the possibilities of a really successful feud, and a few years ago a smart young fellow, Mr. and Mrs. Winchell's little boy Walter, who grew up into the position of America's ace newspaper columnist, and best-known broadcasting snapper, decided to go in for a little plumping.

Working upon the principle that there is no such thing as bad publicity he used his newspaper column, which is read every morning by roughly twelve million people, and his Sunday night broadcasting session to commence a series of feuds. Walter Winchell broke new grounds in the eternal search for the modern American El Dorado—Publicity. He did nothing less than capitalise enmity—and how successfully!

Battle by Pen

SINCE Winchell started out with his pen and his voice to do battle, the only two people with whom he has had conflict have been band leaders. The handsome Rudy Vallee first felt the lash. But the columnist's caustic wit was a little too scarring for the young Rudy and raised his black hair to an uncomfortable extent.

What with one thing and another the stunt fell through.

Before we go any further it is as well that we get some idea of the importance of Walter Winchell. In America the chief industries are State Universities, the manufacture of chewing gum and the mighty dollar.

The chief indoor recreation is the reading of, and the sound of, a big-shot columnist. Such a one is Walter Winchell and his importance is now

assessed in terms of millions of dollars and a bodyguard.

Well, Walter had seen the possibilities of notoriety to be obtained from judiciously-applied enmity, and wasn't going to let any little breakdown with Rudy Vallee upset his plans.

Therefore, he looked about him for some other popular figure and again selected a band leader. This time, it was the redoubtable, slow-voiced Ben Bernie who caught his eye.

The two boys put their heads together, and one morning Ben Bernie, the old maestro of jazz, found himself the butt of a nasty crack in Winchell's column. Next night, from the night club where his orchestra was playing, Bernie cracked back.

After some months of prepared insult and repartee, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea, as Mr. Winchell modestly addresses his 12,000,000 listeners, began to take an interest in the two scrapping personallities.

Soon the most eagerly read spot in Winchell's column was the paragraph which spotted Bernie, and the most dulcet melody that the old maestro could play was a drawing wisecrack at Winchell's expense.

To put it plainly the hostile friendship between Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell created a sensation, and, like all sensations in the entertainment line, its news was winged to every producing studio in California.

Enter Hollywood

AS is usual in such cases, Hollywood began to talk business. Twentieth Century-Fox Studios won in the bargaining contest which followed, and the result was a picture starring Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, "Wake Up and Live."

Fortunately Winchell photographs and acts quite well enough to earn the pittance of 75,000 dollars paid him for his appearance in this one film.

Ben Bernie made other pictures some time ago and the only reason he left off was because he felt that there was a definite necessity for his orchestra in the U.S.A. Bernie's band is one of the few which play all the year round.

Walter Winchell is a personality who could thrive only in America. His annual income is in the vicinity of 250,000 dollars, roughly, 1800 a week, which of course does not include outside retainers, such as in the present instance, nor does it allow for the enormous income tax subtractions. Nevertheless, he can be considered quite comfortably off.

In the case of "Wake Up and Live," Hollywood has definitely succeeded in putting another of the emotions on a capitalistic basis. You know and I know that the Winchell-Bernie feud is a hoax, inasmuch as Bernie and Winchell both realise their value to each other, and are in reality good friends; but the far greater majority of Americans firmly believe that Winchell and Bernie represent a modern Kentucky Valley blood vendetta.

It is a remarkable fact that Americans, usually so down to earth, can be hoodwinked so easily.



• TOP: Clara Bow, now faded out of the movie galaxy, but in her day a famous feudist.

• BELOW are Ben Bernie, left, and Walter Winchell, whose long exchange of insults led to their appearing together in a film.

QUEER Jobs for WOMEN

Studio Secrets You Didn't Know

By MARY OLIVIER

UNSEEN, unsung, unknown heroines of the movies are a little group of women who, hidden from the eyes of the world by a camera which positively refuses to see them, contribute in no small way towards the entertainment of modern films!

Never have their faces been flashed upon the screen, nor have their names been included on the all-important credit title sheets which precede every motion picture shown.

NO fame, no glory is theirs, yet they hold down their jobs which pay them as much money as the average featured player—and they are twice as independent.

While millions of movie fans in every corner of the globe are going into ecstasies over the beauty of Lombard, the figure of Dietrich, the mystery of Garbo, and the youthful loveliness of Loretta Young, these women are laughing up their sleeves. For they know something that we don't!

Patsy O'Byrne, for instance, has quite a giggle to herself every time she sees a close-up of a lovely pair of legs. Why? Because, with the possible exception here and there, they are her own legs which are being so much admired.

Legs and Hands

YOU'VE never heard of Patsy O'Byrne? Don't be alarmed at your ignorance. Neither has anybody else, outside of Hollywood. But among the studios Patsy is as well known as the average featured actress, and quite as constantly employed.

For Patsy has the most perfect legs in the film colony, and they have been photographed hundreds of times from every conceivable angle. She has provided legs for Norma Shearer, Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Stuart, and a host of other stars and you never knew—till now.

Patsy's legs, however, are, and always will be, her one qualification for film work. The camera will never raise its lens above those perfectly-shaped limbs to focus on her face. Because Patsy O'Byrne is positively one of the plainest, most homely-looking people living.

As renowned for hands as Patsy is for legs is Dorothy Dillon, another of Hollywood's women who, unknown to the world, plays a prominent part in many pictures. Long, slender hands, with beautiful, tapering fingers, and filbert nails are not the good fortune of every star, so when the camera moves forward for a close-up, the star steps out of the scene and Dorothy Dillon steps in.

Among the famous who have borrowed Dorothy's hands (and taken the credit as being their own), are Norma Talmadge, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Madge Evans, Ginger Rogers, Simone Simon, and Garbo.

Not that your favorites bite their quills, or have dirty finger-nails, but posing for hand pictures is an arduous task, and a specialised job in itself. And Dorothy has reduced it to a fine art which she can do more effectively and far more gracefully than the stars themselves.

Among Hollywood's most accomplished stunt women is Ione Reed, a slender, blonde girl, pretty enough to win a place among the current beauties in films, but quite content with her job of taking thrills and spills for other people so that the million dollar babies of the movies may go home to mother intact.

You've seen Ione in such pictures as "Tarzan Escapes" (in which she doubled for Maureen O'Sullivan), "Jungle Princess" (substituting for Dorothy Lamour), in "Peter Ibbotson," "Last Days of Pompeii," and a host of other pictures. But never once were you aware that it was not the star of the picture hazarding all those dangerous feats.



GALLERY OF STARS

Jessie Matthews

Whose next picture is G.B.'s "Gangway."

Once Ione was an important and popular actress in silent western films, but talking films sounded the death-knell for her screen career, and, rather than give up the profession altogether, she turned the experience she had obtained to profitable use. Falling off a horse, being caught in an avalanche, swinging through space on a trapeze, cliff and tree-climbing, and tumbling downstairs are feats which Ione takes in her stride.

Another lady who doesn't mind an occasional flirtation with death is Madame Olga Celeste, Hollywood's only woman animal trainer. For 25 years Olga, who is a buxom and fearless Swede, has cracked her whip in the lions' cage, wrestled with bears, played hooky with orang-outangs, and generally indulged in running around with the animals.

Serials are her forte, and really started her on the first stages of her career when she doubled for the queens of the chapter plays, Pearl White and Kathleen Williams.

Even at home Olga always has a few animals to keep her company. She's never without a baby lion or tiger in the backyard. When the beasts grow too big to be safe or companionable pets, she passes them on to the Californian Zoological Gardens, and replaces them with more kittens.

Most of the animals used in pictures are obtained from this zoo, and it is Olga who teaches them all their clever tricks. Madame's entrance at the studio is always the sign for everyone to move off in other directions, for

she is invariably escorted by nothing less than a gorilla or leopard.

No doubt you've often admired the healthy lungs of your favorite screen star as she screamed lustily for help, or in horror. So realistic! Such a note of genuine terror! Oh, yes? Oh, no!

Stand-ins for Voices

THE voice of the screamer (oh, how I hate to disillusion you) in nine cases out of ten is not that of the actress in question, but of Alice Doll, Hollywood's champion screamer. No matter how good an actress she is, very few of the Hollywood girls can raise their voices convincingly.

Anyway, the human throat is such a delicate organ, and no studio likes to risk its high-salaried players running their voices by screaming. Fortunately for Alice, who is always called in. Her voice stands up to any amount of screaming and almost any conditions.

This story of odd accomplishments would be incomplete without the name of Florence Gill, who "clucks" for a living. Some people break into films through strange avenues, but none

more unusual than this 45-year-old ex-stage actress, who is in demand by the studios as an impersonator of denizens of the farm.

Maybe you remember her in "Every Night at 8," in which she rendered a clucking song in a radio broadcast which almost brought down the house.

June Knight is about the one example of a girl who doubled for others and then made good on the other side of the camera. June was quite well known on the New York stage when she decided to try her luck in Hollywood. But the studios weren't very interested. Her special talent as a dancer, however, led to an engagement substituting for Greta Garbo in a dancing sequence in "Mata Hari."

Her beauty and grace attracted plenty of attention on the set, and shortly afterwards June found herself possessed of a most attractive contract. Since then she has played in a number of films, most notable of which being the same "Broadway Melody" which gave Bob Taylor his first big chance.

Strange as it may seem to those who consider stardom to be the one goal of everyone who comes to Hollywood, these women are perfectly content to play their hidden roles, enjoy the life of picture-making, mix with the movie crowd and have their fun without attaining any of the fame and glory which surround a motion picture personality. After all, it's the pay cheque at the end of the week which really counts, and salaries are more permanent when there isn't a fickle public to contend with.

ON the SET WITH Lloyd HUGHES

Visiting Star Talks of Films and the Stage

LLOYD
HUGHES,
starred in
"Lovers
and
Luggers"

SAT in a comfortable canvas chair looking over a sunlit bay in Thursday Island. Tall palm trees fringed the roadway and the shoreline, and a white parrot screamed from a cage hung from the verandah of the bungalow opposite.

Here, against a background of lamboo slats and tropical palms, two men sat at a small table drinking tea. They were a striking contrast.

THE younger man, who was wearing cream trousers and a soft white shirt, open against the deep sun-tan of his face, picked up his cap, twisted it around, and gazed at the tealeaves. As he turned to his companion his eyes looked startlingly blue in the brownness of his face, and I caught a flash of even white teeth as he smiled.

"I see a sail. It's not very far from here," he announced. The older man



looked a trifle disconcerted, and grabbed the cup from his companion. His heavy body slumped a little deeper into his chair, and a guilty look spread over his broad face.

Suddenly a small boy rushed forward and clapped a blackboard with white numbers on it in front of the two men.

A murmur of conversation broke out in the studio at the end of this "take" for "Lovers and Luggers," and Lloyd Hughes and Sydney Wheeler rose from their verandah seats and joined me at the edge of the "set."

The most striking characteristic of the American star is his quiet, unassuming manner.

Chatting about Australian players in Hollywood, he was interested to learn that Joy Howarth had entered Australian films from an amateur dramatic group.

"The little theatre or the professional stage is the finest training-ground for film work," he said. "As a matter of fact, I consider stage work essential for a movie player, and I try to fit in stage work between productions."

"The Gods We Make," "Hot Heir," and "Alimony Deferred" are among the New York stage productions in which Lloyd Hughes has appeared.

One of the most interesting little theatres in Hollywood, which he attends regularly, is run by Ben Bard, the well-known actor and dramatic coach. Ultra-modern with its cream leather seats and cream-and-gold curtain, this playhouse accommodates about 200 people. Shows run nightly for a season of usually three or four weeks.

On opening nights, directors, casting directors, and talent scouts from various studios attend, all on the lookout for promising screen material.

Many famous stars also take a deep interest in this little theatre, and are regular patrons.

Asked if he began his film career through the theatre, Lloyd Hughes laughed and explained that the reason

why he so strongly recommended this avenue to young players was because he began his career the opposite way—as an "extra." "When you have had to put up with the bumps and disappointments of trying to break into films this way," he said, "you would appreciate being recruited from a good training school into a featured role. Still," he continued, and smiled, "I certainly got a lot of fun out of those early days."

"How did you enter pictures?" I asked.

"Well, when I was a kid in Los Angeles I sneaked out one Saturday afternoon to watch Henry King doing a sequence. Of course, he is a director now, but in those days he was a leading man. The scene was at a water

well, and the heroine was gracefully poised against it, waiting to pull up a bucket of water. Great was my joy when I was chosen to get into the well—it was a fake one, fortunately—to push up the bucket. No one saw my splendid effort, but that inspired me to try for 'extra' work."

"After that I haunted the studios until one day I was chosen as an 'extra' at Pasadena. It was the middle of winter and pretty cold."

"You see, I was supposed to be a passenger in a train wreck that had fallen into the river. My big moment came when I hung half out of the window while they played a large water-hose over me until I was almost frozen. That really did dampen my enthusiasm, but I hung around, became a 'bit' player, and in the end landed a really good part. After that it was plain sailing."

Watching the ease and finish of Lloyd Hughes' work, I decided that he may have been able to reach this standard by the easier way of a training school, but those hard years have given him more than a good movie technique. They have made him a friendly, sympathetic, charming man who is popular with every member of Cinesound Studio, from Director Ken G. Hall down to the "clapper" boy.

BY... JANE
SWINTON

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Marlene Dietrich Praises "Prop" Boys

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

Envy Arthur Camp, property boy to gorgeous Marlene Dietrich. She has nothing but kind words for him and the other lads of similar calling.

MISS DIETRICH declares emphatically that in only one thing is Hollywood infinitely, brilliantly superior to the present European studios—in its "prop" boys. Her recent tour abroad convinced her, she said, that in equipment, personnel, stars, directors and cameramen, they have reached a point where they rival the movie colony here.

It's not that the European "prop" boys don't try, because they do, she said. Their particular calling re-

quires an exactitude and versatility greater than even directing or motion-picture photography or acting, in the beautiful star's opinion.

And, as he heard her speak glowingly of the boys in general and himself in particular, Arthur almost strutted. He knew by her statement he had succeeded in pleasing her.

One of the most familiar cries about the Paramount set is Miss Dietrich's: "Oh, Arty!"

Then Camp drops whatever he is about to hurry to her side.

HERE'S Hot News FROM SCREEN ODDITIES

All the STUDIOS!

By Captain Faircett

From BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY, Our Hollywood and London Representatives

WITH "Stand-in" (Clarence Budington Kelland's story of Hollywood) scheduled to start in two weeks, Sam Goldwyn still hasn't found a leading lady for Leslie Howard.

Joan Bennett, who was to have done the part, is at work in "Carelessly" with Henry Fonda.

Sam has almost decided, though, on Australian Alan Marshall for the second male role. Alan, who is now on the Garbo picture, "Madame Walewska," did fine work in "Night Must Fall," and, more recently, as Captain Willie O'Shea in "Parnell."

GINGER ROGERS and Harriet Hilliard are inseparable friends. It all started last year on "Follow the Fleet," Harriet's debut picture. To Harriet's little son, David Ozell Nelson, the dancing star is "Auntie Ginger."

The girls can often be seen inspecting the progress of Ginger's new home in Beverly Hills. Ginger picks Harriet up after her work in "New Faces of 1937" winds up for the day, and they go out to confer on rugs, curtains, and furniture.

ROBERT TAYLOR is trying to find out the name of a fan who had to burn a photograph so that the fan and his friend wouldn't go hungry. For the actor desires to send the fan a new, large, personally autographed picture.

In a letter from London, England, the fan, a young guide, explained that he and a friend had gone hiking, and had carried along two matches, forgetting about paper. As the wood and leaves were damp, it was impossible to start a fire.

"I chanced to have a picture of you in my pocket," said the letter, "so I crumpled you under the wood, and we were able to cook our dinner. Thank you again, and I hope you don't object to being burnt, but I should have hated to have been stranded in the heart of Sussex, which is entirely uninhabited, without any dinner."

He signed himself as "English Guide," and didn't enclose any address, so that's the reason Robert Taylor is making the search.

BETTE DAVIS must lead a charmed life. The other day she came out of an accident that might have meant serious injury, with nary a scratch.

She was working with Leslie Howard on a replica of a theatre stage for "It's Love I'm After." Between scenes she walked along the narrow ledge in front of the footlights to speak to her mother, who was on the set. As she stepped back over the footlights her heel caught.

She fell through a canvas covering over the orchestra pit, and crashed flat to the floor below. Her mother screamed, and the entire company was in an uproar—till Bette's weak voice from below assured them she was all right!

How to persuade Loretta Young to get a personal maid has become a problem at 20th Century-Fox studios. Throughout almost 10 years of movie work the star has never had a maid. And at home she insists upon taking care of her own room as well as her clothes!

ROSALIND RUSSELL is considering the purchase of a 41-acre estate near Encino, California. If she decides upon it she will devote several acres to the breeding of fine saddle-horses.

Miss Russell is an expert on the subject, having been the chief instructor at a fashionable riding academy prior to embarking upon her film career.

ELEANOR POWELL will introduce a "mirror tap dance" for the first time in her new picture, "Broadway Melody of 1938." She is going to dance under a cone-shaped figure, which is covered with thousands of mirrors, which will reflect her image into the camera. Thus Miss Powell will appear to do a thousand dances at one time!

SUCCUMBING to excitement, Floyd Bergen, elderly extra player and one of a milling, shouting mob of 250, fainted to add unexpected realism to filming of Stock Exchange activities during "Black Friday," darkest day of American financial history, for R.K.O. Radio's "The Toast of New York." Quickly revived by first-aid, Bergen was sent home by Director Rowland V. Lee, with a full day's pay. The "Black Friday" panic is an important episode in the production which stars Edward Arnold as Jim Flak, spectacular financier of the "sixties."

Fainted To Add Realism

The day takes its name from Friday, September 24, 1859, when the asserted attempt of Flak and associates to corner the gold market created a panic unparalleled at any time.

Scores of financial houses failed and numerous suicides were said to have resulted. Not until the United States Government released gold from the Treasury was the panic abated.

HOLLYWOOD wives please note. Whenever Mrs. Jack Oakie, who was Venita Varden, of the Ziegfeld Follies, brings Jack's lunch to the studio she brings along enough for Ann Southern, too—who is playing opposite Jack in R.K.O. Radio's "Super-Sleuth."

Fame in the movies hasn't blinded Tyrone Power to the friendships of days when money wasn't so plentiful. Thomas Noonan, with whom Power used to chum around when "Ty" himself was a theatre usher in Cincinnati, has become the star's regular stand-in as a result of the latter's request to 20th Century-Fox studios.

William Gallagher, another who shared some of Power's hardships when the youthful actor was pounding the New York pavements in search of work, is now his secretary.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN intends to make up for the years of being far from her parents in Ireland. In the new home which she is building in Bel-Air, there will be quarters especially for them.

Miss O'Sullivan says that as soon as the place is completed she is going to plan regular visits, when her parents can remain with her for months at a time. Their quarters will have a private entrance, so that they may come and go without feeling too much like guests.

DOTS... and DASHES

shot Tone proving to his friends that he hasn't always been a perfect gentleman by showing a letter to his parents from the principal of a school he attended, asking that he be removed on the grounds he was a bad influence to other pupils! • Kay Francis talking of getting yet more dachshunds. • Carole Lombard investing in sapphire necklace and earrings.

• FRED ASTAIRE planning a three-months' visit with his sister, Lady Cavendish, in England, on completion of his solo starter, "Damsel in Distress." • Fran-

THE title role in Selznick's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" will be played by an unknown 12-year-old New York boy, Tommy Kelly, who comes from the poor quarter on the East Side. His father has been on the dole for the past two years.

Found after nine months of searching, Tommy was coached by the studio's dramatic coaches for three months before being given his final screen test. When he and his father were then told that Tommy had won the role, the youngster's reply was just—"Gosh!"

Among Selznick's former discoveries is another boy by the name of Freddie Bartholomew.

OCCASIONALLY you movie fans get a chance to see a real love scene on the screen—but up to now it's only been when off-screen sweethearts were co-starred to cash in on free publicity.

The other day, however, a new kind of "real" love scene was enacted on the set of "You Can't Have Everything"—with one of the principals out of camera range.

It seems Alice Faye was supposed to murmur a few love words into the ear of Don Ameche, her leading man in the film—but somehow it didn't ring true.

So the alert director sent out an S.O.S. for Alice's real boy friend, Tony Martin. Tony was placed out of sight of cameras, but where Alice could look into his eyes and draw inspiration while directing her dialogue at Ameche. It worked!

WHEN Errol Flynn returned from Europe without his pretty wife, Lili Damita, took a bachelor house in Beverly Hills with David Niven, and started off with a merry house warming, his Hollywood pals chuckled: "Ha, there's a definite proof that the Flynn-Damita marriage is on the rocks!"

But from a pretty good source it has been learned that all is not what it seems. The marriage may be a bit shaky, but Errol is still very much in love with Lili and is sending her constant cables to forget their former marital difficulties and return to him as soon as possible.

The two of them are very temperamental, and consequently have violent rows occasionally, but they have always kissed and made up so far, and we're betting they'll do it again, especially with Errol so anxious to get his Lili back.

FOR the first time in their long screen careers, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey will be seen as hoary-headed old men, one with a long white beard and the other with a goatee.

Their new R.K.O. Radio comedy, "On Again, Off Again," runs enough reels to find them doddering old men at the climax of the picture. Wheeler was so intrigued with his make-up that he visited everyone on the set, showing them his beard.



50 POUNDS OF LEAD IS PURCHASED EVERY MONTH BY ONE STUDIO JUST TO PROVIDE WEIGHTS FOR THE HEMS OF THE STARS' COSTUMES.



AND speaking of actors turning to writing—you'll never guess who the latest is—Clark Gable! And no kidding! Clark is actually at work on two scenarios, one with a background of the oil fields, the other a modern adventure yarn with a part for some glamorous female star—could it be Lombard?

Unlike Ratoff, Clark isn't putting parts for himself in his stories, but they should be good, and incidentally contain a lesson for young writers—if you try fiction, write about things you are familiar with.

Clark worked for a long time on the oil fields, so is well acquainted with his subject. And as for the adventure story with the glamorous lady—who doesn't associate her man Gable with those two items?

Errol Flynn, of course, is even further ahead with his literary efforts. His book, "Beam Ends," is already heading for the best-seller class, and his next one, "The White Rajah," is being prepared for screen production with Errol in the leading role.

JEAN HARLOW'S sudden death had an indirect effect on many Hollywood doings, but this is the most unusual I've heard yet.

On the eve of her sudden passing, the highly-successful play, "Dead End," which had been running for two seasons on Broadway, was due to open in Los Angeles. Now out here, the really good legitimate plays are few and far between, so an opening night is always a gala social occasion, with seat prices at triple their usual value.

A Show Free of Charge

and the entire movie colony turning out in full regalia.

Of course, this means a Roman holiday for the autograph-hounds, who mob the theatre by the hundred in an effort to glimpse their favorites.

The opening of "Dead End" was to be a great event, and the house was completely sold out weeks in advance. But when the news of Jean's death spread around on that day, practically everyone in the movie business who had made reservations called the theatre and cancelled them.

Consequently, when the curtain was due to go up that evening, there were scarcely a dozen people in the audience. So the theatre manager did an unheard-of thing. He went to the doors, opened them, and invited all the waiting fans to come in and view the play free of charge!

THE "Screen Snapshots" series of short features has just celebrated its 15th year of continuous production with an anniversary party.

Just to make you sigh at the impermanency of screen fame, here is the list of the Hollywood stars who appeared in the first issue—Eid Bennett, Mary MacLaren, Anita Stewart, Bessie Love, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Elaine Hammerstein, and Florence Vidor. There were also scenes from "Intolerance."

STAGE hand Jack Hilling has just won stellar fame, if only for five minutes, on the set of Alfred Hitchcock's "A Strolling Party." at Feswood.

When in a Punch and Judy show scene, the dog Peggy, taking the role of Toby, refused to bark. Jack, who has a gift for imitation, was asked to try.

Standing near the mike he "barked" a few times, but Peggy just refused to be drawn, and Hitchcock recorded Jack's bark instead.

Towards the end of the take Peggy decided she had barked long enough, and barked as required, but when the scene was run off it was found that Jack's bark was much more convincing than Peggy's, with the result that when you see Peggy in this picture you will hear Jack.

SCHOOL boxing classes and appearances on the motion picture screen never did go hand in glove. Bobby Breen found that out recently when he reported to his studio for screen tests in preparation for his forthcoming musical starring picture, "Make a Wish." The singing youngster sported a black eye and a cut lip.

received during a boxing class at the Black-Fox Military Academy in an encounter with a youthful opponent, identified only as "Chuck." Bobby has been taken out of the boxing class.

CLARK GABLE'S autograph alone among those of screen stars has been chosen as a permanent record for posterity in the Washington Bicentennial Autographed Stamp Collection.

"As the reigning king of films, Mr. Gable," the invitation stated, "this collection would be incomplete without your autograph, and you are very cordially invited to have a place of honor in it."

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ CAFE METROPOLE

Adolphe Menjou, Loretta Young, Tyrone Power. (Fox.)
A DULT entertainment par excellence.

Highly polished, atmospherically Parisian, it has sophisticated wit, a wholly satisfactory theme, and a tender romance. Above all, it has Adolphe Menjou, the epitome of courtliness and suave chicanery. As the proprietor of the Cafe Metropole, luxury Parisian hotel, full scope is given for those subtle nuances of which he is such a master.

It is he who sets the plot in motion. Threatened with bankruptcy, he forces penniless American Tyrone Power to take the name of a Russian Prince, in order to win the hand of a wealthy heiress (Loretta Young). Complications ensue when the boy and girl fall in love, and the real Prince makes himself known—and objectionable. The final scene, with all the players assembled at the Cafe Metropole in unholy triumph, makes a grand curtain for this gay, high-stepping comedy.

Gregory Ratoff, who wrote the script, as the real Russian prince, who is also a waiter at the hotel, contributes some delightful satire. Tyrone Power, playing the handsome American boy, establishes himself still more firmly as a juvenile of great charm and merit. Loretta Young, lovely, gorgeously gowned, is, nevertheless, as always, a little saccharine. Charles Winninger and Helen Westley are excellent in lesser roles.—State; showing.

★★★ MICHAEL STROGOFF

Anton Walbrook, Elizabeth Allan, Akim Tamiroff. (R.K.O.)

JULES VERNE'S story of a mythical Tartar invasion of Russia in the late nineteenth century comes to the screen as sombre melodrama, tense, stirring, but in parts too gruesome for the average picturegoer.

It contains some remarkable spectacle scenes; grim, realistic hand-to-hand fighting, the savage burning of a

Week's Best Release

CAFE METROPOLE
Fox feature. Sparkling comedy for the sophisticated.

... village, streaming Tartar hordes; and an all too brief glimpse of Oriental dancing in the Tartar encampment. These scenes were taken from a French film and cleverly grafted onto the picture.

The story itself, dealing with the efforts of a courier of the Czar (Anton Walbrook) to reach a besieged Russian army at Irkutsk, is gripping throughout, sometimes deeply moving—until the end.

The final sequences, however, are as bad a piece of anti-climax as could well be imagined.

Acting maintains a high level throughout. You will like Anton Walbrook, Viennese newcomer to the screen, who makes a fine Michael Strogoff. Akim Tamiroff, brutal chief of the Tartars, Elizabeth Allan, gentle, whimsical heroine, Margot Graham, Tartar spy, give excellent performances.

An attempt has been made to introduce comic relief into the picture by bringing in Eric Blore and Edward Brophy as newspaper reporters. Their presence hinders the action, while adding very little humor.—Mayfair; showing.

★★★ KID GALAHAD

Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart. (Warners.)

THIS is tense, shelling drama of the boxing ring, remarkable for what are probably the most realistic fighting scenes ever filmed. Indeed, these scenes make up a good part of the picture, but so exciting and important to the development of the plot are they that one is never bored.

A strong cast has been assembled for this screen adaptation of the "Saturday Evening Post" serial. Edward G. Robinson plays the self-centred, self-assured fight promoter who builds a country lad, Wayne Morris, into a champion fighter, only to double-cross him in his championship fight out of personal revenge. Bette Davis is Robinson's straight-thinking, game sweetheart, Humphrey Bogart, reverting to his original type of role, the threatening, sinister, rival promoter.

The final scene, where Robinson, to finish the kid, makes him adopt the wrong boxing tactics, until the

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

agonized pleadings of Bette Davis and Jane Bryan turn him from his purpose, supplies a powerful climax to an exciting picture.

Miss Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Edward Robinson give excellent performances. But it is Wayne Morris as Kid Galahad, the country boy who remains unspoiled by the fighting racket, whom you will best remember. He brings dignity to his portrayal when he could so easily have been a figure of fun.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ PICK A STAR

Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Mischa Auer. (M.G.M.)

THIS is a bright, unambitious little comedy farce, about a country girl's visit to Hollywood.

The first part, showing Rosina Lawrence as the winner of a local—and unfortunately fake—Hollywood beauty and talent contest, with stridently-voiced Patsy Kelly her sister, and Jack Haley the adoring swain, is somewhat boring. But when Rosina is given a free ticket to Hollywood and meets Mischa Auer, susceptible film star, the real fun starts.

Mischa Auer is magnificent. Every moment he is on the screen is a riot. The scene in which he takes the little country girl home to view his antiques is uproariously funny. If the rest of the picture were up to the standard of his scenes, the film would romp home as a two-starrer.

Additional bright spots come from Laurel and Hardy, who play themselves in the throes of making a picture, and Lyda Roberti as the temperamental film star—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ LADY FROM NOWHERE

Mary Astor, Charles Quigley. (Columbia.)

ANOTHER one of Columbia's routine thrillers. Average entertainment, it gains interest from the presence of Mary Astor in the starring role.

She is cast as the manicurist who witnesses a murder and has to flee into hiding from the vengeance of the racketeer-murderer.

While handling her part quite adequately, she is not seen at her best. Her mature charms and womanly sophistication, which showed to such advantage in "Dodsworth," seem wasted in this setting.

Plot is sketchy and incredible, with one or two exciting moments. Action is slowed up considerably by the introduction of a couple of boring country farmers, who bring the picture to a farcical conclusion. Charles Quigley, newcomer to the screen, as the young country reporter who stages an incredible rescue at the end, makes little impression.—Lyric; showing.

★ PLEASE TEACHER

Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce. (Associated Distributors.)

ROUTINE slapstick of a type familiar to stage musical comedy fans. Telling the story of a young man's endeavors to find a legacy hidden in a college for young ladies, it is made up in the main of conventionalised stage situations, sometimes uproariously funny, some distinctly stale jokes, one singing ballet, and several bright song numbers.

Vera Pearce and Bobby Howes, well known on the English stage, while indulging in some riotous antics, border on the vulgar. Cast includes Wylie Watson, Bertha Belmore, and Rene Ray.—State; showing.

Bette the Rebel

Bette Davis doesn't have to be nursed through interviews by studio advisers. In fact, she declares she won't be chaperoned. In her instance her studio probably didn't want to take any chances on Bette's reviving memories of her sult to be professionally free.

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"I used to be very thin," she writes, "only 8 stone 8 lbs. Then all at once I got so stout, my friends did not know me. My face was nearly twice the size, I had a double chin and my arms were terribly fat. I weighed 14 stone 2 lbs. Then one day I began taking Kruschen. Salts. Imagine my surprise when I started going thinner. I am now 10 stone 10 lbs., and I am slim enough for my height, as I am very tall. I have never dieted a bit, and I feel much better in health."—(Mrs.) S.A.

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WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Astrological Research Society

Leonians Are the World's Greatest Lovers

People born under the zodiacal sign, Leo, well deserve their fame as being among the world's best lovers.

This does not mean that all those born between July 23 and August 24 are philanderers in affairs of the heart (though some undoubtedly are), but rather that they consider life hardly worth living unless there is an absolute predominance of love.

Also, this factor applies to those during whose birth-hour the sign Leo happened to be rising over the Eastern horizon.

L EONIANS are usually very ardent in the display of their affections. They seem to run into romantic experiences with the same regularity as most people turn up for their pay-envelopes.

They are quick to appreciate beauty in any form, but particularly in human form, and are seldom too slow to take advantage of that which the gods bring them in the way of romantic overtures.

What is more, their own self-confidence, hospitality and inherent charm are characteristics which cannot fail to bring them many friends. Add to this the Leonian quality of magnetism, and what can the poor Leonian do but bow to the inevitable.

Is it any wonder that many Leonians are famed as flirts?

But sometimes poor Leo finds himself caught in his own trap. To his dismay he discovers that he has used his magnetism, ardency, and charm of manner to such good account that a venture regarded as only a romantic interlude has developed into a serious love affair on the part of the other party.

Then the Leonian finds himself in a quandary. Native chivalry makes it difficult for him to make a decisive break, and as a result he often finds himself with an unexpected mate.

Strangely enough, once wed, the erstwhile flirt oftentimes becomes a model husband.

These facts apply equally to the female of the species, as well as the male.

Loyal and Brave

S TILL, the Leo person is at heart the world's best lover, and, because of this tendency, life must have about it an element of continual courtship and romance. The partners of Leonians will do well to retain their charm of manner and their ability to dress and look well, for Leonians must always be proud of their mates if love is to continue.

When it comes to plain friendships in which romance has no voice, it will be found that the Leonian will always be loyal, kind and brave; that his generosity has no end if his friends are in trouble; and that a little approbation and selflessness will go far.

AUSTRALIAN Shoppers Delight BOND STREET

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Australian women shoppers always gladden the hearts of London shopkeepers. You can pick them out, as a matter of fact, because they carry their shopping with them.

B UT it is the shopping technique of Australians as much as their money that pleases London shopkeepers.

A tribute from a Bond Street frock shop: "Australian women are delightful to cater for. Instead of whiling away half an afternoon looking at frocks they have no intention of buying, they seem to know what they want and make up their minds quickly.

toward keeping such a friendship alive.

Lastly, there is the parental love which all Leonians give to their children. This is a mighty force, for Leonians will risk life itself in the protection of their young.

Yet, strangely enough, they are often their own worst enemies when it comes to reciprocal love from their offspring, since the Leonian demands implicit obedience and respect, and once a child shows signs of too much free will or independence the Leonian love can turn to indifference—and even hatred. And with hatred comes cruelty.

These are the reasons why most Leonian parents love their children more as babies than as growing children or adults. The wise Leo parent will try to understand this element in his own make-up and thus avoid the dangers of unhappiness and disappointment over children.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to April 21): Live quietly on Aug. 10, 11 and daylight of Aug. 12, but turn your ambitions into accomplishments on Aug. 15, 16, and daylight of Aug. 17. Seek favors and improvements then! Make changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Do not be venturesome. Difficulties and delays may be your lot this week, especially on Aug. 12 (after dusk), 13, and 14. Live cautiously then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Semi-important matters can be started on Aug. 10, 11, and 12.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Just fair for you on Aug. 13 and 14.

LEO (July 22 to Aug. 21): Make every effort to turn Aug. 15, 16, and 17 to good account. The stars favor you then. Seek advancement and favors. Make changes. Work hard.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Just fair on Aug. 13 and 14.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 24): Fair on Aug. 10, 11, and 12.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be tactful and cautious all this week.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24 to Dec. 23): You can be your own best friend this week. Be confident, ambitious, and optimistic. Do after the things you want. Your chances of success are particularly good on August 15, 16, and 17. Start new ventures and make changes then.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24 to Jan. 20): Make plans for a week or two ahead. Do routine work now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Handle all your affairs with extreme caution this week in order to avoid losses, estrangements, arguments, and disappointments. Be particularly careful on Aug. 13 and 14.

PISCES (Feb. 20 to Mar. 21): Routine work best for you. Aug. 13 and 14 can be fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Poems That Live

The Arrow and the Song

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth. I knew not
where;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth. I knew not
where;

For who has sight so keen and
strong,

That it can follow the flight of
song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroken;

And the song, from beginning to
end

I found again in the heart of a
friend.

Heart Trouble?

No! probably gases from undigested food cause those sharp pains and dizziness. Unless carefully treated, what is temporary constipation may become a chronic condition.

The most effective preparation to correct constipation and banish indigestion is Chamberlain's Tablets. They are particularly adapted for elderly people. They cleanse the stomach, gently stimulate the liver and produce a natural thorough action of the bowels.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet to-night.



LUX Supercreamed TOILET SOAP

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only

4d
cake

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SUBURBAN SHOPS



The Luxury Soap
—now amazing
Value-for-Money

Here's news indeed! Now only 4d. a cake everywhere in City and suburbs for Lux Toilet Soap... the supercreamed soap... so fragrant, pure white... so much more a luxury than ordinary toilet soaps! Now everyone can enjoy its soothing, beautifying supercreamed lather. Buy a cake—or a dozen cakes—to-day!

A LEVER PRODUCT

2GB

presents

"MY DREAM AND YOURS"

When the children are tucked in to bed, and the lights are out, what wonderful adventures await them in Dreamland. Accompany Christopher and Wendy on their dream adventures and escapades. They are written by Lynn Foster, and presented by the B.S.A. Players with Peter and Wendy Brunton Gibb. Mondays and Wednesdays at 6.45 p.m. and Saturdays at 6.55 p.m.

THE DOG-LOVERS' CLUB

Every child who owns a dog should join the Dog Lovers' Club, conducted by Uncle George and Albert and Reg. They teach the kiddies the great lesson of kindness to animals, and the care of man's most faithful friend, the dog. Each Monday and Thursday at 5.50 p.m.

2GB

The Favourite Station

SECOND GENERATION Goes on the AIR

Radio's Sons and Daughters

Radio has grown up, and already we have a second generation of performers — children who present an unusual angle on radio entertainment.

To the first announcers, radio was something of an adventure; to the children to-day it's just a matter of course.

THE young folks have, in fact, been brought up on bedtime stories and many of them have appeared at the "mike" long before reaching their teens.

Even if they have not yet established themselves as radio stars, they appear before the microphone as naturally as previous generations played, sang, or recited in the drawing-room.

2GB listeners are already getting to know Connie Morgan as a talented pianist and accompanist.

She is the daughter of Reg Morgan, and each Sunday night is heard in association with her father and Eileen Boyd in an interesting entertainment, "Treasure of Song and Lyrics."

This, by the way, is written by Reg Morgan's wife, who is a talented poetess.

"Apart from being a brilliant pianist, Connie is a competent sportswoman," says her father. "In New Zealand she held the singles and doubles provincial tennis championship for two years running, and her golfing prowess is beginning to make me feel envious."

Another daughter of a well-known radio personality, who is heard not infrequently over the air, is Joyce Stelzer.

"Her teachers tell me," says Mrs. Stelzer, "that Joyce has a lovely and unusual soprano voice."

"She loved singing even as a child, and while I did not neglect her musical training, I did not allow her to sing until she was properly trained."

Everybody knows Jack Lumsdaine, the Radio Rascal! Well, his daughter Thora is carrying on the radio tradition.

She has been heard from 2GB a number of times in that bright half-hour, "Radio Pie," the all-Australian radio revue, which is written and produced by Jack Lumsdaine, in association with Jack Davey.

"Thora," says her father, "has an unusually deep contralto voice, which is ideal for microphone work. In fact, so deep is her voice that I have to transpose most of her songs down a key or two."

Her real ambition, however, is the screen, and tests have already proved most satisfactory.

No list of the second generation in broadcasting would be complete without mention of Peter and Wendy Brunton Gibb, the two juvenile stars of the B.S.A. Players, whose work in that charming children's entertainment, "My Dream and Yours," is winning praise from children and grown-ups alike.

Typical of the younger generation is young Peter's outlook on radio. He is interested primarily in the technical side, and has already built his own receiving set and rigged up a studio with a microphone and loud speakers so that he and his sister can rehearse to their parents, who listen in another room.

Peter's ambition is some day to own a radio station of his own, so he decided to take up radio acting to get to know the business from the inside.



PETER BRUNTON GIBB, a radio performer of the second generation, who plays in 2GB dramatic productions.

The mother of Peter and Wendy, Ethel Laing, has appeared in a number of B.S.A. productions, and is also known for her Shakespearean characterisations.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11: 11.45 a.m., "London Calling," 3.45 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12: 11.45 a.m., "Things that Happen," 2.45 p.m., "The Movie World."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13: 11.45 a.m., "So They Say," 2.45 p.m., "Musical Cocktail."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14: 6.15 p.m., "The Music Box," 9.30 p.m., "Artists of To-day."

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15: 4.30 p.m., "Celebrity Singer Recitals," 6.10 p.m., "Side Walks of London."

MONDAY, AUGUST 16: 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," 2.45 p.m., "Review of The Australian Women's Weekly."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17: 11.45 a.m., "Overseas News," 2.45 p.m., "Rhythm Music."

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"New Century Ace"

The new improved "New Century Ace" model is now available at £18/18/- as illustrated. It sews backwards and forwards without removing material . . . Built to last a lifetime . . . complete with set of dress-making attachments. Fitted in new and artistically finished Cabinet only obtained before in much more expensive machines.

MODEL AS ILLUSTRATED £18'18'.

Trade in your old machine as part payment for this £18/18/- model. Phone M4101 for free home demonstration, or ask local traveller.

MARCUS CLARK & CO. LTD., "THE BIG STORE", CENTRAL SQ., SYDNEY. Please post me, without any obligation, full particulars of the "New Century Ace" you are selling for £18/18/-.

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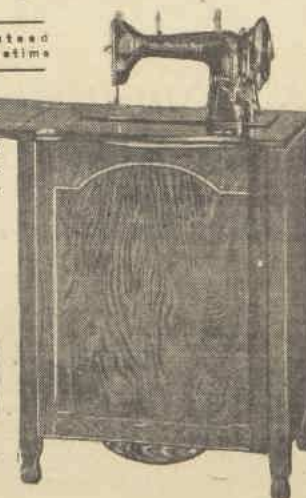
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Country Customers:—We pack and deliver FREE to your nearest Railway Station or Wharf in N.S.W.

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GUINEAS

These machines have been used for show-room demonstration purposes only and are fully guaranteed to be as good as new. Complete with attachments. There is definitely only this number available so call early to avoid disappointment, or you may telephone M4101.

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

Did You Know—

That Mrs. Henry Rosenthal and her attractive daughter Olive will be in Sydney for the spring races as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Facciell, of Darling Point?

Persistent "Sevens"

MRS. C. G. LAMBIE is the seventh child of a seventh child, and how that number seven persistently turns up in her daily life is just too amazing.

Although Mrs. Lambie is verra Scotch, she is not in the least superstitious, just interested in so many coincidences. Here are some of them.

It will be seven years from the day of their arrival when Professor and Mrs. Lambie leave their charming home at Point Piper in readiness for their long leave in England. Their daughter, Wilga, left with her grandmother for England early in the year when she was seven years old. And another thing: Mrs. Lambie invariably finds herself writing cheques for seven pounds when she is in want of a spot of small change.

No wonder Day Dream Island, off the Barrier Reef, is enjoying such a burst of popularity at the moment. Millionaire aviator Keith Colbatch is there recuperating after a recent accident. He is highly delighted with his fishing excursions.

So Many Parties

I HAVE never known any big social event to have as many pre-dance parties to augment funds as the Paste! Ball, to take place on October 5.

Mrs. Eric Sheller, the president of the ball committee, is looking blooming at the moment, and I only trust her strength will hold out during the tremendously busy days between now and the final "do."

Mrs. Cyril Ruwald is having a gymkhana to aid the ball funds at her home in the vicinity of Warwick Farm Racecourse on September 12, which date falls when school holidays are in full swing.

All those in possession of a horse and the necessary kit are already getting into practice for the ring events.

Mrs. Ross Philp is one of the few residents of the north to leave Brisbane just when Exhibition Week is looming. She will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Julian Mackay, at Scone before arriving in Sydney this month.

Film Premiere

ALL I could see of Mrs. Sep Levy at the premiere of "Michael Strogoff" was the collar of her very lovely sable coat and a charming little black hat trimmed with shiny black wings. Next her was Mrs. Doug Levy, wearing the cutest little headpiece. It consisted of an antelope cap made dashing by the addition of three stand-up bows, one of light blue, one of navy, and a third of cyclamen.

Mrs. R. Coupland Winn was also in the audience, and looked snug in a coat of dyed squirrel.

With one accord the feminine audience admired Anton Walbrook, handsome lead in the film, and the alluring shade of green that the Weintraubs, entertainers from U.S.A., chose for their snappy suits.

Distinguished Visitors

PROFESSOR and Mrs. M. F. Hall, distinguished visitors who have thoroughly enjoyed their stay in our city, are leaving by car this Wednesday for Melbourne, where they will board an outward going liner for their home in England.

They were guests at a farewell party given in their honor at Romano's last week by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson. The hostess was assisted by her niece, Helen, who wore a pretty red chiffon frock. Sybil Hinder was there; also Jessie McMaster, Vincent Fairfax, Joan Maughan, Blake Pelley, and Ewan Murray-Will.

Shades of Ballet

THERE will be a ballet atmosphere about the ice skating carnival to take place this Thursday at the Glaciarium. "A Phantastic Toy Shop" is the title, and ballet fans will not be disappointed at the bevy of harlequins, toy soldiers and poodles who will flock to the ice on that occasion.

Mrs. Herbert Douglass, the twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Norman White, Barbara Long Innes, and Audrey Fay are all taking a keen interest in the proceedings.

Back from a long stay in her girlhood home at Moree is Mrs. "Pirie" Bingle, of Roslyn Road, Elizabeth Bay. Mrs. Bingle was formerly Jo Black, of Watagar station.



Simply Arctic

I'M not one to complain unduly, but I must say the atmosphere at the Conservatorium last Wednesday night for Edmund Kurtz' cello recital was simply arctic.

Gleams of brightness were the bowls of iceland poppies on the stage and the gay frocking of Mesdames R. Cycowski, Harry Frommmerman, Fritz Kramer and Josef Roismann, visitors in our midst.

Queen's Birthday Ball

LADY WAKEHURST looked very handsome in a glamorous white trained gown as she received, with Lord Wakehurst, guests at the Government House Ball on Friday night. Her jewellery, which included a tiara, was made of diamonds and pearls. The ballroom was garlanded with flowers and pink blossoms were spring-like in the drawing-room. Among the gay young ones present were Valentine Adams, Bettina Barton, the Garvan sisters, Margaret and Mary Waddell, Mary Kelly, and Anne Gordon.

The marriage of Gwen Johnston, of Melbourne, and Sydney Cox, of this city, will take place early next month. They are furnishing a charming home at Bellevue Hill, but will eventually live in Melbourne.

Fun and Frolic

WHAT fun and frolic Bunty Plater is having abroad. I have just heard of her doings, which all sound very good to me. After a grand tour of Europe Bunty, with her mother, went to Vienna, where she stayed for some time. The party were making back to London in readiness for a trek to Scotland this month.

Bunty has spent a lot of time with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. de Frates, in Buckinghamshire. The de luxe picnics indulged in by the family were a great joy to the traveller. All the comforts of home, including hot dishes prepared on a primus and finger-bowls, appeared on the tablecloth spread near a field of bluebells as if by magic.

Betty Corbin, the beautiful young Adelaide girl who will marry John Willis, of Sydney, has chosen August 16 for her wedding, which will take place in Melbourne.

Accident or Design

IS it chance or design, I wonder, which takes Brisbane residents away from their home city just at Exhibition time?

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eager and Mr. and Mrs. George Green, who usually take such a prominent part in the festivities, are coming to Sydney next week, and will then wend their way to Melbourne, not returning home until things have resumed a normal routine in the north. Mrs. Phyl Forest and Nancy are also off for a holiday at Stanthorpe.

Have You Noticed—

The charming mother-of-pearl and silver earrings worn by Mrs. Val Osborne? The pearl is shaped in clusters of little bells.



KATHERINE, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Ramsay Sharp, of Vaucluse, whose marriage to Mr. Wilfred Miller, of Victoria, was arranged to take place at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on August 7. The young couple will visit Brisbane during Exhibition Week.

—DIGNA.

8½LB. BABY Now Man Of 8'6"



ROBERT WADLOW, U.S.A. giant, claimed as the world's tallest man, is shown from youth onwards in these pictures. (1) At the age of 9 (left) with his father. (2) AGED 11, 6ft. 7in., two inches taller than prizefighter Carnora. (3) OFF to school at 14, with brother and sister—7ft. 5in. (4) AT 17, and still growing. Dad takes the car. Robert needs a pantechnicon. (5) NINE YARDS of material for his suit, and (6) as he views the world to-day, 8ft. 6in. tall. See story column 5.



"Look, John, there's health, wealth and lots of happiness"

"We're bound to get that, my dear, if you cook with..."

AUNT MARY'S

BAKING POWDER

SAVE 50 CLEAN LIDS FOR SURPRISE PACKET—SEND ONE SHILLING AND TWOPENCE TO TILLOCK & CO. PTY. LTD. FOR AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK

Tall Giant Is World Marvel

THESE six pictures show Robert Wadlow, of Alton, U.S.A., described in the American Medical Journal as "exceeding every other documented case of gigantism on record in medical literature."

When he celebrated his nineteenth birthday this year Robert was 8ft. 6in. tall, weighed 435lb., equal to 31st. 1lb.

He weighed 8½lb. at birth, and is the eldest of five children. At six months he weighed 30lb., and continued to grow at a fast pace. At nine he was as tall as his father, standing 6ft. and weighing nearly 13 stone.

All his toys had to be made on giant lines. His "express wagon" was guaranteed to support the weight of three grown men.

Mentally and emotionally he seems to be a normal 19-year-old small-town boy. He does the tall chores around the house, washing windows and cleaning ceilings. His bed is 9ft. long. He has been to college and hopes to become a lawyer.

Don't Jump Straight Out of Bed!

By Air Mail From Our London Office.

IT'S dangerous to jump right out of bed the very minute you wake up, says Dr. Maurice Auguste Boigey, French physician and physiologist.

The sleeper is advised to wait 20 minutes to allow time for certain physiological adjustments to take place.

During sleep the flexible blood vessels are relaxed, and have more space in them. Hence, if the sleeper stands up suddenly the blood rushes into the lower part of the body, draining away from the brain.

This accounts for dizziness and in certain cases might produce thrombosis.

Real Life Stories

Missioner's Adventure

ON Goodenough Island we were doing medical and mission work. A tribe of natives had come in asking for a teacher, and we set off in our little launch with the teacher.

On coming to the village the fires were dead and utter stillness reigned. Not a soul could be seen.

We put down our medical kit and investigated, and found new graves everywhere. This frightened our boys away, so that only three remained besides the teacher.

They tried to tell us to go back, but that was impossible. Our work had to be done.

We followed the track and came to another village, and were there told that sleeping sickness had overtaken the entire village. We then pushed on to the next village, where we were told we must not enter.

As we journeyed along strange bird calls kept on, and as we looked back we found our boys had all deserted; the teacher alone remained.

We entered the large village and there saw four old men, no women or children. This is always the first sign of warfare. We knew trouble had come.

We walked to the chiefs and greeted them and told them we had come to make them well. They looked at one another and said: "These people speak our language, how is it?" We waited and still they parleyed.

My husband told me to sit down; my knees were a little shaky. Presently the natives dropped to the ground and listened. "A speaker," they said presently.

A man came rushing into the village and said, "You can't kill these people; look at my foot."

We had made injections for yaws and his foot, although minus toes, had healed and was quite healthy.

The chiefs then shook hands and gave the strange calls we had heard from the path before.

Out of the grass swarmed two or three hundred warriors. Their story explained the reason for their strange behaviour. A little while back two white traders had called, bought yams and copra, and the women had to carry it to the boat.

When the boat was reached two young girls were lured aboard, and the boat set sail. They were never heard of again.

"We have only one law," said the chief, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," so the next two white people that came were to die, for are not these women dead to us?"

It was with a sigh of relief that our own safety assured, we set up our kit and administered to their wants. If our hands were not quite steady, who could blame us?

11/1/- to Mrs. A. Waters, The Paragon, Dungog, N.S.W.

Walked into Peril

THE experience which lives longest in my memory is a terrifying one, which I had in the Werribee Gorge, at Bacchus Marsh, in 1928.

My husband and I and two brothers were walking along the bed of the gorge, when, seeing a long straight hill, which we thought would be easy to ascend, we decided to climb it, and hunt for rabbits at the top. We started off, quite all right, and went along easily, until we were nearly to the top, when I began to lag behind a little, being tired.

Seeing what I thought looked an easier stretch further along, I began to move sideways to it, but imagine my consternation and terror when I found myself, instead of being on a firm surface, to be on a sliding bank of rubble.

The further I tried to climb the faster the rubble moved, and I found that I was above a small weir.

Too terrified to scream and move, it was some minutes before my husband noticed my predicament.

As the others came down again I started to slip further towards what seemed to me certain injury or death. In the river below, but I kept moving gradually sideways to the firmer ground. After what seemed hours to me, and the people who were watching below, we were all on solid ground again, much further from the top than from where I started to slip.

1/- to Mrs. D. Addison, 128 Eleanor St., West Footscray, Vic.

There's Room For Your Story On This Page

All readers are invited to contribute to this page. Simply write down the details of the most memorable incident in your life, giving all information necessary to make a complete, nicely-rounded-off story. All letters must be signed by the author.

Incidents may concern your childhood, romance, work, or any phase of life, and letters should be kept within 300 words if possible.

A prize of £1/1/- is paid for the best story printed each week, and 5/- for any others published.

Address letters to "Real Life Stories," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at the top of page 3.

Close Call

AN incident which occurred at a country town on the north coast of Queensland nearly brought tragedy to my family.

My mother had a flair for gardening and hearing of a spot some miles away which abounded in numbers of beautiful plants to be had for the gathering, she decided on a picnic to collect some specimens for her fernery.

To get there we had to travel by railway trolley, and so, on a bright afternoon in September, we—father, mother, sister, aged six, and myself—set out full of expectations of the pretty sight we were to view.

The gangster driving the trolley had informed father there would be no trains on the line at the hour of our journey—but an alteration to this schedule almost ended in a tragedy.

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the moment when, on hearing a bend in the line, we saw the huge dark outline of an engine quickly approaching our little trolley.

Panic? Thank heavens not! For the space of a second, as always in a crisis, everyone seemed petrified, then all I remember is being roughly thrown in the air, landing on some prickly bush with my sister beside me and the trolley rolling on its side as the engine quickly pushed it off the rails.

Next moment the train thundered over the spot where seconds before we had been.

After the train had passed nobody spoke for a moment, then the gangster turned to father and, in a pained tone of voice, said, "And you very nearly forgot to save my trolley!"

5/- to M. P. Lukes, 188 Gladstone Road, Highgate Hill, S. Brisbane.

Flood Experience

THIS happened in March this year at the time floods were prevailing on the north coast of N.S.W.

It had been raining continuously for a week, and my sister was just about to walk out of the house to go to Lis-more in her small car when the baby, aged three, came running into the room with an empty pillbox in his hand and smelling strongly of this brand of pills.

He had swallowed a half box of pills. My sister and I got into the car with the baby to take him to the doctor.

We had been going for about five miles when we saw a large stretch of water on the road.

We started through it, with the water swirling around the tyres and lapping over the running-board.

After struggling through it very slowly for about ten yards, the car stalled, so we had to take off shoes and stockings and wade.

We were frightened we would walk over the edge of the road into the large gutter, and also that the baby might go into convulsions.

We were nearly paralysed with fear and cold, when four men in a big car stopped at the other end of the water.

They could see the plight we were in, so they rolled up their trousers and came to meet us. One man said he would run us to the doctor while the others said they would push our car through.

By the time we had finished wading through they had got the car out and dried out the engine, and we were able to continue our 14-mile journey. We got to the doctor safely and had

baby attended, but I will never forget that experience.

5/- to Miss Jean Gundlach, c/o Post Office, Brunswick Heads, North Coast, N.S.W.

Providence Intervened

THE most nerve-racking moment of my life occurred when my children were babies.

I had taken them to see their grandparents on Christmas Eve. During the afternoon grandpa was beheading the ducks when Ron, aged 3 years, and Keith, aged two years, happened to see the execution.

About a month later I was busy with the household duties when suddenly it occurred to me to see what the boys were doing.

I stepped onto the verandah and to my horror there was Keith with his little curly head on the chopping-block and Ron with the axe raised above his head. I was paralysed for an instant, didn't know whether to call out or walk out. I think I did both at the same time.

"What are you doing?" I said, trying to appear quite calm.

"Oh, I'm grandpa and Keith is the duck," said Ron.

Goodness knows what would have happened had Providence not sent me out at that critical moment. And to this day I go cold when I think of it.

Mrs. M. Edwards, 2 Edgar St., Chateau, N.S.W.



LAURELTON PUBLIC SCHOOL
April 27th, 1937.

Dear Mrs. Andrews:

I have been worried about Ethel for some time. She is not dull, but her work is not improving. She always seems tired and disinterested of late.

Perhaps I can offer a suggestion to you. Ethel is growing fast and needs a good tonic food to increase her strength and energy. In my long experience I have learned that children who take Cornwell's Malt Extract are more robust and energetic. It is the pure drugless ingredients in Cornwell's which build such a solid health foundation.

I hope you will accept this advice from one who is interested in your child's welfare.

Yours sincerely,

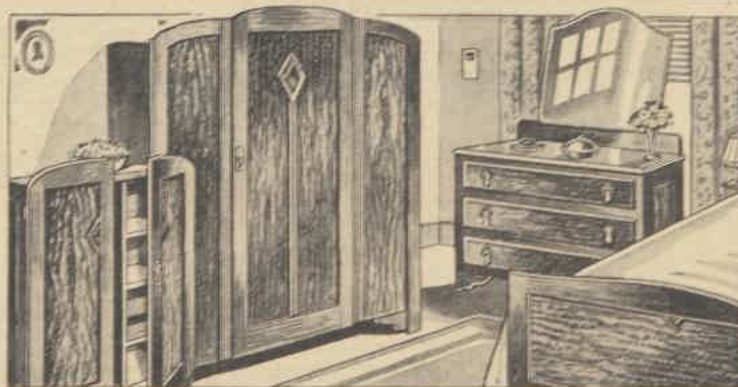
Margaret Mackay
WAINMISTRESS

Thousands of healthy Australian children owe their sturdiness to Cornwell's Malt Extract—the pure food tonic which builds robust bodies and gives essential energy. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

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Diamond for over a Quarter of a Century

Bon Marche FURNITURE MONTH



A Seasoned and Guaranteed Oak BEDROOM SUITE costs you only

£8/10/-

During Bon Marche's Furniture Month shrewd Sydney shoppers will benefit by the startlingly low-priced furniture being offered! These suites, ordered before the price rise, save you money. 4ft. wardrobe, all hanging space; 3ft. toilet table with extra large mirror and 3 long drawers; 2ft. 9in. lowboy, fitted shelves and trays. Bedstead to match for as low as 35/-

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3/- weekly

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NEVER IMPOSE A PENALTY On Yourself

DON'T swallow all kinds of preparations which, when Winter months appear, are claimed to be "also good for colds and influenza." Don't take unproved remedies and never impose a penalty on yourself by taking medicines or drugs which may contain narcotics or over stimulating drugs which may leave dangerous after effects. Colds or influenza call for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside. The proved medicine with a world wide reputation of over 20 years' standing is 'ASPRO.' 'ASPRO' is a scientific internal treatment which after ingestion in the system is a powerful germicide—an antiseptic — is anti-pyretic — anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' contains nothing harmful and it has been proved that it is PURE and SAFE. Dependability is backed by over 20 years of service to people of all nationalities.

'ASPRO' ELIMINATES the RISK

Threatened With 'Flu — 'ASPRO' Staves It Off!

38 Taylor Street,
Avondale,
11/8/36.

Dear Sirs,
So useful do I find 'ASPRO' that I am never without a packet in the house. We have recently been threatened with influenza, but have stayed off with 'ASPRO.' For influenza I follow the directions for taking 'ASPRO,' and taken with a hot lemon drink it is wonderful for either Colds or Influenza. As a gargle I have always found it most helpful for Sore and Ulcerated Throats.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. P. BLANK.

'ASPRO' Used With Hot Lemonade Broke Up Severe Cold

Chesterfield Parade,
Waverley, N.S.W.,
28/2/36.

Dear Sirs,
My son had a severe cold coming on, but on taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets in hot lemonade the cold was completely broken up, and no sign of it remained in two days' time. I think hot lemonade is better than lemon juice to take with 'ASPRO' for a cold, it seems to act quicker and gives greater relief.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. A. SCOTT.

Victim of 'Flu Epidemic — "ASPRO' Had Me Back at Work in Three Days"

140 Park Road Section,
Ipewich Road,
Stn. Brisbane, Q'ld.,
12/5/36.

Dear Sirs,
During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu' I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. L. MILLER.

Use 'ASPRO' for

Influenza	Asthma
Rheumatism	Colds
Sleeplessness	Malaria
Toothache	Earache
Feverishness	Neuritis
Temperature	Sciatica
Irritability	Lumbago
Sore Throat	Dengue
Headache	Neuralgia
Gout	Hay Fever

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'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT
RELIEF TO WOMEN
WHEN DEPRESSED.

28/7/37

Professional Advice was to use 'ASPRO' for Influenza

Russell, 15/9/36.

Dear Sirs,
I have used 'ASPRO' with wonderful effect for Influenza as well as Sore Throats and Colds. Just recently one member of the family was threatened with a severe attack of Influenza. The doctor was appealed to for advice and a regular dose of 'ASPRO' with a hot lemon drink was recommended every three or four hours. These instructions were followed and the temperature disappeared within a few hours and within twenty-four hours all traces of Influenza had vanished. I might add that we are never without 'ASPRO' in the house.

(Sgd.) (Mrs.) A. P. BAKER.

MOON in HER LAP

Continued from Page 5

THE hunger pain stabbed her so deeply that she had for a moment to stand still, clenching her hands, and looking up at the stars, which seemed to crackle with the frost in their dark blue bed. She stared at them so long that their restlessness began to confuse her and their brilliance to prick in her eyes; hunger and cold slipped momentarily from her, in contemplation of their splendor, and she became again Prim Hardy, who sat on her doorstep with a crust in her hand and a ladder in her stocking, waiting for the moon to fall into her lap.

A faint consciousness of reviving magic stirred in her starved little body as she blinked, shook herself, and waited for the star-dazzle to go out of her eyes before continuing on her way.

It would be lovely, she thought, if she were to meet a gentleman and, just because it was a holiday, he took her and gave her—well, not supper; one did not eat supper in an old coat with a bit of money fur on the collar, and a pair of shoes that were down at heel, and a frock, covering exactly nothing, which could not be displayed because it was so disgraceful with the signs and stains of one's occupation.

But a nice, homely coffee-stall, now! Cups of steaming cocoa, a couple of hot meat pies, perhaps a sausage and a slice of bread and dripping! Coo, greedy! Her whole body trembled as the saliva flowed under her tongue at the thought of the feast her imagination conjured. "And praps pay one's fare home in the tram," she concluded breathlessly, for this was an unheard-of luxury, with a room to be paid for, odds and ends like soap and candles and matches to be considered, and a dozen necessary trifles that absorbed the whole of one's ten shillings before they lay in one's hand. "Coo, I must be silly, just to think of such a thing!" She actually laughed a little laugh towards the stars, which winked as though they thoroughly concurred.

But so strong was the magic at that moment that the more Prim thought of it, the more reasonable it appeared that the next gentleman who came along would return her greeting—"I might say 'Happy holiday!' Instead of 'Hello!'—with a prompt invitation to the nearest coffee-stall.

As in her childhood, Prim's hopes had crystallised into positive expectations, and it seemed only a mild set-back when the two gentlemen ahead of whom her intentions had centred unintentionally outwitted her by letting themselves with a latchkey into a house a little further along the street.

"Bother!" said Prim, and stood still for another moment, when round the corner of the street, as though borne on a high wind, swept a gentleman whom anyone in his right mind would have recognised as a madman or a poet.

None save madmen or poets would have been abroad that freezing night in a thin white suit that looked so ghostly, as its wearer swept into Jermyn Street, that Prim nearly squealed. He was very tall, and looked taller because his longish hair was blown upwards by the speed of his coming, and his enormous spectacles caught and concentrated the lamplight in two shining patches that completely blotted out his eyes.

Really an alarming figure to meet in Jermyn Street, in the early hours of the morning. Not a figure with which one readily associated hot cocoa, meat pies, and sausage, because it was so evidently out on urgent business of its own.

The hunger pain caught her again unexpectedly, and, to prevent herself crying out, Prim had to fold her arms tightly across her stomach. A queer, unusual picture made Prim Hardy, hugging herself for hunger, under the light which streamed down upon her no longer like a wild copper crown, but dead as dead leaves about her weary brows.

And all that tenderness of form and color which had made people mistrust her when she first began to look for work had vanished in the dreariness of her subterranean occupation, had become thin and stale and harmless, because it no longer made up what ordinary people suspect as beauty.

She had turned quite faint with

the pain, and did not realise for a moment that he had come to a standstill in front of her, that he had torn off his spectacles and was staring at her with what had she seen it, must have appeared as a formidable scowl. She heard a voice say—angrily it seemed: "Have you got a baby?"

And heard herself answer, from some pit of confusion: "Yes—some where. I don't know where it is." Then the pain went, and she pulled herself together and stared at her interlocutor. Fancy wearing white clothes like that on a winter night! Her lips curled into their almost forgotten smile as, just for luck, she tried her prepared greeting. And then the pavement seemed to wave, and she felt herself tilting towards him. Coo! It was like a fairy-tale; here she was, going to faint into the prince's arms!

But no arms received her; a roughish grip on her shoulder set her back on her feet and steadied her, while the prince said shortly: "Here, pull yourself together. What's wrong with you?"

"I could do," said Prim, blinking, but trying to smile again, "with a nice meat pie!"

SHE knew from his expression that he suspected her of making fun of him. Oh, dear! If she could only convince him of that pain which was starting over again!

"You've got to come with me," he was saying, and his hand on her shoulder gave her a little shake. "Honest—no larks—it's the truth you've got a baby?"

An overwhelming memory of the night when her baby vanished from her side came over Prim; she looked up at him, and her eyes overflowed. The gentleman made an impatient click of the tongue, but apparently strove to control himself; Prim remembered that men are only interested in themselves, and that they dislike tears. The hot cocoa and the meat pie seemed a very long way away.

"Don't start to cry, for goodness sake," he was telling her. "Come on—this way!" He gave her a little push in the direction from which he had appeared. Prim took fright; memory stirred unpleasantly, she tried to free her shoulder from the masterful clutch.

"Here—what are you playing at?" she demanded fiercely.

"Oh, shut up!" returned the gentleman in a savage undertone. "It's no use making a fuss, you're coming with me, if I have to carry you!"

She debated whether to scream and fetch a policeman; but to Prim's walk of life the police are not looked upon as friends.

She saw an open door, through which she was thrust, and a staircase with a carpet like the carpets at the "Blue Bunny," thick and deep as the moss her feet had never trod; and as she stood shaking, while her companion slammed the door behind them, and, to Prim's horror, bolted it, the one sound in the world most calculated to drive every other thought from her mind floated down the stairs. Frowned, did we say? It came down the stairs like the shriek of a dozen klaxon horns, or three dozen cats with their tails caught in the same number of door hinges. Forgetting all her fears, Prim turned upon him like an avenging fury.

"Here—what're you doing with that baby?" she demanded.

He made a gesture which gave her the freedom of the place.

"Go up and see for yourself," he told her tersely. Faint as she still was, and desperately afraid that at any moment her knee would let her down, Prim was up the stairs and through an open doorway almost before the words had left his lips.

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SECRET DRINK REMEDY

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MOON in HER LAP

SHE found herself in a most extraordinary room, from her point of view; big and white as a barn, with hundreds of picture frames stacked against the walls. A stove roared at one end, and before it, on the floor, in a basket from which most evidently the puzzled black spaniel which cocked anxious ears in a corner of the room had been ousted, kicked and roared the author of the noise: a sopping, wretched mess of split food, milk, and something that looked like gravy, writhing in the strangling confusion of its twisted garments, and, by the color of its face, rapidly advancing towards the apoplexy which would no doubt have overtaken it had it not been for the intervention of Prim.

She might be silly, she might be the world's worst dish-washer; but she did know, thought Prim, what to do about babies. It was a moment's work to nip it out of the basket, to free the struggling little neck from its constriction of tape and damp clothing; to fling the soiled garments aside and snatch up a white shawl which had been hung across the end of a couch, to take their place. While this was going on, the shrieks subsided to whimpers, and finally to snuffling sobs, that ended in hiccup.

"I suppose that's what they call the mother instinct." The irony in the voice communicated itself to Prim, stinging her to the retort:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for neglecting your kid like that!"

"Suffering catfish!" gasped the apparent owner of the room. "You don't suppose it's mine? I'd see myself damned before I'd have a thing like that!"

"I bet if you had one of your own, you'd think it was lovely, whatever it looked like. Where did you get it from?" she inquired, natural female curiosity breaking through annoyance.

"You may well ask." He was now at the mantelpiece, looking for something, which proved to be a pipe. While he filled it, the spaniel went and sat down on his foot, looking up as much as to say: "What have we let ourselves in for now?" Master and dog exchanged a glance of profound sympathy.

"Don't suppose you've got a drop of milk in the house?" Prim accused him, as the infant stirred in her arms.

"Milk? I've split about a quart, trying to get it into the little beast; but I expect there's some left. You'd better come and see." He led the way to what Prim supposed was the larder, but, as she staggered to her feet, she found the baby's weight was too heavy for her; she laid it hurriedly on the couch, and went unsteadily after her host. The sight of the remains of a meal was almost

too much for her; she had to clap her hands over her mouth. He looked at her curiously.

"I say—I believe you're hungry," he said, considering her for the first time. In the brilliant light of the kitchen, he thought he had never seen anything so starved-looking, so oddly beautiful. He pushed a chair towards her. "Here—eat whatever you like. Augustus isn't starving; he must have swallowed some of that pap and milk and meat-juice I tried to give him."

She hesitated; but the baby was so evidently sleeping, and all so peaceful in the adjoining room, that she surrendered to her craving. With unexpected tact, he left her alone until she had finished. When he returned, she was warming milk over the gas-ring.

"Good Lord, I never thought of heating it," he admitted. She tossed her head, with the superiority of the initiate.

"No wonder he cried! I should think you gave him tummy-ache. Poor little chap! Where did you get him?"

"I didn't get him!" was the irritable retort. "He was wished on me—left on my hands, like that, by a model who's gone and vanished into thin air. Oh, I suppose you don't know what a model is," he snapped, in response to Prim's blank stare. "I'm a painter—see? And I've had a woman sitting to me for the last fortnight; a woman I came across in the East End. I haven't the least notion who she was or what her name is. She happened to be just what I wanted, and I wanted it enough to put up with her baby, that she insisted on fetching to all the sittings. I suppose she hadn't anywhere to leave it."

"Of course not," said Prim, nodding her head in complete acceptance of the fact; she did not seem to feel it was a matter for commiseration.

"I couldn't stand its yelling, so every time it started I rushed out of the place, and my man used to come and tell me when the row was over; then I'd go back and paint a little more of the mother. She was a grand creature—He seemed to meditate upon the grandeur of the mother, until Prim, growing impatient, reminded him of their subject.

"Oh, well—the sittings were to finish to-day, and I'd just given her her money, when the kid started to bawl again. She still had her clothes to put on, so I bolted, forgetting it was after six o'clock—the time my man goes home. And when I came back—he pointed with disgust at Augustus, still peacefully slumbering on the couch—I found that, waiting for me! A nice sort of surprise for a man in his own studio."

"SHE'll come back for him," said Prim, feeling a little pang; for Augustus had already established himself firmly in her heart. "Look at his dear little hands, and the way he curls up his toes! Nobody'd leave a baby like that and not come back for it. I expect she'll be here in the morning."

"Not on your life! There was nothing maternal about that young woman—not nearly as maternal as you, when I first saw you, hugging yourself under the lamp-post! That's a funny trick! I'd like to make a drawing of it."

"I had a pain inside," said Prim offensively. He gave a gurgle of laughter.

"I dare say you had! But I'll draw it all the same—you, I mean, not the pain. What's your name, by the way? I'd better know, as you'll be staying for some time."

"Me? Staying here?" Her suspicions revived for a moment. "I'm Primrose Hardy; they call me Prim. And I've got a job—!" Her voice trailed away; she remembered that she had determined not to go back to the restaurant.

"I don't care if you've got ten jobs, my dear young woman," he returned calmly. "You don't suppose I intend to be left alone with that again?"

She drew a deep breath. A mad idea had flashed into her mind—reflection from the old magic. Prim knew, for certain, in that moment, that she would never find her own baby again, and her deprived arms stretched towards the bundle on the couch as she murmured, "I'll take him for you, if you like." Never a thought of how she was to keep the baby, as well as herself. It was an offer worthy of Prim Hardy, who had sat on doorsteps, waiting for the moon to fall into her lap. He looked at her, she thought, very kindly.

Continued from Page 42

"As you say, 'coo,'" he agreed. "Well, that's my wife; and when I discovered my—shall we call it legacy?—the first thing I did was to ring her up and ask her advice about it. She's a marvellous person for giving good advice."

"Doesn't she live with you?" asked Prim, pitifully. It seemed to her nothing less than a tragedy that Mr. Robertson should own a wife like that only, as it were, at a distance.

"Off and on—off and on," replied Mr. Robertson lightly. "We quarrel rather—sometimes—and she's inclined to blame me, because—well, if you want to know the truth of it, because we've never had any family. Sit down, won't you?" he interrupted himself to say. "For goodness sake, don't let's disturb Augustus now he is giving us a little peace."

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"It's hard not to have a family when you want one," said Prim, staring thoughtfully at Mr. Robertson.

"Anyway, I flatter myself," said he with a wave of the hand, "that any child of mine would be a highly superior article to that thing at present wrapped in my wife's best shawl."

Prim's hands were clasped in her lap, and her eyes had never left Mr. Robertson's face during the foregoing remarks. She had the gratification of seeing him change color slightly. He squatted suddenly on his heels, and started pulling the spangle's ears. It was apparently to them he confided the statement:

"Since our baby died six years ago our home has never been the same."

"Well, that is a shame," Prim's voice was like the cooing of a ring-dove on its nest. The room was very close; she had thrown open the collar of her coat, and now she wished it had been possible to take the coat off. But how could one, with such a dirty old dress, and nothing whatever underneath it?

"So when I told her about Augustus, she said I'd got to keep him. She's staying with friends for somebody's wedding, but she's coming back to spend the holidays here. That's... pretty... good..." said Mr. Robertson jerkily. "You see, since the kid died, we've never spent holidays together. She's always gone to her people, and I've stayed here, painting like fury. It's the different way it took us. Aileen says she can't stick the idea of festivities without kids around her, and I hate the sight of 'em, just at that time of year. I suppose it's jealousy, since our poor kid..."

Augustus saved the situation at this point by opening his mouth and letting out a pitiful wail. "He's hungry," stated Prim, and went hurriedly for the milk. It was not easy to feed Augustus, who was evidently only used to a bottle; it called for the concentrated efforts of two people, and entailed a vast expenditure of milk upon, one regrets to say, Aileen Robertson's Chinese shawl. Nor was Augustus silent during the procedure; it deeply impressed Mr. Robertson, down whose brow the sweat was streaming freely, to see the imperturbable calm brought by Prim to the handling of the situation.

"If you think I'm going to be left alone with that to do, until my wife comes back!" he repeated, when Augustus, once more serenely swaddled, had belched himself to sleep again in the corner of the couch. "Look here; let's have this on a proper business footing. Augustus, so far as I can see, is going to stay with us; will you stay as well? I mean, really stay; as his nurse? Dash it, we'll have to find a nurse somewhere, and it seems quite ridiculous to make a change, now you've got your hand in on him. You can see how he's taken to you."

Prim's breath caught in her throat. He was opening heaven's gates—he was showing her all the kingdoms of the earth—but, silly as she was, she knew quite well that jobs like that did not come the way of people who had babies to which, in the opinion of society, they were not entitled; people who washed dishes in horrible underground rooms that smelt—as she had hoped never to smell again. She raised her eyes to the radiant face on the easel; yes, he might be kind and easy-going with all her silliness; but that lovely vision would want more—more than the most Prim, with all her ignorance, and nothing but her baby-love to recommend her, could ever give. She gasped, "I can't," covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Mr. Robertson, with a swift return of his former irascibility. She broke away from his restraining hand.

"How can I? Look at me—and look at her!" she broke out, with a wild gesture towards the easel. "She'll want a proper nurse, all dressed up in white, and trained in hospital!"

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" said Mr. Robertson, who, when deeply moved, ran to strange oaths. "Isn't there a shop round the corner? Is there any law of god, man or devil that prevents our going there in the morning and rigging you out with enough white stuff to furnish a trousseau?—Only trousseaus aren't white nowadays, more's the pity. And as for the contemptible twaddle you're talking about hospital, which only shows what a silly girl you are, if there is one thing calculated to drive my wife completely crazy, it is to have about her, or near her, or under the same roof, a young woman who has been

MOON in HER LAP

Continued from Page 43

in or near, or connected with, any hospital in Great Britain and Ireland. The nurse we had before was a funny little thing my wife picked up when she was painting in Germany—yes, she's an artist, too, and a much better one than I, don't you know she'd suddenly remembered the baby would be along any day, and she thought it would be fun, and good for everybody, to have something that looked like a figure out of Noah's Ark stumping about the place! So unhospitably! Her mother was simply furious; she tried to blame Bette when—things went wrong. The fool! It was Bette who kept the kid alive for three days after the doctors had given up trying—just by the strength of her own devotion. She went back to Germany absolutely broken-hearted. . . . Have I said enough?" snapped Mr. Robertson; "or are you," he added, with a virulence of scorn that made Prim's soul shiver, "just going to chuck the job up when the poor wretched brat's got used to you?"

"Where are we going to sleep?" asked Prim Hardy, as she gathered the slumbering Augustus to her bosom.

"You can tell me about your kid some time, if you like," said Mr. Robertson, quite mildly, as he left them in the room, which, some extra sense told Prim, had been the nursery in the old days. There was nothing nursery-like about it now, and its beauty and luxury scared Prim almost out of her wits until, having washed herself and Augustus very carefully all over, in the water that bubbled out of silver taps into the beautiful, shell-like hand-basin, she lay down in the darkness with Augustus clasped in her arms. Never again, even if it meant staying awake all night, would she put a baby down beside her. . . . And in the night watches it came to her that another baby had slept and cried and played in this very room.

None of Mr. Robertson's friends would have known the studio, from which, at other Christmases, all sign or sound of the season had been rigidly excluded; for it was indeed his habit, at this time of year, to work, as he had said, like fury, to keep himself from thinking of things that were better out of mind. Mrs. Robertson, rushing up the stairs and into the studio, caught her breath, as she recognised stars and colored balls and ridiculous paper bells and streamers which she herself had helped to put away six years ago.

"Hush! Where is it? Oh, Hush," she cried, kissing him, "it's too good to believe." And Mr. Robertson, who

was not without intelligence where Mrs. Robertson was concerned, knew that she referred, not merely to Augustus, who waited, crackling with starch in Prim's arms, for their agreed signal of entrance, but to the fact that, after five years, it was at last possible for them to spend Christmas together. Their joy had taken the same course, but not so their pain, which had forced them apart at a time when, above all others, it is most natural for people to care for each other to be together.

"Is he lovely?" begged Mrs. Robertson, clapping her hands with impatience, for Mr. Robertson had flatly refused to admit the rival interest until he had enjoyed to the full his unlooked-for delight in his wife's return.

"My dear, he is as ugly as sin," replied Mr. Robertson with conviction. A cry came from the other side of the half-open door.

"Oh, he's not! . . . You're not, are you, my pretty? . . . Excuse me, Mum, but you must let us come in." Without waiting for permission, Prim entered wildly, a vision of outraged motherhood, with Augustus in her arms; the pair of them so radiant it was like the coming of two angels! "He's always calling him, Mum!" she protested, with a frown at Mr. Robertson. "But you see for yourself!" So unorthodox, so beautiful an entrance that it surely, thought Aileen Robertson, would have conquered any heart, however hardened. She turned, to give the slightly shamefaced Mr. Robertson a quick kiss of commendation for what he had done, before running to meet them across the studio floor; and, indeed, Augustus, although hardly handsome, looked so dandy, and so rudely cheerful in his new garments, that even his father by adoption (Mr. Robertson grimaced at the designation) had to admit that he was not such a bad little chap by any means. "He's a perfect Christmas King!" Aileen was crying, as she took him from Prim's arms. But it was at Prim she looked, searchingly and silently; for she had had another conversation with Mr. Robertson on the telephone, and had fully agreed with him that, if she was possible at all, she must stay to have charge of Augustus. The scrutiny came to an end with a quick nod, and a kiss which, brushing Prim's cheek as lightly as a feather, told her that, at last, she had received the moon in her lap.

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But do be sure always to give them

'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig' It's a natural fruit laxative which cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/6 the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

FOOD—as the GIMPELS Like IT!

Round and Round the World
On Music — and Recipes

Food becomes an absorbing and rather romantic topic when discussed with Jacob Gimpel, the Polish pianist who is touring Australia as associate artist with Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist.

Madame Gimpel likes to cook her European dishes wherever she happens to be.

SUCH fascinating names as krautfleckerl, bortsch, Hungarian goulash, or, maybe, Gimpel pastet, the special appetiser Jacob Gimpel invented for himself, creep into the conversation.

Jacob Gimpel seems to be as interested in cooking as his clever little wife. Wherever they go, however brief their stay, they try to find a flat where they can prepare their own food in the way they like it best.

"We in Vienna think more of eating for our health than you do in Australia," says Mrs. Gimpel. "We have so many brilliant doctors to tell us what food to eat and we nearly all try to eat it. There are many, many vegetarians and many, many vegetarian restaurants in Vienna."

"We are not like that, but we try to go without meat for two or three days at once."

"We eat many vegetables, but we do not think it good to eat always the same thing—always meat or always vegetables."

"We use very little salt and no pepper at all in our cooking. Pepper is only for the taste. It is only a bad custom."

"Another bad custom is your beef dripping. It is the heaviest fat of all. From a health point of view, we in Europe use only plant fat for cooking."

"I use oil or a prepared fat that looks like butter, but is called Kune-rot. While I am in Australia I use butter."

"I am surprised to see Australians put chicken fat away and use it only for chicken."

"If you must use animal fat, chicken fat is the lightest and best of all, and I would use it for everything."

"Goose fat is heavier, but is good, too. My husband likes it spread on bread and sprinkled with salt."

"Even the skin of the goose is beautiful. We call this grammel, and it is a great delicacy."

"Take the skin and fat from the goose. Put it in a frying pan. Cook gently. As the fat melts the skin shrinks. Cook gently till it is crisp and brown."

"My husband says to talk about it brings the water to the mouth."

His Own Invention

JACOB GIMPEL likes to tell his friends how to make Gimpel pastet, the hors d'oeuvre he invented for himself.

He says, "I take the skin and bones from some sardines. I would not eat a sardine unless the skin and bones were removed."

"I mash the sardines, then mix

them well with mild cream cheese and a little butter till the mixture is all one color."

"Then I add the oil from the sardines, a little salt and a few drops of lemon. It is a tasty mixture."

Other savory fillings that Jacob Gimpel likes are these:

Take a cooked and cooled goose liver. Cut it up fine. Put into it finely-cut onion to your taste, and a little goose fat and whip the mixture well. For a change a hard-cooked egg chopped fine could be added.

Jewish Caviar: Mash a herring up. Into it mix finely-chopped onion, a little oil and vinegar and whip well. If liked, a little cream may be added.

Vegetable Dishes

HERE are some of the vegetable dishes so dear to the Gimpels:

Krautfleckerl: Fry some finely-cut onions in oil or butter till golden brown. Cut a small cabbage very small and add to the onions. Simmer very gently till tender. Serve with noodles.

Polish Bortsch: Shred a small young cabbage. Cut 1 white turnip, 1 onion, a couple of sticks of celery into "matchsticks." Cook them till thoroughly heated, but not browned, in a saucepan.

Add to them strained stock made from the bones of a duck, a piece of beef shin, bouquet of herbs, bay leaf, peppercorns, cloves, a very little mace.

Simmer the vegetables in this stock till they are all well cooked. Chop up one fairly large red beetroot, put a little white vinegar with it. Strain off the juice and add with some sweet or sour cream just before the soup is brought to the table. very hot.

Potato Pancakes: Grate raw potatoes on a grater. Bind with egg, salt and little flour. Fry in oil or butter till golden brown. The pancakes must not be larger than the palm of your hand.

One of the few dishes that the Gimpels say really needs pepper and other sharp flavorings is Austrian goulash. Here is the recipe:

Goulash: Slice 1 onion very fine and fry in butter in a stewpan. Cut 2lb. of beef into large cubes. Roll them in flour. Put in with onion and allow to brown, but not to burn. Add 2 cupsful of stock or water, a tiny piece of garlic, salt, pepper, paprika, a little spice, gherkin and a dash of mustard. Cover and simmer till tender—about 1½ hours. About 20 minutes before serving put in 1 potato cut into cubes. If veal is used instead



MR. AND MRS. JACOB GIMPEL are keen on photography, and are here shown adding to their collection of snapshots of Australia.



'Tell me,

doctor...

You say that blood-poisoning is caused by germs. How am I to protect myself? Is there an efficient non-poisonous antiseptic I can safely apply direct to a cut or injury?

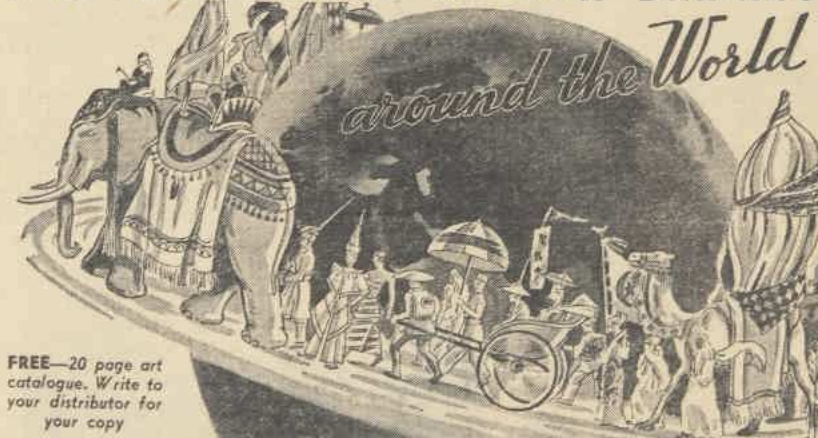
The way to prevent blood-poisoning is to get rid of the germs which cause it. 'Dettol'—the modern antiseptic—kills germs. On body tissues it is gentle, non-poisonous and non-staining. It is clean and clear and pleasant in smell. Whenever you cut or scratch yourself, apply 'Dettol' freely and fearlessly. Keep 'Dettol' handy—use it in time.



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Since 1894, Stromberg-Carlson has been outstanding in the electrical transmission and reproduction of sound.

AUTHORISED DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Australia's First and Only Woman Flying Doctor

Australia's first and only woman Flying Doctor is Dr. Jean White, of Hawthorn, Melbourne, young and small, with fair complexion, laughing green eyes, and shining honey-gold hair, which she wears in two plaits round her head.

SHE graduated Bachelor of Medicine and Surgery at Melbourne University in 1929, spent a year on the staff of Royal Melbourne Hospital and another year at Adelaide Children's Hospital.

Then she went to Sydney to spend six months at Crown St. Women's Hospital before returning to Melbourne to take up a three years' appointment at Caulfield Convalescent Hospital.

Four months ago Dr. White joined the Australian Inland Mission.

She spent fifteen weeks at the hospital at Normanton, on the Norman

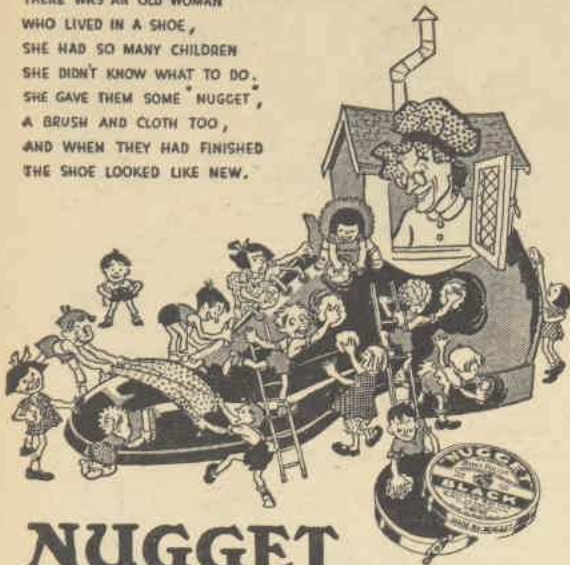
River, 20 miles from the Gulf of Carpentaria, working in the hospital and learning how to use the transceivers (pedal wireless sets) that are the only means of communication between the doctor and patients in that sparsely-populated area.

She was chosen to establish a new flying-doctor base at Croydon, some miles east of Normanton, at the beginning of August.

She intends to carry on there for a year, giving advice over the air to patients in outlying districts, and, where necessary, flying to their aid and bringing them home or even to Cloncurry, the mother base of the service, in the specially-equipped plane.

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN A SHOE,
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO,
SHE GAVE THEM SOME "NUGGET",
A BRUSH AND CLOTH TOO,
AND WHEN THEY HAD FINISHED
THE SHOE LOOKED LIKE NEW.



NUGGET Shoe Polish

"Nugget" is the ideal Boot Polish for all the family. A daily shine with "Nugget" imparts a gleaming, smart, new appearance to your shoes and it preserves them too. "Nugget" is obtainable in Black, Dark Tan Stain, various shades of Brown, and White.

FEB.

NOTED WOMAN Geologist to VISIT SYDNEY

Guest of Government for Sesqui-Centenary Celebrations

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

"How old do you think I am? Don't say less than you think just to be polite. Sixty? No, much more than that, but I won't tell you how much."

This was my introduction to Dame Maria Ogilvie Gordon, who has accepted an invitation from the N.S.W. Government to attend the Sesqui-Centenary celebrations in Sydney in January.

DAME GORDON certainly looks much less than whatever age she is. She has a rich, young Scotch voice, an infectious chuckle, a dimple each side of her mouth, and keen blue eyes.

My visit interrupted her preparations for her annual "holiday"—a geological survey of two months in the Dolomites. She wears mountaineering costume and sets out every day, wandering away from the mountain tracks with her compass and geological instruments. She has written many geological works, mainly about Austria and Italy.

At 18, in an age when women very rarely thought of any career beyond marriage, Dame Gordon faced the choice between music and geology as

her life's work. She chose geology and was the first woman to receive a doctorate in natural science at Edinburgh University, and one of the first of her sex to receive the Ph.D. at Munich University.

When she married a doctor in Aberdeen and set about rearing a son and two daughters, the wiseacre foretold the end of her scientific career. But she held on to her geological experiments, and even found time for other pioneering work.

She joined the National Council of Women, interested herself in social conditions and initiated bureaus of



DAME MARIA OGILVIE GORDON, noted British geologist, who will be the guest of the N.S.W. Government at the Sesqui-Centenary celebrations in Sydney next year.

that the general population have not yet arrived at full realisation of what women have to give as women. The general public, especially women, must develop more confidence in the woman parliamentary candidate.

Asked what she thought of the cocktail party habit, Dame Gordon replied: "Personally, I look upon it as something foreign to enjoyment, but that is only my view. There is no reason why it should be a harmful habit. Women have had opportunity to learn self-reliance, and the independence demanded by careers develops self-control."

Home and Career

SHE firmly believes that women should have careers.

"From my own experience," she said, "I know it is very good for a woman to have an interest outside her family. It is not only good for her own development and happiness, but makes her more interesting and valuable to her family, while it makes the family realise that she must have some time to herself."

"If a woman has spent years in study before marriage it is only just that she should be able to reap pleasure and grasp an opportunity of usefulness in putting that study to good use after marriage."

"It is a different matter for the woman who wishes to continue a career that needs adjusting to family life. On this question we are not entitled to lay down rules. It is a matter for each woman to decide personally."

"But I believe that in making her decision she must consider her family first and ensure that her children are adequately cared for and that no aspect of happy home life is sacrificed before she takes up her career."

Complexion For Every Dress

(By Air Mail from our London Office.)

THE really fashionable woman needs at least four complexions a day.

This statement was made by a beauty expert during a police court case, and although it sounds exaggerated, beauty specialists agree with it.

The make-up expert of a Bond Street beauty salon told me last night: "The woman of fashion changes her complexion as often as she changes her clothes."

"If she is clever, she uses make-up to tone with the gown she is wearing, as much as to tone with her own coloring."

"Artificial light needs a more vivid make-up, so her lipstick must be brighter, and more of it is used. Powder, especially where brunettes are concerned, is also darker at night, and most fashionable women add for night wear an eye-shadow to their make-up."

"Every fashionable hotel now provides for its women guests as many as 30 shades of powders, rouges, and lipstick."

advice for boys and girls leaving school. Later she helped to pioneer the movement for insurance for women, being president of a large women's insurance organisation.

"And," she assured me, "I still had time for the normal gaieties and friendships that interest any young woman. I still enjoy young people's parties."

"I am looking forward tremendously to my visit," she told me. "I have many friends in Australia, some of whom I've never met, though we have been corresponding for years."

Dame Gordon was president of the National Council from 1916 to 1920—two years of anxiety at the end of the war and the two trying years of adjustment that followed. She still takes an active part in the council's work and is on several committees.

"Women of to-day are responding splendidly to their opportunities," she said. "There are wonderful possibilities for them in their new relationship with men in professions, the business world, sport, a new status in universities, in the political field and, to a lesser degree, in international relations."

Comment on Cocktails

PROGRESS may seem slow, but it is sure. A great deal is yet to be expected from women. They are only beginning to make their influence felt.

"Progress seems especially disappointing in politics, but it only shows



TEA REVIVES YOU



Jostling crowds, windy streets, slippery footpaths and cold, damp air—shopping in winter is certainly a strain. After an hour or so you begin to feel you're much too tired to do any more—that's when you need a cup of Tea. Tea quickly lifts your spirits, soothes away any sign of headache, gives you new energy. In no time you feel yourself again—cheerful and fresh, ready to finish the round of shops. You can always rely on Tea to revive you.

ALWAYS MAKE TEA THIS WAY.

1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA. 2. Boil fresh water. 3. Warm clean teapot. 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and an extra one for the pot. 5. The moment the water boils, pour it on the tea. 6. Let the tea brew for 7 minutes.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU
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SLEEP TONIGHT



Trotter: "Believe me, a sprain won't ever keep you awake if you use Sloan's."

Athlete: "Boy, it certainly made that ankle feel like new in a hurry!"

BRUISES, SPRAINS

Never neglect a bruised ankle or pulled tendon. Pat on Sloan's—it keeps swelling down, prevents loss of sleep. No rubbing is needed—for Sloan's brings fresh blood to the injured part in less than a minute. Pain gives way to healing, soothing warmth. You don't lose sleep... Get a fresh bottle to-day. Only 1/9d.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**



THE recovery from any illness is assured and hastened by taking Wincarnis. This medically recommended tonic is composed of strength-giving ingredients. It will work wonders on your weary body—sending new blood through your veins and giving you new energy and new found health and strength. Your chemist sells Wincarnis in small bottles at 4/3 and large bottles at 7/3.

WINCARNIS

20,000 recommendations from medical men.

Medicates Throat 12-15 Minutes

Preferred by Millions to Quick Gulp of Old-Time Cough Syrup

No wonder so many people now use a Vicks Medicated Cough Drop instead of the short, quick gulp of old-fashioned cough syrup. As a Vicks Cough Drop dissolves in the mouth, it applies direct medication to the irritated membranes of the throat for 12 to 15 minutes.



Weak Kidneys URIC ACID, BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM



END THEM THIS FAST, SAFE, PROVEN WAY—WINNING NEW VIGOUR, TOO!

Kidney, Bladder, Uric Acid and Urinary Disorders can quickly age you by 10 years or more. To end them means rejuvenation—new vigour—new comfort—new peace at night—new happiness each day. MILLIONS of filter-tubes in your kidneys, put there to rid you of Acids, Poisons, Germs must be kept in order. They can fail—and if they do, ill health results. If men and women knew the importance of keeping the kidneys well, neglect of the signs of Kidney Disorder would be unheard of. Uric Acid alone, if not filtered out, forms sharp crystals that, lodging in joints, muscles, and bladder, cause intense agony—perhaps gravel, stone—the dread of an operation. Neglect is indeed foolish.

Watch These Signs

If you get puffiness or dark rings under the eyes, back, leg, groin, or side pains; dizzy spells; headaches; disturbed nights; burning, smarting or difficult urination—ACT QUICKLY! Take Harrison's Pills, signed remedy at a London Doctor, and get the best treatment known. Harrison's Pills succeed where other things fail, because they remove the cause of all the trouble. Harrison's Pills strengthen the kidneys, tone the bladder, and the Uric Acid Menace, and heal raw inflamed spots. Benefit begins at once—no waiting! You feel better "in next to no time". Yet the cost is less than for other remedies that can give no such proven results. All chemists sell Harrison's Pills—2 shillings.

Harrison's Pills remove the Cause of Your Ailing Symptoms & Make You Young & Well Again!



MEN'S CRUSADE for COMFORT in DRESS

New "Strip-Tease" Act Provides For All Weathers

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Comfort in dress is the aim of the Men's Dress Reform Party, which is now 2000 strong in England with 1000 active members practising what they preach. The party's aim is chiefly for an adaptable, but becoming, dress for men.

DR. A. C. JORDAN, secretary of the party, was wearing a lightweight suit of pale grey, sandals with cream socks, and an eau de nil shirt, short sleeved, with turned-down collar and a cord lacing instead of buttons when I interviewed him.

He explained that although they recommended this type of shirt it had one drawback.

"It dispenses with ties, which is a pity," he said. "The tie is the one item in men's dress that allows us to use bright color. But it has the disadvantage that it constricts the neck, so it had to go."

"In the search for an adaptable dress we have evolved what we call our 'strip-tease' act. It consists of eight garments which allow for all changes in the weather, yet at no time does a man look untidily dressed.

"The eight garments are a silk fabric jumper with zipp fastening, shirts to match, cap, long-sleeved pull-over, sleeveless pull-over, golf hose, short-sleeved shirt, and gabardine shorts. The garments can be worn all at once, or varied according to the temperature.

"Many tailors are members of the party," declared Dr. Jordan, "and interest is growing all the time in our crusade."

"More and more men are overcoming self-consciousness and wearing clothes that are practical and comfortable. We have branches all over the world, including Australia."



DR. JORDAN, secretary of the Men's Dress Reform Party, of England, in the everyday suit he wears to his consulting rooms.

ROOM FOR 'Cry-babies' at MOVIES

Neither age nor youth provides an excuse to stay away from the talkies these days.

MODERN architects and high-powered theatre executives have provided ear-phones for the elderly (or

young! deaf and crying rooms for the extremely young, not to mention long lists of other attachments calculated to entice audiences of all ages.

The crying room, situated at the back of the stalls, robs the slipper-loving husband of his last reason for staying home with the sporting news. He doesn't have to mind the baby any more, for baby goes to the movies also.

Australia's first crying room was built at the Windsor Theatre in Melbourne.

So many babies were brought along that the problem of parking the prams in the lobby without keeping out all the rest of the audience assumed alarming proportions.

When the next crying room was installed at Albury on the Victorian-N.S.W. border, a special pram park was incorporated in the plan. Incidentally, there is a bike park there, too, as Albury, among other things, is a town of bicycles.

The advent of the crying room has made the mother of cry baby rather more fortunate than the parent of the child who can sleep through anything. You cannot buy your way into the cozy crying room situated behind a huge plate glass window that keeps the sound of baby's cries from the rest of the audience, but does not shut out the screen.

Loud speakers bring the sound in. The room. All the seats are lounge chairs, and there is a carpet on the floor where baby can play if necessary. There are even toys to pacify the trouble-maker.

Nobody is allowed in except the mother of the child who is making a noise, but she can enter the coveted haven, whether she paid 3/- or 1/3 for her seat.

Husbands have been known to try to gate-crash the portal to the crying rooms, but this is one place where they are firmly requested to keep out.

WAAROM U NIET IEDEREN DAG LEKKER VOELEN?

said Friend Jan



That's the Dutch for... "Why not feel fit every day?"

Women everywhere have found that Wolfe's Schnapps enables them to feel fit every day throughout the year. This purest of all gin spirits, distilled in Holland, contains unique medicinal properties which invigorate the whole system.

Wolfe's Schnapps eliminates many distressing disorders by cleansing the kidneys and purifying the blood stream. Start taking a glass of Wolfe's Schnapps each day, you'll notice the improvement in your general health. Get a bottle to-day—there are three sizes, large, half and quarter bottles, at prices to suit your purse.



WOLFE'S
Aromatic Schiedam
SCHNAPPS

As good for Women as for Men
"For your health's sake"

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is obtainable in large, half and quarter size bottles at all hotels

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MODESS

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This wonderful and comprehensive cruise from Brisbane gives splendid opportunities of seeing the capital cities and visiting the interesting S.A. Gulf ports—Pt. Lincoln, Pt. Augusta, Pt. Hughes, Pt. Pirie, etc.

FIRST-CLASS THROUGHOUT ON BOATS WITH ALL HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

Inclusive Prices—
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EARLY APPLICATION ESSENTIAL.

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The value of Iodex has been proven in hundreds of cases of Rheumatism, Stiff and Swollen Joints, Sciatica and Lumbago. It owes its potency to the great penetrating power of its Iodine content. Iodex gently massaged into the affected part goes right to the seat of the trouble, reducing inflammation and soreness.

Another great advantage with Iodex is that it does not blister or harden the skin, although it is nearly twice the strength of ordinary tincture of iodine.

IODEX is excellent First-Aid for:

Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Wounds, Sore Throat, Swollen Glands, Insect Bites, Eczema, Boils and Pimples.

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SKIN DISEASES CHEMIST'S SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY



Skin Diseases have long been a source of pain, worry and expense to mankind. Skin diseases are usually contagious and cannot be treated lightly. Suffering where specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney Chemist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of Skin Diseases, considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his new formula, which was discovered after many years' research. Cases of ten to twenty years' standing, on which hundreds of pounds had been spent without success, have responded RAPIDLY to his treatment. Mr. McHugh has treated Skin Diseases both personally and by post with equal success. Skin sufferers should write to or call personally on Mr. McHugh, for full details of his treatment. Listen-in to his lectures on Skin Diseases, Station 2UE at 10.30 Wednesday mornings, and Station 2SM 7.30 Wednesday evenings. His knowledge and advice will help you.

Mr. J. J. McHUGH, Ph.C.

Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, 4th Floor, 174W Liverpool St., Sydney (opp. News). Phone, MA5628.



mother said: "I knew you'd go back to Bon Ami"

Many mothers have watched their daughters "try out" new cleansers only to go back to Bon Ami. Bon Ami does the work so much better. Makes it easy to keep the bath and kitchen sink bright as new year after year. Try Bon Ami. See how much easier it makes your work!

Bon Ami

saves time and work



"hasn't scratched yet!"

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 6

"THAT is explained," said Virgil. "And what they say is quite true. The foothills conceal the castle except from the bridge which crosses The Vials of Wrath."

"Perhaps. But that does not mean—"

"Enough," said Virgil swiftly. "For me they have cleared themselves. It only remains for you to beg their pardon and make a fresh cast. Good heavens, man, when time is so precious, do you propose to waste it in prying into two strangers' private affairs?"

With a manifest effort, the sergeant controlled his voice. "Sir," he said. "If you do not wish to wait, you must leave us here. I have a sow by the ear, and until I know it's the wrong one, I will not let go." With that, he returned to Herrick. "You have said too much or too little. You were at Brief this morning from four until half-past six. Kindly relate what you did there—from first to last."

"With very great pleasure," said Herrick, folding his arms. "We left our car at the mouth of the northern drive—after instructing our chauffeur, first, to seek some petrol, and then to wait in a wood a little way off. You will understand that we did not wish to be seen."

"Is your chauffeur there?" said the sergeant.

"He is. If you would like to see him—"

"Proceed if you please."

"Before we had walked very far, we heard a car coming behind us, using the drive. At once we lay down in the bracken until it had passed."

His face like a mask, Virgil took out his case and selected a cigarette; but I saw a bead of sweat fall on to the gold.

"It was not your car?" said the sergeant, plainly impressed.

Producing a notebook, his fellow made ready to write.

"It was not our car," said Herrick. "Others were abroad this morning—within the confines of Brief."

"Describe this car, if you please."

"It was closed and its blinds were drawn; its number-plate was obscured—I imagine, with oil and dust."

The sergeant turned to his fellow, pencil in hand.

"Have you got that down?"

The other nodded and Herrick resumed his tale, relating how the car had been met and had then

been backed down the drive and into the track.

"Three people got out, and the man who had met them came up."

"Would you know them again, sir?"

"I should."

As the answer went down, I saw Virgil wipe his face.

"One of the three," said Herrick, "was a woman. She had a dog on a lead."

"A dog?" cried the police, together.

"A long-haired, black-and-white dog; a mongrel, about that size."

Struggling with his emotion—

"Sir," cried the sergeant, "I beg that you will forgive me if I have seemed something short. I have to do my duty, and your interest in Brief seemed strange. But now I know that you are telling the truth. The dog you describe was found at large in the park."

Though the moment called for some speech, Virgil said nothing at all—because, I imagine, he dared not trust his voice. Grey-faced, his eyes like slits, he stood a little apart, unconsciously wringing to fragments the cigarette he had taken but had not lit.

But the police were too much excited to care for these things.

Respectfully thanking Herrick and handing him back our map, the sergeant begged that he would describe "the delinquents you so providentially saw"—and Herrick complied with a gusto which did my heart good.

His picture of Percy Virgil was actually taken from life. Lazily surveying his victim he drew a merciless portrait of that unprincipled man; and I find it hard to believe that a rogue was ever so trounced.

Not daring to retire—much less, of course, to protest—he was forced to hear dictated a report of his personal appearance which would have provoked the most forbearing of men and, what was far worse, to endure the utmost apprehension for fear that the police should be struck by the startling resemblance the portrait bore to himself.

Over all, the realisation that his shocking secret was ours must have been like an iron in his soul, which Herrick's careless disdain continually tormented.

His tormentor then repeated the horribly damning words which Virgil had said to his creatures before they had entered the wood, and when the sergeant seemed puzzled about the use of "the wire" suggested that it might have been used to trip a galloping horse.

UNDER cover of the flush of excitement which this suggestion induced, Herrick encouraged the impression that we had no more to disclose; this the police were ready enough to accept, because they were eager to broadcast without delay the very full descriptions of the persons they hoped to arrest. Protesting their gratitude, the sergeant requested our names, and while Herrick was writing these down, turned and exhorted Virgil to enter and start the car.

"If you'll take us to Gabbie, sir, I can get on to Innsbruck from there, and in less than two hours from now every police station in Austria will be alive with orders to search for the people we want."

"Splendid," said Virgil, somehow. He turned to Herrick and bowed. "Please believe that I shall not forget to-day—and that I am a man who invariably pays his debts."

"Is that a threat?" said Herrick.

I saw the police open their eyes, and Virgil in desperation let himself go.

"It's a warning!" he snarled. "I do not believe your tale of the numberless car! That you saw a dog this morning proves nothing at all!"

"Come, come, sir!" said the sergeant. "You said yourself just now—"

"I have changed my mind," spat Virgil.

"I have just remembered," said Herrick, "that one of the men was called Max. Not the leader—the burly man who got out of the car. The leader was sharp with him—as, indeed, with them all. I think that, if you could find them, they might give the leader away."

"And the name of the leader?" sneered Virgil. "Quite sure you didn't hear that?"

Please turn to Page 49

**WHO ELSE WANTS
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If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels, you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome in many instances by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost.

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. bottle of Parminit (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

An improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing should become easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., should gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, defective hearing and mucus dripping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which may often be overcome by this efficacious treatment. If nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh, there must be many people whose hearing may be restored by this simple home treatment. Get Parminit from your chemist to-day.

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"I KNOW nothing of the law of the land, but if I did, I'd advise that we left it alone. We should never get home by that road. And it's no good waiting round, proclaiming the truth, for no one would ever believe us and he might take action against us—for libel or something like that. The only way to expose him is to make him expose himself—admit officially that what we allege is true. And that he will never do, unless we can force his hand. If we hold above him some threat sufficiently grim, the man will do as we wish. But it's got to be a terrible threat, to make a man cut his own throat."

"What we need is some information from which we can forge a weapon which we can use. And that will be hard to come by. It might not have been so hard twenty years ago; but the sources we might have turned to have almost certainly failed. Still, we're not in the hopeless position of not knowing where to begin, because we have one clue, which, if we can follow it up, may lead us straight to a source which is still alive."

"It is, I think, a promising clue, because it concerns a secret of whose existence the Head of the House should know. And Caroline knows of its existence; but her uncle does not. She knows of its existence, I say; she does not yet know what it is; but she knows where it is—roughly."

"The great tower of Brief—the great tower. There is a doorway there which no one would ever find. You must go up, counting your steps. And when you have—"

"I am not disheartened by the words 'which no one would ever find,' because I believe them to mean 'which no one would ever notice, unless she was told where to look'—and we have been told where to look."

"Now how we are to look for a doorway within the great tower of Brief, I have honestly no idea. Caroline only can say whether that can be done, but if it can be done, I suggest that we should do it, before we do anything else—because, to be still more honest, I don't know what else we can do."

"One thing more, Caroline may not like the one I suggest. The secret, whatever it is, has been most jealously guarded for hundreds of

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 49

years. It may be something that no outsider should know. And if she's the slightest feeling against our doing our utmost to find it out—well, she knows that she's only to say so for me to drop this line and never touch it again."

"My dear," said Caroline, quietly, "my father tried to give it to you. It may be that you can use it—those were his words. Do you think I would revoke his request? Why he never even charged you to tell me. Never mind. Of course you're right. That doorway's our only chance. I've no idea what is behind it—no more than you. But I think it may lead to something which, as you put it, will give us the weapon we need."

"As for looking for the doorway—we'll have to be careful, of course, but that shouldn't be very hard. As a rule Brief sleeps very sound, and if I like to return when Brief is asleep—"

"That's my key. It will let us into the turret which leads to my rooms. My rooms give to a landing, and the landing will lead to the tower. And nobody lives there now. The rooms are just as they were when my grandfather died; but they are not occupied. It's rather a pity, really; except for the stairs between, they make a delightful suite."

"What does it consist of?" said Herrick. "I never saw it, you know."

"Two sitting-rooms, bedroom and bathroom. Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering if they'd suit us," said Herrick. "Just for forty-eight hours, you know. I mean, this search will take time. And it would be so very convenient to be on the spot."

I stared at him open-mouthed, but Caroline threw up her head and began to laugh.

"You're true to type," she said. "The jester's counsel was nearly always the best. And why shouldn't Brenda come, too? She can look after us all and wait upon me."

THOUGH the tower was unoccupied, its apartments were aired twice a week

Every Monday and Thursday this was done, and since the day was Sunday, we determined to take possession the following night. In this way for fifty-two hours we should have the tower to ourselves. We could easily take enough food to last us this time, and since there was water laid on, there seemed to be no reason why Brenda should not make tea whenever we pleased.

We could rest in comparative comfort and, thanks to the bathroom, could make our ordinary toilet without any fuss, and, indeed, we should do very well, so far as the flesh is concerned.

Of course the plan had its drawbacks; by spending the day at Brief we were bound to be discovered if anyone entered the tower; then again from dawn to dusk we should be cut off, for we could not leave the castle except by dark; but if we were to find our doorway without being found ourselves, I think we might have tried for a year without picking a better way.

That Sunday afternoon Brenda and Winter were told the most of the truth, for, though I am sure that both would have trusted us blindly and would have done without question whatever we asked, it would have been as unfair as unwise to make such demands upon such fidelity.

POOR WINTER

would have given his eyes to go with us into the castle in Brenda's place—if only, I think, on the chance of encountering Percy and laying the fellow out—but I bade him remember that much would depend upon him, for that if we should be surprised or anything else should go wrong, I was he that we should look to, to bring us out of our plight.

"You see," I said, "we couldn't attempt such a show, unless there was someone outside not only who knew where we were, but with whom we could keep in touch. All Tuesday and Wednesday I want you to watch the castle—especially, of course, the great tower. I shall signal to you, if I want you, and what I want you to do. We'll arrange a code later on."

Then I told him about the three-



A DELIGHTFUL dance frock of rose-colored crepe is worn by this Warner Bros. player. The tiny pleatings over the shoulders are again introduced into the matching muff.

firs and how, if he steered by them, he would come to the belvedere, and he seemed very much relieved to think he would be within call, instead of, as he had expected, eleven miles off.

Our slight preparations were made the following day. We bought some torches and knapsacks, and food for two days was put up. Madame Revoke was told that we were going to stay at some hunting lodge, to which her guests of the summer had two or three times repaired, and though she was somewhat surprised that we should travel by night, instead of by day, Lady Caroline Virgil could do no wrong in her eyes.

Please turn to Page 51

Her Figure is lovely too!



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COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 50

FOR the search itself, I could not think what to take. I could hardly believe that we should have to use force; yet things which have lain undisturbed for a number of years are apt to get stiff or clogged as the case may be. In the end, after much reflection, I decided on a mallet and chisel, some oil and two measuring-rules; if what we found were to show that this rather meagre equipment was not enough, we should have to withdraw—and return with the stuff we required.

That afternoon we rested, to save our energy for the work to come. And at half-past eleven that night Winter set us down at the mouth of the entrance-drive. He was not to return to Raven, but to berth the Rolls where he could in the country beyond the foothills which rose to the south of Brief, and then at dawn he would make his way over those foothills and down to the belt-vedere. Half-an-hour later we saw the castle before us, a shadowy mass without form, charged on the sable field of the woods behind.

So dark was the night that had there been sentries posted about the house they could not have seen us moving five paces away, and since Caroline said that no watch was kept we followed her boldly up to the foot of the pile. Because we were shod with rubber, we made but the slightest sound, and as we came to the walls, I heard the lip of water which might have been set playing to cover our steps.

Caroline skirted the walls, and we passed three staircase-turrets, to come to a fourth. And there she stopped before a door or postern set in its base.

I who was next behind her, moved to her side.

"I want you to pass me," she breathed, "as soon as I've opened the door. Turn to your right up the steps, and wait till I come. I'll shut the door when you're in."

I passed the word to Brenda, who gave it to Herrick in turn. He was the last of our company.

Then Caroline used her key—but the door stayed shut.

In desperation she set her weight to the oak.

"My Heaven," she said. "It's bolted. What shall we do?"

"Somewhere close by," I whispered. "Where we can talk."

She put a hand to her head. Then she nodded and made me a sign to come on.

She led us away from the turret and presently down some steps. These brought us into a garden, sunk in the slope of the ground, so that while its foot was level with the pastures to which it ran down, its head, where we stood, was twelve feet below the terrace on which the castle was built. We could here converse in safety, provided we spoke pretty low, for the sound of the water—which we could no longer hear—would absorb the hearing of anyone standing above.

"Listen," I said. "There must be windows left open on a night like this. Isn't there one I can climb to?" Caroline shook her head.

"You'd break your neck," she said. "And if you could get in somewhere, you'd never find your way down to open to us."

"Then, what of the tower itself? Isn't there any way I can get into that? Once inside the tower, I couldn't go wrong and its door is in the courtyard, isn't it?"

Caroline shrugged her shoulders.

"There is a window," she said, "but it's heavily barred. It's on the northern side—not very high up. It's a chance in a million, but one of those bars might be loose. But why should my door be bolted? They've all spring-locks which no one could ever force."

"YOUR cousin's done that," said Herrick, "because he has reason to think that Max has your key. And I don't suppose he trusts Max."

"Come," said I. "Let's go and have

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your blood every day, your movements become difficult and uncomfortable and your food decays unnaturally in your stomach. This decay sends poisons all over your body every six minutes. It makes you bloated, gassy, and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the same Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/2, household size 1/4. Recent a substitute.

a look at this window. Somehow or other we've simply got to get in."

Caroline led us back to the castle wall. She turned left, and we followed her as we had come. Then she turned to the right, and we passed the mouth of the archway which led to the small courtyard; and after a little she turned to the right again.

Some thirteen feet up I made out what looked like a cage, sticking out of the wall. Straining my eyes, I counted four vertical bars, not flush with the wall, but projecting, which meant, of course, that the casement which they were guarding was made to open outwards into the air. This was so much to the good, for while a cage offers a foothold which an ordinary grating denies, the bars are

Woman Star of Men's Tennis Team By Air Mail From Our New York Office

PITTSBURGH boasts of a new phenomenon in sports—a married woman tennis player who is the star of a college men's Varsity team.

She is Mrs. Delloyd Thompson, star member of the tennis team of Carnegie Tech Institute.

Wed during her freshman year, Mrs. Thompson, in her early thirties, withdrew from school, reared a boy, and then, 13 or 14 years later, went back to college.

Mrs. Thompson said she returned to college because, she explained, "Bobby will soon finish grade school and I can't be letting him overtake me so quickly."

Despite her success against men, she thinks the best men players have too much pace and aggressiveness for women.

"I don't believe that the best of the women could get very far with even, say, the 20th ranking man," she declares.

more open to violence than such as pass directly from hint to all.

"Hopeless," said Caroline quietly. "I thought it was lower than that."

"I think I can make it," I said. "From Herrick's shoulders, of course. And if there's nothing doing, I've only to drop."

I took off my knapsack and jacket and rolled up my sleeves. "Can I use a torch with safety, to look at the bars?"

Caroline nodded.

"But do be careful," she said. Herrick spoke out of the darkness.

"I'm prepared to contribute," he said. "Be sure of that. But I'm not an acrobat. I'm willing to try and carry your life on my back, but as soon as you feel me going, you'd better jump. And how do you propose to begin? Are you going to run up me or something?"

I made him take off his knapsack and stand to the wall, and I begged him to hold his peace, because if he made me laugh we might both come down. Then I turned again to my lady.

"Once I'm up there," I said, "we shan't be able to talk; yet there may be something I find that I want to say. In that case I'll drop my handkerchief. If I do that, will you climb on to Herrick's shoulders? And I'll lean down and tell you whatever it is."

"Yes, indeed. But, Richard, you will be careful! Supposing those bars aren't sound?"

"I promise to test them," I said, "before I go up."

SHE was wearing the clothes in which I had seen her first, and she looked very slight and fragile against the bulk of the stronghold by which we stood. I suddenly found it outrageous that she who was the Countess should be standing without her gaiters, hoping to force an entry like a thief in the night. And this, I think, made me determined that, somehow or other, I would break into that tower.

A moment later I was standing on Herrick's shoulders, with my chisel and a torch in my pockets and both of my hands on the bars.

These were in good condition, and when I had tried them once I drew myself up by inches until I had a foot in the cage.

Within this the window was open. If I could displace but one bar the trick would be done.

As I have said, the cage was made of four bars. All four were sunk in the stone above and below the window they were to protect, but the outer two were also tied by cross-bars to the window's jambs. It was,

of course, hopeless to try to move either of these, for each was held at six points; but the two middle bars were held at two points only, where top and bottom were bedded into the stone.

Holding my torch in my teeth, I inspected the four beddings carefully, one by one. There was nothing to choose between them; all were apparently sound. I put my torch away and tested the bars themselves. The first was not rock-steady; the second, however, might have been a part of the tower.

Clinging to the cage like some ape, I fought to loosen the first, and when I stopped to take breath I could move it at eighth of an inch.

BUT for the cage I could never have done what I did. As it was, I could work with freedom, and when I was tired I could rest; and this without the dragging, deadly oppression of what I will call self-support. Never at any time was I holding my own weight up.

Without the mallet the chisel was of no use, and I could not have used them together because I had to hold on. But by working the bar to and fro I gradually crumbled the cement which was lying within the sockets between the bar and the stone.

After nearly half-an-hour this bedding was gone, and I could move the bar sideways a full two inches each way; but wrench it out I could not, and after a little I knew that its ends had been purposely bent—to defeat the very object I had in view. I could loosen, but I could not displace it, unless I had the strength to pull a stone from the tower.

Please turn to Page 52



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HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

Continued
from
Page 51

"Richard, Richard, I beg you——"

She could not have played her part better if we had rehearsed the manoeuvre a score of times. As she came to the bars, she turned sideways, her back to me, and before I knew where I was she had taken her weight.

5.354.7

AND then it was all over, and she was within the tower—standing, looking out of the window, with her delicate hands on the sill.

For a moment we regarded one another, she as uncharitably fair as I was foul.

Then: "What can't you do?" she said quietly.

I shall never forget that moment.

The iron bars were between us, the bars which I could not pass. Like some beast, I was peering between them at a beauty which was not of my world. Corruption surveyed in corruption—and found in his heart's desire.

I think it was the bars between us that showed me the startling truth. Anyway, in that instant I knew that the service I had offered was worship, and that I had been in love with the Countess from the moment four days before, when she had lain still in the bracken, with her wonderful eyes upon mine. And in that same instant I knew that she was not for me. I had no illusions at all. The gulf between us was so great that it could not be bridged. Tradition, lineage, standing, rose up about their mistress, to look me down. And decency tapped my shoulder.

I knew as well as did she that she could never repay me for all I had done. I had succored her father and I had saved her life. I wanted no repayment, but that was beside the point—which was that whatever I asked she was bound to give. I use the word "bound" deliberately. Caroline Virgil drew back. To discharge a debt of honor she would have sold her soul.

"What can't you do?" she repeated. "When you talk like that," I said hoarsely, "you make me feel rich."

Caroline smiled. "That was the idea," she said gently. "Be careful how you get down."

I SHALL not set down in detail the search we made for the "doorway which no one would ever find," for, for one thing, we went about it as anyone else would have done, and for another, almost the whole of our labor was thrown away. But that I suppose, was inevitable.

There was the winding stairway, scaling the wall of the tower, and within its coils were the chambers which made the suite. From top to bottom its walls and its steps were of stone, and the flight rose without interruption, except for four landings so slight as scarce to deserve that name.

It was very simply built, and served, or was served, by five doorways, not one of which was hidden

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 52

in any way; and since its form was that of the ordinary winding stair, it was hard to see how any other doorway could really be there, and harder still to divine where such another doorway could possibly lead—for on one hand you had the chambers, and, on the other, the wall of the tower itself.

The door from the courtyard gave to a miniature hall which just accepted the oak when Caroline swung it back. This hall was but four feet square and might, in days gone by, have been held by one man against fifty who strove to pass. As we entered the hall, the stairway rose on your right, and, before you, another doorway led to the first of the chambers within the tower. These were three in number, and all would have had the same shape, but for the demands which lavatories and a bathroom made.

Hall and apartments were panelled with old, black oak, which might have belonged to the choir of some cathedral church. I never saw woodwork so rich laid up against stone, for it was by no means a skin, as paneling usually is, but was

as they must have done. The constant chill and the rudeness of naked stone, the future light, the anxious fingering of masonry, the whispered consultation, the sudden shock of unfamiliar sounds—of such was our two-day tenure of the great tower of Brief. And, indeed, I cannot believe that four persons, good or evil, were ever so queerly placed, living and moving in the midst of a country house whose lawful tenants were going about their business, never dreaming of the presence of strangers within their gates.

(Here, perhaps, I should say that we had by no means forgotten "the son of the house"; but, if Percy Virgil meant mischief, we could scarcely have been in a better or safer place, for, though he should seek us "until the cows came home," it never would enter his head that we were about our business under his father's roof.)

IT was five o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon when Caroline straightened her back and led the way to the bedroom where Brenda had set out some tea.

We had now been within the tower for thirty-nine hours, for more than thirty of which we had striven to find the doorway with all our might. And we were no nearer our goal than when we had bolted the doors and begun our search. At most, ten hours were left us, for by three on the following morning we must be gone.

As I stumbled into the bedroom, Herrick opened his mouth.

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The Wife

Oh! I am half afraid to bring into this life so frail a thing. How shall I hope or dare to see Where I have walked uncertainly. Where in the high white light of grace Shadows of doubt have touched my face? I, who have been this selfish wife. How can I hope to mould a life? How will I shape with helpless hand Thoughts that I do not understand? Body and soul so small and white, Needing me, morning, noon, and night. Deep in this frightened ecstasy Mothers of children! Comfort me!

—YVONNE WEBB.

wealthy and massive enough to have made a wall of itself. What with this and the hangings and carpets, which were of crimson throughout, the tower was like the king's daughter, "all glorious within," and as I passed through the bedroom, to make myself clean, I felt as pretenders must feel when first they assume the purple in which they have not been born.

Before we did anything else, we bolted the door between the tower and the castle, as well, of course, as the door by which we came in. If the former were found to be fast, whoever tried it would know that somebody was or had been within the tower; but we felt we must take that risk, for otherwise we must keep continual watch and even though watch were kept, whoever came in might very well come upon us before we were able to profit by the alarm.

After that, I made for the window whose bars I had forced aside, and roughly repacked the sockets from which the cement was gone, and since, before we came in, we had gathered the scraps which had fallen while I was at work, there now was nothing to show that the cage had been tampered with.

Then I joined my lady and Herrick, who were surveying the stair. It was dark by night, it was dim by day, and we could do nothing useful without the help of a torch; so, though we had not brought Brenda with that idea, she had very soon to come to Caroline's aid: together they shed the light, while Herrick and I conducted the actual search.

THAT the work would require great patience was presently clear, for the walls seemed to be as blank as an untouched page, yet we could not believe that a doorway could be concealed in the steps. The paneling could have been hiding a host of openings, and we were naturally tempted to turn our attention to that, but the staircase was not panelled, and we were concerned with the staircase, and not with the rooms.

"You must go up, counting your steps." Not until that time did I at all understand the portion confronting the prisoner of ancient days, who set himself to discover a way to break out of his hold; but now I knew some of the trials those men endured, for though our case was different, we did

YOUR FEET IN WINTER NEED

Regular Attention With

Zam-Buk

THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all Winter by this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation.

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly especially between the toes.

As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin, joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and real foot comfort is yours. Don't forget—start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.



"Rheumatism attacked my feet, especially during wet weather. Once I was so crippled I almost gave up work. But I now find that rubbing in Zam-Buk prevents all pain. My feet don't trouble me at all now."—Miss E. B.

"I suffered with chilblains and cold feet, but massaging the feet and toes with Zam-Buk restored sluggish circulation. Chilblains do not trouble me now, neither do the cold symptoms in the feet."—Mrs. F. H. E.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Coughs relieved instantly

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is the most popular and effective Home Remedy for Coughs and Chest-Colds obtainable in Australia.

After Influenza, HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure will take care of any Chest Condition and will minimise risk of Pneumonia.

Always insist on ..

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

SHEARER'S REMARKABLE CURE

"Twenty years' torture from Rheumatism was ended by R.H.S." writes Mr. F. B. Hyland, The Cedars, Castella, N.S.W. "After long wet sleep brought on Rheumatism of the most severe kind and only your remedy could cure me." R.H.S. Rheumatic Remedy is sold with genuine money-back guarantee by all branches of W. H. Boulton & Co., all Chemists, and Moras and Caba's Stores. Ask for PINK BOOK-LET.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, is the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free "B" 2d. post for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Orchard, 44 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

Backache warns you of KIDNEY TROUBLE

Situated in the small of the back are two most important organs—the kidneys. Day and night they carry out their work of removing impurities from the system, keeping the body vigorous and healthy.

When you get those intense backaches you may be sure that something has gone wrong with your kidneys. They may be sluggish, inflamed owing to a chill or strained as the after-effect of some disease. (Every illness, from a really serious breakdown to the common cold, throws an extra strain on the kidneys).

Also, watch out for:

**RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
LUMBAGO JOINT PAINS
BLADDER TROUBLE**
or any Urinary Irregularities

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & PILL'S BLADDER

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.

It is most important that any pain in the back or other symptom of Kidney Trouble is dealt with promptly, for this complaint gets progressively worse unless treated properly.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially prepared to reach the kidneys and to heal and strengthen them. This you can see for yourself within 24 hours of taking them.

You will be quite safe in taking a course of De Witt's Pills as soon as you feel any of the symptoms of Kidney Trouble. They gently but surely nurse the kidneys back to health. Once again the impurities (uric acid, bacteria, dead cells) are removed regularly from the body and you again know what good health means.

Thousands upon thousands have proved for themselves that De Witt's Pills do all that is claimed for them—they heal and strengthen weak kidneys. So do not suffer longer. Go to your chemist to-day and get a supply of De Witt's Pills. A few days after taking them you will experience the happiness of returning health and relief from pain.



Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER'
A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE



HERE'S ANOTHER AID TO BEAUTY—a device for manufacturing dimples. It was invented by a New York girl, Miss E. Isabella Gilbert, and, apart from making dimples, aids circulation of the face, removes double chins and wrinkles around the eyes and restores "youthful contours."

—Air Mail photo.

NEW-



THE Sweet FLAVOURED GUM

A.R.27

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 53

"I THINK we should face the fact that we're up against time. We've eight hours only before us, and then we must go—for good. I mean, to return would be futile. What we can't find in fifty hours we shan't find in fifty years; and to go on smearing these walls would be wasting valuable time. Besides, there's the spiritual side. If we did come back, we should come back without our hearts. We should know that our efforts were doomed before we set out. And so we have now eight hours in which to discover a secret we know is there. Myself, I think we should do it; in fact, if we don't, I shall think the less of myself. When all's said and done, it's a question of using one's brain. And that's where I think we've gone wrong. When our eyes and our hands had failed us, we ought to have let them be; to go on using them was only distracting our brains—well, I'm going to give mine a show now—before it's too late."

WITH that he walked into the bathroom to lave his head and his hands, and I sank down on the bed and did my best to marshal my weary wits.

"He's right," said Caroline slowly. "One always begins the wrong way. Once we'd been over the ground, we ought to have sat down quietly, and let our minds play upon the puzzle. You know. Like doing a crossword."

"That's all very well," said I, accepting some tea from Brenda, who showed no sign of fatigue. "But who could do a crossword without any clues?"

"We've got two clues. We know that a doorway exists, and we know that, to reach that doorway, we've got to go up the stair. If—"

"My heavens!" said I starting up. There was a moment's silence.

Then—

"Go on," said Caroline quietly.

"What do you know?"

"Your father said that there was in the tower a doorway which no one would ever find. And then he used the words, 'you must go up, counting your steps.' But he never said that the doorway was on the staircase. He said it was in the tower."

"You mean—"

"I mean that we have been looking for a doorway which we can reach from the stair; but we ought to have been looking for something upon the stair which, when we have found it, will disclose where the doorway is."

"That's right," said Herrick's voice. "And the stairway bears him out. There is no doorway there—I think we can swear to that. But there is a spring or something which, when we can touch it off, will open some hidden door in another part of the tower."

The case was now greatly altered, for though we had sought high and low, when you are looking for a doorway you naturally do not probe places which could not be hiding a hole more than two inches square.

Then again we were now released from the heart-breaking duty of striving with reason herself, for reason had continually insisted that, because of its shape and construction, such a stair could not be concealing the kind of opening we sought.

Indeed, to say our hopes rose conveys nothing at all. All our weariness left us, and all our anxiety fled. We simply knew that the path we were on was the right one and very soon would bring us up to our goal. And so it did.

NOT more than an hour had gone by when I found on the thirty-sixth step a nick which might have belonged to the lid of a pencil-box. It was cut in the tread of the step, close to the edge and close to the outer wall. It was choked with a cake of dirt which I had to cut out with my knife, and an obstinate film of dirt was encrusting that side of the tread, but when I had used a wet cloth to rub the stone clean, there were the parallel cracks which I had expected to see. In a word, I had found a panel—a tiny, sliding panel which, if I could draw it towards me, would discover a slot in the tread, three inches by two.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

(Here, perhaps, I should say that I have now no doubt that the film of dirt on the tread was more than the natural deposit which Time will lay, and that, after replacing the panel, the late Count of Brief had washed the stone with some liquid which, when it was dry, would form an invisible skin.)

Half an hour went by before the little panel allowed me to have my way. Then, at last, with a crack, it yielded, and two minutes later I drew it out of the tread.

Its withdrawal disclosed no slot, but a miniature well, rather more than an inch across, and sunk in this well was a bolt of very old iron.

At once we saw that the bolt was thus holding in place the rise of the step upon which we were now at work, and that if we could pull the bolt up, the rise would be free to be moved.

As might have been expected, the bolt was tight in its well, but it was not cemented in, and after another ten minutes I managed to wheedle it out.

I then took the mallet from Herrick and tapped the rise. At once the side I tapped retreated before the blow, but the other side started forward out of its place.

"Pivoted," breathed Herrick. "It's hung on a spindle, just like a revolving door."

ONE hand on my shoulder, Caroline lowered her torch.

There was now before us a gap where the rise had been. This gap was split into two by the rise itself, for this had simply been turned and was now presenting its edge, instead of its face. The torch immediately showed that the gap on the right was void—that is to say, on the side on which the rise had retired; but the gap on the left was framing a block of stone. And sunk in the face of this stone was a handle, or rude iron dog.

I can never forget how the sight of this primitive holdfast remembered the fairy stories which I had loved as a child—the magic rings which, when pulled, disclosed a secret entry into some robbers' cave, and the carving which, when depressed, caused panels to spring ajar at the head of some secret stair. And now I can only suppose that all those pretty legends are faithfully founded on fact, for there was the handle before me, and when I laid hold upon it I was, though we did not know it, about to disclose the doorway we could not find.

To be Continued

Yes I was once just as thin!

You can gain rapidly in weight, with firm flesh and a pleasing figure.

Being too thin is due, in most cases, to poverty of your blood.

When the blood is poor and lacking in red corpuscles it cannot supply nourishment to the body; then strength falls, and you lose weight.

Enrich your blood and increase its red corpuscles by a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; in this way you regain your lost weight, you make firm healthy flesh, with a graceful well-formed figure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the vital elements that rapidly help to create the rich red corpuscles of healthy blood.

If you are thin, start now a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; you will be astonished with the benefit that results; your weight will be increased, you will gain an attractive figure and enjoy perfect health.

All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, price 2/- a bottle.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

August 14, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

DETAILS in MAKE-UP

It's the Little Finishing Touches to Your Make-up that Matter in this Business of Looking Your Loveliest

PREPARING for a party? For a dinner and theatre? Or for an afternoon at the races? Whatever the function, you must pay very special attention to your make-up if you want to look your best for several hours on end.

YOU cannot possibly get away with a hurried dab of face cream, a quick rub of rouge, a hurried dusting of powder and a smear of lipstick over your lips. In an hour's time you will be wondering why your make-up looks awry, why your nose is shining like a beacon and why you are not enjoying yourself after all.

For to enjoy yourself you must feel you are looking your best all the time. And the only way you can be sure of this is to first allow sufficient time for dressing and making-up, and then do it systematically and painstakingly.

Let's say you have had your bath and are dressed in your silkiest lingerie, with hair set, all ready to slip into your frock.

Before your bath, of course, you should have cleansed your face with cleansing cream and applied a little skin food which should remain on while in your bath.

This should be removed later and your face treated to an application of astringent lotion (if your skin is oily) or skin tonic (if your skin is dry). Slap the liquid over the face with cotton wool and then dry off with tissues. Now your face should be dewy and fresh-looking, ready for foundation cream.

Apply this carefully. Use very little and smooth over evenly; then pat the face again with tissues to remove any surplus.

Now for your rouge. This should be



placed rather high on the cheekbones if your face is thin and lower down if your face is broad, especially at the chin. Blend the rouge thoroughly,



BY...
EVELYN

ABOVE: Before using lipstick, outline the contour of the lips first with a red pencil as demonstrated here by Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer player.

LEFT: Brush mascara gently on the tips of the lashes in a shade to suit your coloring. Apply also a little eye-shadow to the eyelids, or, if preferred, a little cold cream or vaseline.

smoothing away to nothing at the edges.

Next your powder. Dust thickly all over the face, and pat in instead of rubbing. Remove any surplus with a clean puff or a powder brush to give a perfectly smooth matt finish.

Wipe off any traces of powder from your lips, eyebrows and lashes and then apply eye-shadow to the lids of your eyes in a color to suit you.

Shape Brows

WITH a good eyebrow-pencil shape the eyebrows, lengthening them at either side if this improves you, and then apply mascara to the eyelashes. You may use brown if you are a blonde and black if you are a brunette, or you might like to experiment with a colored mascara.

The lips should also be made up with extra care. Apply first a little pomade or cold cream to keep them from drying. Then with a lipstick pencil carefully outline the shape of your lips, making the top curve round and full rather than in a cupid's bow, which suits very few faces. Pinally fill in the lips with lipstick or moist rouge. Rub in well with the finger, working inside the lips so as not to leave a hard line where lipstick ends and natural color begins.

Finally your favorite perfume. But don't put it on your clothes, where it will become stale, and perhaps stain the fabric, too. Apply a touch behind the ears and on the eyebrows, where it will have the most alluring effect.



PERFUME APPLIED TO the eyebrows with the top of the perfume bottle helps to keep the brows in an even line.



WHEN APPLYING lipstick work in evenly with the finger-tip to get a smooth finish.

PROTEX prevents!



SERIOUS illness is often preventable. Take the precaution of washing with Protex — it may save weeks of pain and heavy hospital and doctors' bills.

Blood-poisoning and serious complications are the price you sometimes pay through neglecting little cuts, scratches and sores which happen so easily.

Use Protex daily — it contains powerful antiseptic Ti-Tree oil.

Protex completely cleanses the body of poisons which ooze through the skin, yet leaves no medicinal odour.

It is recommended by the Medical Profession.

6d. is a small price to pay for a generous long-lasting tablet giving complete health protection.

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC, YET NON-IRRITANT

Melaleuca Alternifolia (showing the leaf) from which Ti-Tree oil — the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex — is distilled.



6^d

Made by COLGATE Makers of Quality Soaps for 121 years.



APPLYING one of the new smoky shades in nail-lacquer. These fascinating tints are known as Old Rose, Robin Red, and Rust.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Add Glamor to your Hands

Make Them Interesting, Beautiful and an Attractive Part of Your Personality

BY
EVELYN

HANDS, well cared-for, lovely, and full of character, have a charm all their own. Many women with just ordinary good looks achieve a reputation for beauty because of their exquisite, flower-like hands.

BUT hands cannot be complete neglect. Hands tend to age more quickly than the face, and need every care in

order to combat the hard effects of daily toil and keep them soft, white, and glamorous.

Of course, if you are not a worker of any sort, then it is an easy matter for your hands to appear their best always. But if, like most of us, your hands must turn to all sorts of tasks, then regular and proper attention is essential.

Don't worry because your hands are the capable sort—and you feel you must hide them away. Capable hands can often be more interesting, more revealing of fine character than soft, idle hands.

Housework, of course, is hard on hands. Dipping in and out of hot and cold water, strong cleansing soaps, sweeping and dusting all tend to coarsen and harden the skin of hands and spoil the nails. Gloves are the greatest protection—special gloves for polishing and dry-cleaning work and rubber gloves for scrubbing, peeling vegetables, and other grimy duties.

After being in water the hands should be thoroughly dried always and a softening lotion, kept in the kitchen, rubbed in. Stains can be removed with lemon juice and pumice, while pure olive oil makes the best softening cream and food.

Liberal Lather

FOR washing the hands choose your soap as carefully as for the face, such as a non-alkaline, pure castile kind, and avoid harsh nail scrubbers. First soak the hands for a moment in warm water and then make a liberal lather with the soap and massage each hand firmly with the other. When clean, rinse the hands in clean water, then in cold and dry thoroughly on a soft linen towel to prevent chapping and redness.

If you suffer with excessive perspiration in the hands massage with a mixture made of one ounce of alcohol and one half ounce tincture of belladonna. Rub in gently and dry thoroughly. Frequent applications of witch hazel are often beneficial, too.

For regular manicuring you will need a long flexible file for shaping the nail, a nail scraper for removing cuticle, and orange-wood stick for pushing back cuticle and applying lotions around and under the nail, an emery board for smoothing the nails after filing, pair of nail scissors, nail or hand brush, and polishes.

The hands should be thoroughly cleaned before beginning the manicure. Then file with the long flexible file and use the emery board for smoothing the sides and tips. Next with the orange-wood stick apply a little bleach under the nails.

Now with the orange-stick around which you have wrapped a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in olive oil or cuticle remover, go over the cuticle surrounding the nails and sides of the nails. After the oil has been thoroughly massaged in and around the nails, dip the hands in warm soapy water for a few minutes and then thoroughly dry. Next wipe away the loosened cuticle or remove gently with the nail scraper. Trim any loose cuticle with the nail scissors, but do not use the scissors more than absolutely necessary. Finally apply a little nail and hand cream or oil, rub in thoroughly, and remove surplus with soft towel.

Finish off by applying fresh liquid polish after first removing the old with polish-remover.



ABOVE: After shaping the nails with a steel file, Marie Wilson, Warner Bros. player, smooths the sides and tips with an emery-board. LEFT: To loosen the cuticle wrap cotton wool round the tip of an orange-wood stick and dip in remover.



RIGHT: After washing the hands or after a manicure, apply hand lotion to keep the skin white and soft.

BELOW: Apply nail or hand cream regularly to the cuticle to keep in good condition.



Some of the new liquid polishes are ideal for adding that final touch of glamor to your hands, especially the new smoky shades.

This new note in color is subtle and delightful—it softens the brightness of deeper polishes and makes them blend with skin tones; it enhances all the soft lights in nail polish, and proves flattering to any type of hands.

There is Old Rose, a shade every woman loves. Because of its smoke-blue undertone, it is becoming to all hands. It is medium in depth of color and correct at any time of day.

Robin Red is on the same smoky-blue cast, but deeper in tone—perfect with any color costume, stunning with white.

Rust and Light Rust, similarly, are two depths of one shade that has a golden undertone—just the thing to wear with all the beige, gold, and rusty tones, and becoming to hands that may have a tinge of suntan in their coloring.

A new lacquer made by one manufacturer does not evaporate in the bottles, so you can afford several bottles in various shades without being extravagant.

"ARE YOU GOING TO BE AN OLD MAID, IRENE?"



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth

BE sure your breath does not offend! It's so simple to be safe when you realize that the most common cause of bad breath is... *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the most common source of unpleasant mouth odours—and of much tooth decay. Use Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special, penetrating foam removes these odour-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, a soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily.

NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!



IF YOU PREFER POWDER—Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea.

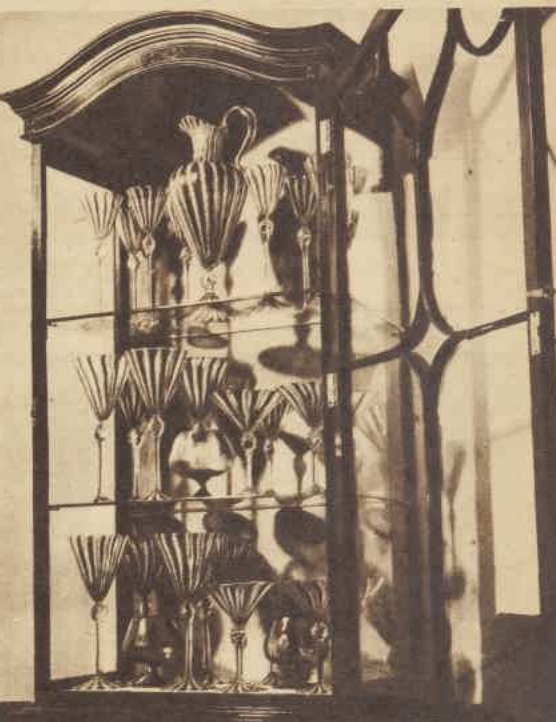
TREASURE TROVE from FAR PLACES

By
Our Home
Decorator



ABOVE: Some interesting pieces from a valuable collection of Dresden, which includes some of the earliest examples of this work.

RIGHT: An exquisite dessert set in ivory and gold bought in a soiled, cracked condition for a few shillings in London. After cleaning and repairing it was found that the gold used in the grape-leaf embossed design is real.



SET OF VENETIAN CRYSTAL in amethyst and gold. Notice the exquisite designing of the goblets and decanter.

Highlights in a Valuable Collection of Rare China and Other Pieces.

THEY represent just a few of the pieces from an amazingly interesting collection, which has been gathered together by an Australian woman. This enthusiast has a definite flair for finding rare and costly articles in all sorts of strange places, often at little cost.

THOSE who collect old china, crystal, and other rarities, especially those who have been fortunate to travel and pick up fascinating items in odd corners of the world, will be interested in the lovely pieces pictured on this page.

The owner has filled her home with treasure trove and each piece has some fascinating story, not only as far as its origin is concerned, but in the way it was obtained.

The exquisite dessert set, which consists of ten plates and a compot, pictured on this page, was discovered by the present owner in the Caledonian Market. It was very dirty, and some pieces were broken and cracked, so she bought it for a few shillings. She sent the set to an expert, who cleaned it and used one plate to repair chips and breakages in the others. The set, which is mended with tiny rivets that are not noticeable, is in all ivory and gold embossed grape leaf design. Each plate varies slightly, some having the gold leaves in the centre and others the ivory. The gold used is real, the centre rivet holding the

compot to its base being a solid piece of gold.

Another dessert set (two of the plates are shown here) consists of twelve dishes in Meissen ware. Their history is truly romantic, for they originally belonged to the late Czar of Russia and were bought by their present owner in Moscow, a few years ago. The plates are decorated with richly-colored flower designs on a white glaze, and each has a different coat of arms, presumably representing different nobles of the Russian Court, in the centre.

Early Pieces

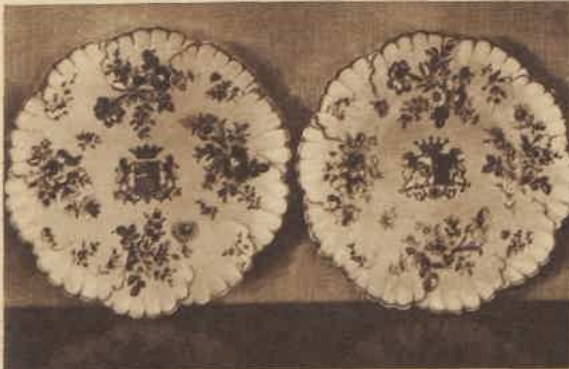
THIS enthusiast also possesses one of the finest collections of Dresden in this country, included in which are some of the very earliest pieces made. Some of this collection is also shown here.

The coach and horses piece, with its attendants and charming passenger, is especially interesting and the pride of its owner.

The lovely set of Venetian crystal, which is considered a very fine example of this work, is modern in origin, as it was made to the order of the owner, who watched some of the work being done. The design

is carried out in gold and amethyst. Notice the exquisite balance in the goblets on their long stems and in the decanter.

Such entrancing things as Scotch tiling pins in brass, used on the doors as knockers, old pictures in silk embroidery (one of these was bought for 1/6 in an old farmhouse), others embroidered in sequins and ribbon on satin, old fans, Venetian mirrors, quaint tables and pottery are but a few of the other valuable pieces in this home of treasures.



DESSERT PLATES from a dinner-set which is believed to have belonged to the late Czar of Russia. Each plate bears a different coat-of-arms in the centre.

WHAT IS THE SECRET?



It is really no secret, my dear. My bathroom looks clean and fresh because I use a cloth soaked in Laurel. It's marvellous the way it removes grease—just melts it away. Grubby finger marks on mirrors and windows are a simple job too, with Laurel—and as for the sink and copper, well, look at them! I've never been able to get my lino so clean, but best of all, it doesn't leave it horribly slippery. You try Laurel too!

LAUREL
KEROSENE

For Lighting, Heating, Cooking, Cleaning

SPRING SONG in LINEN

Needlework
Notions

An exquisite dinner or supper set in a festive design of birds, butterflies, and flowers...

NEEDLEWORK workers will find new enchantment in this charming spring set which includes tablecloths in various sizes, round or square, tea-cosy, d'oyley, and serviette.

Imagine your dining table set with these ex-

quisite dinner linens embroidered with trails of vivid red japonica, bluebirds on wing, and fluttering butterflies in a happy, riotous design.

It really sounds delightful, doesn't it?

This fascinating design, so suggestive of spring in its happiest mood, has been specially created for Australian Women's Weekly readers, and is exclusive to this paper.

The complete set or the various pieces can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped all ready for working on best quality pure Irish linen in white and colors of cream, blue, pink, green or yellow.

The prices are:
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, round or square, 7/6.
Cloth 45 by 45 inches, round or square, 9/6.
Cloth 54 by 54 inches, round or square, 11/6.
Cloth 72 by 72 inches, round or square, 16/6.
D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.
Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.

TO WORK

To embroider the design, use vivid red for the japonica flowers and glossy green for the leaves. Work the bluebirds in shades of blue, and the bees and butterflies in tones of brown and gold.

The flowers should be done in buttonhole-stitch, and the bees, bluebirds and butterflies should be satin-stitched. Satin-stitch, too, all the stems and leaves, and double-button-hole the edges.

If you would like your linen set in a color other than white or cream, vary the shades suggested for the embroidery so the design will stand out and yet harmonise with the background color.



DINNER-TIME CHARM in an exquisite set embroidered in a spring design of japonica, bluebirds, butterflies and bees. The complete set or separate pieces can be obtained, stamped for working, from our Needlework Department.



"Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"



"I can remember when I used to have rashes . . . Boy, did I itch! In those days, before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"



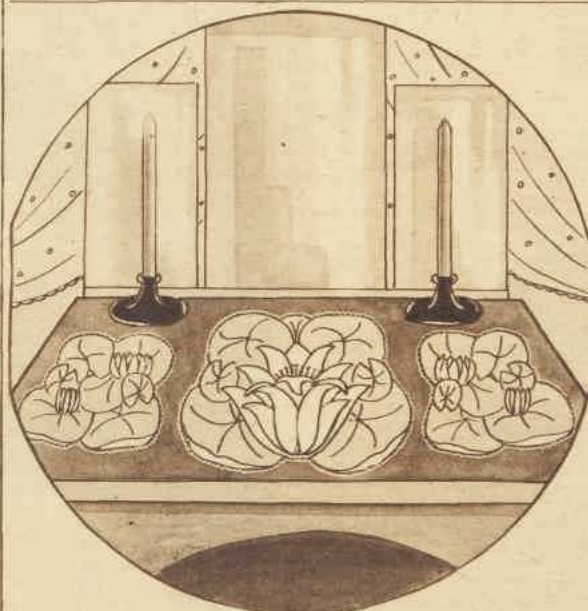
"But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is smooth and soft—not a bit gritty like some powders. That is why it is so much better for your baby, and for your own skin too. Babies—and you yourself—should have the extra comfort of Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

AS.37



DRESSING-TABLE SET in water-lily design. The three-piece set is obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped for working, on white or colored linen.

Water-Lilies for Your Dressing-Table

Just the loveliest three-piece set that will give new life to your room.

STAMPED on pure quality linen with an entrancing water-lily design, this set when worked in shades to harmonise with the color scheme of the room is most refreshing.

The three pieces which comprise the set can be obtained in linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, green or pink ready for working from our Needlework Department for 2/6, plus 3d. postage the set.

The water-lily design is a simple one to work. The outline of the leaves and leaf veins should be stem-stitched, using a lighter shade of green for the veins and small leaves and a darker tone for the large leaves. Where the leaves turn fill in with satin-stitch.

The Flowers

THE outlines of the flowers should be stem-stitched in shades of cream, yellow or pink. Where the petals turn, fill in with satin-stitch. The stems of the stamens should be stem-stitched in deep yellow.

The color scheme could be varied if liked. Yellow flowers and green leaves on white or cream linen would be lovely. Cream flowers and green leaves would be attractive on yellow linen. While yellow flowers with deeper green leaves would combine effectively on green mats.

The design is just as pretty worked in self colors, such as green on green, in all-white, all-cream, or all-blue, according to the color scheme of your room.

Send in your order now to The Australian Women's Weekly Needlework Department, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

Satin-Stitch Must Be Well Done

ALTHOUGH satin-stitch, the most used of all in embroidery, is a simple stitch, it requires practice to achieve perfection. It is best worked on an embroidery frame.

In this stitch the stitches are carried over and over through the material and laid side by side. Success depends on the even spacing of the stitches so that each stitch just touches the other, on the tension, and on the regularity of the outline.

Sometimes a line of running-stitch worked round the outline improves

the edge, although the edge should not be hidden by an outline after the satin-stitching has been worked except in special cases.

Satin-stitch should not be used for large spaces, for a length of thread that does not enter the material is likely to be caught or become roughened.

Stem-stitch is a variety of a narrow satin-stitch, done on the slant. It can be any desired width or it can be narrowed until it becomes merely an outline with no body.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

YOUTHFUL SPRING STYLES FOR ALL!

PATTERNS AVAILABLE NOW

FOR FEMINE GRACE

WW1794. — Delightful spring style for afternoon wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36in. wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHOOSE FLORAL

WW1795. — Floral chiffon is our choice for this dainty afternoon frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½-8 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

BOY'S ROMPERS

WW1797. — A charming style for the little tot, that can be made from a remnant. Sizes, 6 months to 2 years. Material required: 1 yard, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

EFFECTIVE BUTTONS

WW1798. — A tailored simple-to-make frock for informal occasions. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 5½-8 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL STRIPE TREATMENT

WW1796. — Unusual style for striped material. Full puff sleeves and swing skirt are very smart. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SLIMMING MODE

WW1792. — Swing skirt, plain vest, and buttoned front are smart features of this afternoon frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½-8 yards, 36in. wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING GOWN

WW1799. — Sophisticated, unusual dinner and evening gown. Cut in sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR 10 TO 16

WW1800. — Attractive, well-cut frock for little girls. Cut in sizes 10-16 years. Material required: 2 to 3½ yards, 36in. wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

ATTRACTIVE FOUR-PIECE LINGERIE SET COSTS 3d!

Cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

THE delightful four-piece trousseau set shown at right is obtainable now from our Pattern Department. It is available in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and costs 3d. including postage.

To obtain, fill in coupon below and send, with 3d. stamp, to our Pattern Department.

Material required, 36 inches wide:—

No. 1—Brassiere: 3-8 yard.

No. 2—Panties: 1½ yards.

No. 3—Slip: 2½ yards.

No. 4—Nightgown: 3½ yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

THIS coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. AN EXTRA CHARGE OF THREEPENCE WILL BE MADE FOR PATTERNS OVER ONE MONTH OLD.

ADELAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 480F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 2895Y, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size Pattern Coupon, 14/8/37

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



PLANT TULIPS ON YOUR TEA CLOTH

-and watch them flower
to full loveliness in

CLARK'S EMBROIDERY THREADS



Deck your Tea Cloth and Napkins with this delightful tulip spray motif. Worked in the lovely fast colors of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton, it will bring a breath of spring to your tea table at all times and seasons. A joy to work, it will be a permanent, pertinent testimony to your artistry.

Ask at your needlework store for leaflet No. 15A, "Tulip Tea Cloth," price 3d. complete with transfer, or use coupon.



There is also a wide selection of other attractive leaflets at your store—designs for pillow cases, tea coxies, cushion covers, table runners, curtains, dressing table sets, and a host of other useful items. Make a point of seeing them.

CLARK'S ANCHOR EMBROIDERY THREADS

STRANDED COTTON PEARL COTTON SOFT EMBROIDERY

14/8/37

To Box 1094P, Melbourne.
Box 1160P, Brisbane.
Box 1050P, Perth.

Box 2273R, Sydney.
Box 184C, Adelaide.
Box 128, Te Ano, Wellington, N.Z.

I enclose 3d. in stamps for one copy of "Tulip Tea Cloth" leaflet, 15A.

Name _____

Address _____

ASCIOR

Germs Hit Your Kidneys as

KNOCOUT PUNCH!



Germs get into the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System, and because of the intense irritation produced are the true and underlying cause of much pain, run-down health, and dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up at Night, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Dark Urine under Kyes, Backaches, Loss of Appetite and Vitality, and Burning, Smarting, Itching passages.

Germs develop in the body during Colds or because of Bad Teeth or Tonsils or from diseases and toxins such as Typhoid and other bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help much because they do not kill the germs that are the cause of your trouble.

Kill Germs Doctor's Way

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have supplies of a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex that is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in three ways to remove the cause of your trouble and thus restore vigorous health: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most Kidney and Bladder Disorders. 2. It soothes and heals inflamed membranes and stops pain. 3. It helps Kidneys self-naturally to remove excess Uric Acid and other Poisons from the blood.



48-Hour Results

Cystex is scientifically prepared in accordance with the purity standards of the British and U.S.A. Pharmacopoeia to act as a urinary antiseptic or germ destroyer and as a gentle stimulating diuretic to the Kidneys. For this reason there is no long waiting for results. More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex with the greatest of success and are high in their praise of this wonderful two-way treatment. For instance, Mrs. L. H. recently wrote: "I had been sick for seven years. Terrible pains in my back night and day. I had to get up six times every night and then I would have to force and force to urinate. I was so bad three weeks ago that I just couldn't stand the pain and burning any longer. My husband got Cystex for me. I got relief from the first two doses. The pain is all gone now and I have no irritation and sleep sound all night. Now I enjoy life again and can sit in a cinema with no worry of getting up and going home before the show is over."

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS Australian Babies Are "Living Like Little Princesses"

By MARY TRUBY KING

A recent London cable told us of the placidity of Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, when the car in which she was a passenger collided with another. Though Prince Edward, nearly two, screamed and rushed into his mother's arms, the little Princess slept peacefully on!

It was suggested that this infantile poise and sangfroid might be due to the "new" diet which the seven-months-old Princess is having. The cabled details of the diet were meagre, viz., "halibut-liver oil, orange juice, vegetable puree and meat broth."

No mention was made of milk, though undoubtedly milk is the BASIS of Princess Alexandra's diet, and the oil, orange juice, puree and broth but accessories.

If this is so, Australian mothers can claim that their babies are truly "living like little princesses." Our babies (whether naturally or artificially fed) have their daily allowance of orange or vegetable juice from the sixth week onwards, with halibut-liver oil or cod-liver oil when necessary. In addition to humanised cow's milk, our babies have their vegetable (spinach) puree from the third month of life, when this is needed.

The chief difference between Princess Alexandra's diet and the diet of the modern Australian baby seems to be the giving of meat broth, and perhaps sieved vegetables, at an earlier age than we are accustomed to. In Australia we introduce vegetable broths at about 10 months and meat broths at about a year.

Yet To Be Proved

ENGLAND has yet to prove that the earlier introduction of meat broths and not-milk foods is a success. In 1935 (the latest statistics available) the infantile death rate for England was 57 per 1000 births as against 39 for Australia and 32 for New Zealand.

If foods suitable only for the older child are introduced too early, without a good reason, there is a danger of the infant beginning to refuse all food, even milk (the important builder), thus setting up a period of malnutrition.

On the other hand, in cases where the mother's own milk is found to be lacking in any of the necessary nutritive properties, it is the practice in Australia to give the baby special additions to its food to make up for the deficiencies. This is done only under skilled medical or nursing advice.

In climates, such as England, where there is but a small amount of available sunshine, the prevention of the disease called rickets depends largely

on the giving of liberal quantities of Vitamin D. This is also administered to the mother before her baby is born—in England as a necessity; in Australia as a precaution.

Vitamin D (usually found in association with Vitamin A) is present in large amounts in halibut-liver oil, cod-liver oil, other fish oils, and, to a lesser extent, in egg-yolk, milk, and cream. The halibut is a large fish found in the North Atlantic and Pacific waters. It sometimes attains the length of six feet, and weighs anything up to 600lb. Its liver contains about 40 per cent. of oil, and this oil is stated to possess between 75 and 125 times the Vitamin A activity of cod-liver oil.

Concentrates of this oil are on the market in Australia, but should be taken only under the supervision of a physician.

Sir Truby King, in the 1937 edition of his book, "Feeding and Care of Baby," writes: "Vitamin D controls the use of calcium and phosphorus in the body, and though there may be ample calcium and phosphorus in the food, they cannot be properly utilised without sufficient Vitamin D. Chiefly owing to the dilution of cow's milk in preparing it for baby-feeding, the amount of Vitamins A and D falls below the necessary level for the baby's needs. Deficiency of Vitamin D is one of the causes of dental caries."

"Vitamin D is supplied in two ways: by being present in the food, and by being manufactured inside the body by the action of direct sunlight on a substance in the fat under the skin. Remember that, whether naturally or artificially fed, direct sunlight on the skin is an absolute necessity for all babies."

Recent investigations have provided us with concentrates of many of the vitamins necessary for health. These concentrates contain many times the amount of the vitamins found in the original food sources.

They are valuable for clinical use, but should not be taken without medical supervision. Standardised cod-liver oil can be relied upon by the women of Australia for general use in the artificial feeding of their babies.

Cow's cream as a source of Vitamins A and D is unreliable. Every baby who is artificially fed should receive at least a teaspoonful a day of pure standardised cod-liver oil, or its equivalent in the form of an emulsion.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Do we need more vitamins during the winter months?

DURING the autumn and winter months, when the amount of sunshine and fresh air and exercise we get is necessarily less than in the summer, we need vitamins all the more to make up this deficiency.

Our daily diet, therefore, should include some milk, at least one egg, fresh vegetables both at lunch and

dinner, and either orange or lemon juice.

Carrots, a most popular food, in addition to vitamins A and C, are rich in "carotene," which is a source of vitamin A.

Carrots aid the complexion as well as general health, and are excellent as part of a reducing diet. They are best eaten raw.

In a salad, either mineral oil or olive oil may be used. It is claimed carrots even help to cure a cold.

All forms of meat and poultry have a high protein content, and all persons require protein in their daily diet.

It is not advisable, however, to eat meat more than twice a day, as the protein needs of the body can also be supplied from vegetables and other foods.

Cold storage meats, if properly treated, lose but little, if any, of their nutritive values.

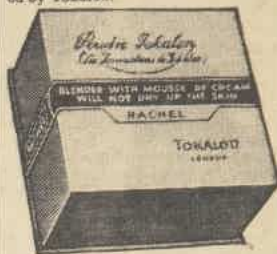
YOUR FUTURE!

What... Are my 1937 Prospects?
What... Lottery shall I be lucky in?
What is my lucky number and day?
Send P.N. 2/6 full Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope for Reading by World Famous "NARGE" Astrologer and Numerologist.
Dept. W. Box 4218V, G.P.O., Sydney

New Air-Floated Face Powder

Amazing Discovery of
Paris Beauty Chemist

Face powder ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible! Only powder that floats on air is collected for use. This is the amazing new process of a Paris Chemist—now adopted by Tokalon.



That is why Poudre Tokalon spreads so smoothly and evenly covering the skin with a thin almost invisible film of beauty. The result is a perfectly natural looking loveliness. So different from the old-fashioned heavy powders which only give a "made-up" look. And Poudre Tokalon still contains Mousse de Cream, which makes it cling to the skin for 8 hours. In the hottest restaurant your face will never need "touching-up" if you use Poudre Tokalon. At the end of a long evening's dancing your complexion will still be fresh and free from shine. Try a box to-day. 1/- and 2/-.

FREE. By special arrangement any woman who makes of this paper may obtain a box of Poudre Tokalon containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd., (Dept. 229H) 1, 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



—and with good reason—Rexona Soap's medicated lather cleanses deep down into the pores where waste matter accumulates causing muddy skin, blackheads, unsightly blemishes. By thoroughly cleansing the skin from all impurities, by soothing and by protecting against germs—Rexona will quickly bring your skin back to clear, glowing health. For blemishes that persist—use Rexona Ointment together with Rexona Soap and even the most painful irritations will be promptly relieved. The Rapid Healer destroys germs, heals quickly the tissues already affected, and leaves your skin smooth and healthy.



REXONA HAS WORKED WONDERS. YOUR SKIN IS BEAUTIFULLY CLEAR ALREADY.

Soap, 9d. Tablet, Ointment, 1/6 Tin. (City and Suburbs) 6/100.22

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the lower bowel. Cutting and surgery can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuum, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuum has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vacuum with this guarantee.

... Velvety-green, Well-kept LAWNS GIVE BEAUTY to the GARDEN

How to water and drain lawns... Hints on cutting, weeding, and top-dressing.

There is nothing more refreshing to the eye—there is nothing that gives greater beauty and charm to a garden than well-kept lawns.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

NO home garden of any reasonable size is complete without a lawn, which makes a perfect background of velvety-green for flowers, trees, and shrubs.

A successful lawn is one that has been well made in the first place.

One of the main essentials in lawn-making is good drainage. Constant application of water during summer months and heavy rains in winter make thorough drainage very necessary.

If arrangements are not made to carry away all surplus water, the lawn becomes sour and sloppy. This has a tendency to cause worms to appear on the lawn and disfigure it with little mounds of earth which they bring up during the night.

The watering of lawns should be also thoroughly understood. A thorough soaking, say, once or twice a week, according to weather conditions, is more beneficial than a constant daily sprinkle. Lawns should always be watered immediately after being cut.

The cutting of lawns should be done carefully and systematically—that is, never cut continually in the same direction. A more even surface can be kept by cutting different ways alternately.

Grass clippings should be left on the lawn unless, of course, the grass is too long, which would leave the lawn

in an unsightly condition. If the lawns are cut once each week regularly this would not happen.

Lawn clippings act as a mulch and assist the lawn in growth during the summer months.

Top dressing is usually carried out in the autumn and spring, and should be done with good, fine, well-sieved loamy soil, or well-decayed manure. The top dressing should not be put on thick, but rubbed well in with the back of the rake or a wooden scraper made for the purpose.

Lawns should be hand-weeded where necessary. Weeds such as paspalum, water-couch, dandelion, onion weed, oxalis, are deep rooters and should be hand-weeded.

Soft, shallow-rooted weeds such as winter grass, etc., can be easily checked with applications of sulphate of ammonia in liquid form made by using 2 ounces to every gallon of water, and watering the lawns with a water-can. This is done by using two lines three feet apart, watering the strip and changing one line over the other. By this method equal distribution is maintained and sulphate of ammonia being a tonic gives the grass that evergreen appearance.

For the eradication of worms on lawns use a weak liquid lime-water, watering the lawns in the same manner as already stated for sulphate of ammonia. This brings the worms immediately to the surface. Carter's worm cure is another excellent remedy.



PART OF THE BEAUTY of this garden is in its spacious, well-kept lawns, which harmonise perfectly with the cream exterior of the house.



DO YOU MEAN YOU
BOILED THESE CLOTHES
SO WHITE IN 2 MINUTES?

YES... BY THE
WONDERFUL
NEW RINSO
METHOD.

Here is the
RINSO 2-MINUTE
BOIL METHOD

One -

Make rich Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to the gallon). Put in the white clothes, rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks and soak for 30 minutes.



Two -

Bring to the boil and boil for TWO MINUTES ONLY...



Three -

Rinse thoroughly—and the clothes will be cleaner and whiter than by any other washing method!



New DOUBLE-QUICK method
gives cleaner, brighter wash

If you want a faster, easier, safer way to wash clothes... if you want to feel fresh when you've finished... if you want to save money on fuel... if you want a clothes line that will be the envy of all your neighbours... get Rinso and use it the up-to-date way.

Only 2 minutes boil with Rinso is all you need to get clothes

brilliantly white. Scientific tests and the experience of hundreds of thousands of housewives have proved it!

Why only RINSO will do Rinso's rich suds work by themselves while other suds only work when the soap is actually rubbed on the garment. That's why the 2-minute boil method is possible only with Rinso.

A LEVER
PRODUCT



WONDERFUL FOR WOOLLIES
... COLOURS AND SILKS, TOO
WASH THROUGH IN LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS

Make rich Rinso suds in lukewarm water and give woollens, silks and coloured things a few minutes' gentle run-through. Never rub—it isn't necessary with Rinso! That makes it so safe for dainty washing.

IMPROVING the SOIL in Your GARDEN

How To Build Up Sandy Soils and Break Down Heavy Clay Soils

NO two soils are exactly alike. Soils vary in character, and in land under cultivation the character of the soil

depends upon the treatment it has received from the gardener.

It is therefore necessary to understand the nature of the soil in your garden.

In its natural state, soil contains five classes of substances, namely: Mineral matter, organic matter, water, gases and bacteria. Mineral matter is that derived from rock, organic matter represents the remains chiefly of decaying vegetable matter, and is referred to as humus, the water is received from the air as in rain or artificial watering, and the gas enters the soil by diffusion from the air above.

All healthy soils contain bacteria or plant germs. It is necessary to have humus in all soils. In order to get the best possible results from plants, the original condition of ordinary soil generally requires improvement.

Various Benefits

HUMUS confers a variety of benefits upon the soil, it improves it generally for holding moisture, it loosens up stiff soil allowing air and water to enter, and it binds the particles of sandy soil. It gives a darker color which does not attract the heat of the sun to the same extent as the lighter sandy soil.

The use of plenty of farmyard manure, stable, fowl and pig manure, builds up the fertility of the soil and gives to the plants the necessary plant food required.

In making a garden the ground should be well trenched and heavily manured with thoroughly well-decayed manure. Always remember cow manure builds up and binds, and horse manure breaks down and loosens.

In gardens where the soil is naturally light and sandy, cow, pig or fowl manure will bind and close up, in heavy clay soils horse manure, leaf mould and bush scrapings, etc., will open and break down and make more friable.

Remember manure is a substance used to supply the necessary plant food to the soil, hence the addition of phosphatic and nitrogenous manures.

LET
Steele

MAKE
YOUR
POTS &
PANS
LIKE
NEW

WITH less rubbing it thoroughly cleans aluminium, and polishes it at the same time. Steele is good, too, for baths, basins, sinks and for cleaning gas stoves. You get 5 weeks' supply in a packet... 5 pence and special soap.



Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the Finger-tips, thanks to Frosol-loc, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosol-loc, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get at any chemist's, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-loc is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 129-134 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

ENTRIES in £500 RECIPE COMPETITION

Winners of Weekly Prizes In Various Sections

ENTER YOUR RECIPES NOW!

The recipes below, entries in our big £500 Recipe Competition, have been selected as the best for the week and are awarded cash prizes.

YOU will also find on this page prize list and conditions of the competition and entry coupons.

Send in your favorite recipes now. Simple dishes stand as much chance of winning a prize as the elaborate kind.

In addition you may win not only a big cash prize in the competition, but a weekly prize if your recipe is published on our best recipe page.

Cake Section

RAISIN FUDGE CAKE WITH ALMONDS

Half cup butter, 11 cups sifted brown sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins, 4oz. chocolate (melted), 1 cup hot water, 1 cup thick sour milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon powdered cloves, 2 egg-whites, 1-3 cup blanched almonds, and 2 tablespoons granulated sugar.

Beat butter to a cream and gradually work in the first measure of sugar. Beat yolks of eggs; beat in second measure of sugar, raisins and melted chocolate. Sift together flour and spices, add to first mixture alternately with water and sour milk; lastly fold in egg-whites, beaten very lightly. Turn into cake tin. Split almonds and press one edge of each half nut in the top of the cake. Sift sugar over the almonds and top of cake. Bake about 50 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. E. Campbell, Mon Repos, Palmwoods, N.S.W.

Pudding and Sweets Section

ECCLES JELLY

Two ounces currants, 2oz. sultanas, 2 tablespoons raisin wine, 1 pint lemon jelly, lemon juice, preserved citron, glace cherries, chopped almonds.

Soak the currants and sultanas in lemon juice for ten minutes. Cut citron into fancy shapes. Drain currants and sultanas dry. Pour some of lemon jelly into a fancy mould. When set, arrange citron in a pretty design. Put in a few cherries, cover with more jelly, and allow to set. Then put currants and sultanas in and some more jelly, allow to set, and repeat till mould is full. Serve in a glass dish with chopped almonds sprinkled over.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Hunt, 16 Mozart St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Jam Section

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM

Six pounds vegetable marrow, rind and juice of 3 lemons, 3oz. bruised ginger, 6lb. preserving sugar.

Cut marrow into 1-inch cubes. Place in bowl alternate layers of marrow and sugar, leave in a cool place for 24 hours.

Put into preserving pan and bring to the boil, add juice of lemons and rind and ginger tied in a muslin bag. Boil rapidly for 30 minutes, skimming when necessary. To test, put a little of liquid on a saucer. When cool, the jam should set to a jelly. Bottle, and when cold seal tightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bakke, 29 Herbert St., South Plympton, S.A.

PRICKLY PEAR JELLY

Quantity of prickly pears, sugar, water.
Cut fruit in halves and to every 4lb. of fruit cover with 1½ pints of water, boil until fruit is well mashed up, and strain through cheese-cloth. To every pint of juice add 1lb. sugar, boil 45 minutes or until jellied.
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Hayes, Alkaringa Rd., Gympie Bay, N.S.W.

Economical Dinner Section

MENU

Vegetable Soup, Steak and Bacon Casserole, Jam Pudding.
Soup: 3d. soup bones, 3d. soup vegetables, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons barley, 1 teaspoon sage, little pepper.
Put bones just covered with water on to boil, add grated vegetables, barley, sage, salt and pepper. Boil 4 or 5 hours, add 10 rolls in casserole and cook in oven for 1½ hours.

Steak and Bacon Casserole: 1lb. stewing steak, 4 slices bacon, salt, and pepper.
Cut steak into squares, roll pieces of bacon into the squares and fasten with toothpick. Fry nice brown and place in casserole dish. Make nice brown gravy, season with little pepper and salt, add 10 rolls in casserole and cook in oven for 1½ hours.

Jam Pudding: 1 large tablespoon butter (or nice dripping), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon any jam, 1 cup plain flour, 1 small teaspoon baking soda, ½ cup milk.
Mix butter and sugar to cream, add egg, then jam and flour (sifted), and lastly milk, with carb. soda dissolved in it. Steam 2½ hours.

2/6 to Miss F. Travers, 23 Dandenong Rd., Armadale, Vic.

MENU

Cream Soup, Steak, Roasted and Stuffed, Green Peas, Potatoes, Rhubarb Velouté.

Cream Soup: ½ cup butter, 1 large carrot, ½ cup water, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper, and a little cream and parsley.

Cut up carrots into melted butter, add salt, pepper, and water, and cook for 1 hour. Add milk, reheat and thicken with a little flour. Just before serving, add the cream and parsley.

Steak Roasted and Stuffed: Use 1lb. steak 1 or lean ham, 2 oz. rind of half a lemon, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon mixed sweet herbs, 1 oz. breadcrumbs and 1 egg.
Cut steak rather thin, sprinkle with pepper and salt, then lay on stuffing made as follows: Chop ham, rind, lemon rind, parsley, and sweet herbs, add seasoning, breadcrumbs, and egg well beaten. Spread stuffing over steak, roll up, tie firmly, roast 1 hour or longer, basting often. Serve with green peas and roast potatoes.

Rhubarb Velouté: 1lb. rhubarb, 8 oz. sugar, 1 oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour.
Prepare and slice rhubarb then weigh it. Put into top of double boiler with sugar. Cover and stand in pan of hot water and cook till tender. Then turn into colander and let juice which should make ½ pint drain into basin. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and when blended stir in rhubarb juice gradually. Bring to boil, keep stirring and boil few minutes. Then cool mixture and mix with the drained whole rhubarb. Serve with cream or curd.

2/6 to Mrs. V. Potter, Llangollen, Cassilis, N.S.W.

How to Win Part of That £500!

THERE are four main sections in The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Recipe Competition. Prizes will be awarded as under:

1. Best Cake Recipe

First Prize, £100.

Second Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake, plain or fancy.

2. Economical Dinner

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes in this section may provide for either two or three course dinners, sufficient for a family of four. Recipes for each dish should be given. Points will be awarded for economy of planning.

3. Pudding or Sweets Dish

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding or sweets dish is eligible.

4. Jam, Jelly, Preserved Fruits

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

COMPETITION RULES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Four coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Entries submitted are eligible for the weekly prizes of £1 and 2/6 that will be awarded until the £500 competition closes.

Write your recipe or letter clearly on one side of the paper only, in ink or typed. Not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

Give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons and teaspoons; not rounding, heaping, or scant measurements.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. Directions must be clear, complete, and readable.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers, please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

You Must Use These Coupons

YOU MUST cut out these coupons and pin one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

14/8/37

3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Is this your own recipe?.....

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

14/8/37

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

14/8/37

4. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

14/8/37

REMEMBER—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 1.

This Week

CELERY DISHES

Here are some really delicious ways of using celery. The recipes have been sent in by our readers and selected as this week's special cooking subject.

EACH week in this section our cookery expert selects a popular subject from recipes submitted by readers and a prize of 2/6 each is awarded for every recipe published. So send in your favorite dish now. It may be worth money to you.

CELERY PICKLE

One head of S.A. celery (mine weighed 4lb. 2oz.), 1lb. white onions, ½ cup plain flour, 1lb. sugar, 2 pints vinegar, 1 teaspoon every powder, 2 large teaspoons mustard, ½ teaspoon cayenne, 1oz. turmeric (more or less to taste), salt.

Wash celery and peel onions. Cut onions up and cut celery into small round pieces. Cut up all the tops with parsley, salt down and cover with boiling water. Allow to stand all night. Put in brine for 10 minutes and strain. Put vinegar and sugar into pan and heat. When well heated, add vegetable and boil for 10 minutes more. Mix all dry ingredients with cold sugar and add to vegetable. Boil for another 10 minutes. The celery should be on the crisp side when finished.

2/6 to Mrs. J. M. Turner, 105 Botham St., East Melbourne, Ct.

SAVORY CELERY.

Wash and cut 1 head celery into pieces about 1 inch long. Put into a saucepan with 1 rascher of soaked bacon, 1 onion, and 1 pint of stock or water, and cook gently till tender. Strain. Melt 1 dessertspoonful of butter in a saucepan and stir in 1 dessertspoon of flour till smooth. Cook 1 minute, add liquid, stir till boiling, and cook 3 minutes. Add celery, onion and chopped bacon. Put in pimiento, sprinkle lightly with crisp breadcrumbs, and little grated cheese. Place in a hot oven till heated through and a light brown on top.

2/6 to Mrs. T. M. Canfield, 9 Albion Terrace, East Brunswick, Vic.

CELERY BISCUITS.

Make a crumb crust as follows: Take a loaf of stale bread and cut off every particle of crust. Place 1lb. in weight of celery stalks (green and white) in 1½ pints of milk and boil till very tender with 6oz. butter, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 satupoon cayenne pepper.

When cooked rub through sieve over breadcrumbs and let it soak for a few minutes, mix it up well. Beat up 4 eggs and add to bread mixture, and bake in greased tin with straight sides. Have a piece of grease paper the size of tin at the bottom to prevent sticking. Bake in a slow oven until quite firm. When cold turn out on strips of paper, cut in thin slices in diamond shape. Dip each one in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs and grated cheese, and bake until a nice brown in a quick oven.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Little, 104 Lambert Street, Bathurst, N.S.W.

CELERY SOUFFLE

Half pound white celery, ½ pint milk, 1 egg-whisk, some chopped parsley, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, seasoning, 2 or 3 eggs.
Prepare celery carefully, using only white part. Cut it in small pieces and put it into a saucepan with milk, egg-whisk, parsley and summer slowly until tender. Then strain off 1 gill of milk and rub celery with remainder of liquid through a fine wire sieve. Melt butter in saucepan, add gill of milk and flour and stir until mixture leaves sides of pan. Now add celery puree, grated cheese, yolk of egg, seasoning and mix well. Beat up whites to a stiff froth and stir in very lightly at the last. Pour mixture into a greased soufflé dish and bake in a good oven about 20 minutes until well risen and firm to the touch.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Doney, Gilha Rd., Girraween, N.S.W.

CURRIED CELERY FRITTERS

Wash and clean a head of celery. Cut into pieces 2 inches long. Cook in salted water till tender, but not broken. Drain well, preserving the liquor in which it has been boiled.
When celery is cold, dip each piece in sauce made from the celery stock and flavoured with 1 dessertspoon curry powder and few grains of cayenne. Then dip each piece of celery in good frying batter and fry in hot fat till golden brown. Drain well. Serve on hot dish with cocktail sticks stuck in them. Sprigs of parsley to garnish.

2/6 to Mrs. Pease, 19 Council St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.



Order a packet from your grocer to-day!

"HULLO, LITTLE WIFE! YOU KNOW, DARLING, I ALWAYS SAY THAT YOU'RE A WIFE IN A MILLION. BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING IN THIS WORLD YOU HAVEN'T DONE FOR ME — YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME KELLOGG'S NEW WHOLE-WHEAT BISCUITS FOR BREAKFAST! ALL THE FELLOWS AT THE OFFICE SAY THAT NOTHING CAN TOUCH THEM FOR CRISPNESS, AND THAT RICH WHOLE-WHEAT FLAVOUR'S A KNOCKOUT!"

Everyone knows how nourishing whole wheat is, and Kellogg's new Whole Wheat Biscuits put a real little dynamo of energy into every one at breakfast time.

MUSHROOM

Many are the delicious ways in which these fairy-like edibles that magically spring up overnight can be served

MUSHROOMS as a food are in a class of their own, and are quite different to any other kind of vegetable.

Actually, the mushroom is a fungus containing a high percentage of nitrogenous matter, but with an absence of starch.

THE flavor of mushrooms is rare and delicate, and they give appetising zest to soups, stews, and grills. As a dish on their own they are amazingly popular, too.

The small variety generally bought in tins are termed champignons, and are useful as a garnish for a lot of dishes. They have a more delicate flavor than the larger ones.

MUSHROOM SOUP

Three pints stock, 1 lb. mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 2oz. plain flour, 3 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne, croutons.

Melt butter in large saucepan, add mushrooms. Cook till juice begins to flow, add stock, and simmer till mushrooms are tender. Rub through a sieve. Return to clean saucepan. Add blended flour and seasoning. Cook for 2 minutes after it boils. Add cream just before serving. Serve with toasted or dried croutons.

MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN

One pound fresh mushrooms, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 dessertspoons flour, 5 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons sherry, a little grated nutmeg, pepper to taste.

Cut off tips of mushroom stalks. Wash mushrooms and dry on a cloth. Melt butter in frying pan; add mushrooms, salt, and pepper. Cook for 10 minutes, tossing lightly. Lift out mushrooms with a fish slice and place in a warm spot on a hot dish. Add flour to butter in the frying pan; mix; pour in milk, cream, cayenne, and nutmeg. Stir until it boils and thickens; add sherry. Then, when hot, add mushrooms. Cook 8 minutes, stirring gently. Turn into fireproof baking dish. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Dab with pieces of butter; reheat. Serve with grilled steak or cold veal.

STEAK AND MUSHROOMS

Steak, mushrooms, butter, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley. Wash and peel mushrooms, melt butter in a saucepan, add mushrooms, and cook slowly till soft. Season with salt and cayenne.

Grill the steak in usual way. Place on a hot meatdish. Pour over the hot mushrooms. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

MUSHROOM KETCHUP

Seven pounds mushrooms, 1 lb. salt.

Mushrooms intended for this purpose should be gathered on a dry day. If damp ketchup will not keep. Wipe with a cloth. Put into earthenware jar with salt between layers. Cover, stand in warm place two days, then mash and strain off all juice. To each quart liquid add 1oz. peppercorns, 1oz. cloves, 1oz. root ginger, 1oz. allspice, cayenne. Add to mushrooms. Stand jar in boiling water, simmer for 1 hour. Strain into bottles. Cork down and store in cool, dry place.

MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

Mushrooms, butter, salt, cayenne, rounds of buttered toast.

Wash mushrooms, peel and remove tip of stalk, sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and brush with melted butter. Place on griller and grill till tender, and place in hot frying pan and fry till soft. Have the toast hot, buttered, and crusts removed. Arrange mushrooms on the toast and serve at once.

All Recipes Tested in Our Own Kitchen

Delights

By RUTH FURST

Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



FRIED MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms, 1oz. butter, salt, buttered toast.

Remove stalks from mushrooms and peel tops. Wash thoroughly. Place in colander and allow to drain well. Melt butter in a frying pan, add mushrooms, and allow to cook slowly for 1 hour, covered with a lid. Add salt to taste, arrange slices of hot buttered toast on hot meatdish. Place spoonful of mushrooms on each slice and serve at once.

STEWED MUSHROOMS

One pound mushrooms, butter, 1 cup stock, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, salt, cayenne, parsley.

Peel, stalk, and wash mushrooms. Put into saucepan with stock and simmer gently till tender, but not broken. Add blended flour. Cook for two minutes longer. Season with salt and cayenne. Serve in hot entree dish, garnished with sippets of toast, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

MACARONI AND MUSHROOMS

Two cups macaroni, 1 lb. mushrooms, 3 cups white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, lean bacon rashers, paprika.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Wash and peel mushrooms. Put stems and peelings in a saucepan with 3 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon butter. Simmer with lid on for 15 minutes. Saute mushroom caps in butter for 5 minutes. Drain water from macaroni. Add white sauce, cheese, and mushroom stock, which has been strained. Season well with paprika, salt and pepper. Turn into a greased casserole dish. Place strips of bacon across top of inverted mushroom caps. Place under griller or in hot oven until bacon is cooked.

PRAWNS AND MUSHROOMS

Eighteen prawns, 1 lb. mushrooms, 2 cups white sauce, paprika.

Shell prawns and remove that little black thread in them. Place 3 or 4 in individual dishes, which have been well greased. Saute some washed and drained mushrooms in butter and place about three in each dish. Cover with a good white sauce, which has been well seasoned. Sprinkle the top with paprika and place a whole mushroom on each one. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; place a little butter on each, and cook for a few minutes under the griller or in a hot oven.

CASSEROLE OF MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms, butter, salt, cayenne. Wash and peel mushrooms. Pack hollow side up into a well-greased casserole dish. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Pour over some melted butter. Cover with lid. Bake in a quick oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked, or on a hot dish in border of mashed potato.



MUSHROOMS LEND THEMSELVES to a variety of delicious dishes for lunches, dinners, and suppers, in which they may be used either as the main ingredient or as a flavoring.

STEAK AND MUSHROOM FUDGING

Steak, flour, pepper and salt, mushrooms, suet crust, water.

Cut steak into small pieces. Mix flour, pepper, and salt then roll steak well in the flour. Wash, peel, and chop the mushrooms.

Make suet crust. Cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece and line greased basin. Put in steak and mushrooms in layers, piling high in the centre. Pour in a little water. Cover with smaller piece. Cover with floured cloth, tying down firmly. Plunge into boiling water. Boil for 2 1/2 hours, according to size. Remove from water, take cloth off carefully. Stand basin on hot dish and pin a serviette round.

CREAMED MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon butter, level tablespoon plain flour, 1 pint milk, squares of toasted bread, hard-boiled egg, salt, cayenne, cooked peas.

Wash and peel mushrooms. Chop and put into saucepan with milk and cook till soft. Melt butter in another saucepan. Add flour. Drain liquid from mushrooms, add it to butter and flour. Stir over heat till thick, then add the chopped mushrooms with salt and cayenne. Pile on the buttered toast. Garnish with slice of egg and surround with cooked peas. Reheat and serve at once.



You call it **CRANKINESS** -
but the Doctor calls it
FAULTY ELIMINATION



Take faulty elimination seriously. It means much more than mere constipation. It means that those vital cleansing organs, the kidneys and liver, as well as the bowels, are failing in their work!—are not cleansing the blood stream properly! Small wonder that children turn "cranky" when they are partly poisoned. . . .

Impurities which are not removed from the blood stream have a dangerous effect on body, mind—and character. At the first warnings, such as sluggishness, irritability, or downright crankiness, remember that the cleanser is needed which restores to normal, kidneys and liver, as well as bowels. The only complete and sure treatment is a course of genuine Laxettes. Nothing else is "just as good." And kiddies are always eager for the delicious chocolate taste of Laxettes!

All chemists and storekeepers stock them. 1/6 the large tin, 6d. the sample tin. WARNING: Unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES RECTIFY FAULTY ELIMINATION

"I WAS A NERVOUS WRECK"

New Plymouth, Taranaki, N.Z.
 "About four years ago I was a nervous wreck through working long hours in the bush. I couldn't sleep much, and when I did, I woke frequently trembling all over. A friend recommended your Tonic, of which I took half a bottle. Since then I have had no nervous reactions, thanks to your nerve and brain tonic. My father has been using it for the past few weeks, after my recommending it. He has been a sufferer from indigestion for years, and since he has been taking Clements Tonic he says he feels much better, and that nothing else he's tried has benefited him as your Tonic." (Mr.) V.A.H.

CLEMENTS OUTDOES ALL OTHER TONICS

Mascot, N.S.W., 8/3/37.
 "I was very ill and a friend of mine advised me to take Clements Tonic, so I thought I would give it a trial, and it has kept me in good health since I have been taking it. I will always keep it in the house and would advise others to give it a trial. No other tonic acts as Clements. Give it a fair go. It outdoes all others and makes you feel young and fit for work. I also give it to my daughter. Since taking it she hasn't looked back." (Mrs.) M.T.

MONEY BACK

or if you don't benefit from taking CLEMENTS TONIC FLAVOURED. If you don't get immediate benefit from taking the first bottle of Clements Tonic Flavoured within 14 days of purchase, or if you don't like it—return the nearly empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 35 Bligh Street, Sydney, and your purchase money, plus postage, will be immediately refunded to you. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or money back.

CLEMENTS FLAVOURED TONIC IDEAL FOR CHILDREN



NOTHING IS SO SAFE AND GOOD FOR CHILDREN AS CLEMENTS Tonic. Until now, the right tonic for children has always been a problem for mothers, unless it has been "nice to take." Clements Tonic with its delicious fruity flavour overcomes the difficulty for all time. Already grateful mothers tell us the excellent results of Clements Tonic Flavoured with their children. The reason, of course, is that Clements Tonic feeds the young body with mineral compounds in medicinal proportions—iron to make rich red blood, build strength and improve the appetite, phosphorus to feed the nervous system and calcium to feed and strengthen the bones and teeth.

You will have no difficulty in getting your children to take Clements Tonic. They are sure to say, "It's lovely to take!" and you know it is absolutely "safe."



WHY THE BLOOD STREAM IS YOUR LIFE FORCE

Your blood stream is a vast network and largely composed of millions of red corpuscles, and these represent your "life force." The work of these red corpuscles is to absorb oxygen from the lungs and transport the "oxygen energy" throughout the body. But red corpuscles can only absorb and carry oxygen if they have a certain content of iron.

When you burn up mental and physical energy by overwork, worry or lack of proper food, the red corpuscles get short of iron, and cannot do their work properly. That's why you feel tired, run-down, nervous and out-of-sorts.

This is when you should start taking Clements Tonic without delay, in order to avoid more serious troubles. Clements Tonic contains iron compound in medicinal quantities in order to feed the red corpuscles and get these little "transport workers" in your blood back to work. Clements Tonic also contains phosphates that provide a food for the nerves, and this, in combination with other mineral ingredients, is why a bottle or two of Clements Tonic soon "puts new life into you."

Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and of all Chemists and Stores. 5/- a bottle (plain or flavoured).



BUSINESS MEN CANNOT AFFORD NERVES

CLEMENTS—The Quality Tonic!

Clements Tonic has been the Australian family stand-by for nearly fifty years. During that time millions and millions of bottles of this wonderful blood and nerve food have been sold, and thousands of letters received from grateful users.

Clements Tonic is made to the high standard of the British Pharmacopoeia by highly-qualified chemists of the greatest pharmaceutical organization in Australia. Thus the standard of Clements Tonic never varies. Clements Tonic is a blood and nerve food containing phosphates, iron sulphate, calcium and quinine in medicinal proportions. It is safe for young and old.

Clements Tonic Flavoured in the orange, green and blue carton and label, containing the same ingredients as the Plain, is for children and people with sensitive palates.



The famous original plain Clements Tonic in its familiar red, green and blue carton and label is still available for the many thousands who prefer a tonic with a "tang."

CLEMENTS TONIC

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SEPARATELY.

THE *Happy* VAGABOND

*By Margaret Fane and
Hilary Lofting*



COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

THE HAPPY VAGABOND

By Margaret Fane and Hilary Lofting



It was evident that, even for the highly exclusive community known as the Delamore Golf Club, something unusually important was in process. The parking paddock behind the professional's shop was full; a number of impatient-looking saddles - horses glared from the railing of the new paddock; a couple of ornamental buggies glittered in the shade of the big gum-tree; even the Delamore motor-bus was languishing in the midday glare.

The event that had brought all these careless, ornamental people together was obviously over. The golf-course was empty, save for three old gentlemen putting on the eighteenth green and a groundsman in the distance. The steward was trying hard to work out some way of lurching twenty tables in a room built to accommodate twelve; at the back of his harassed mind he looked forward to the end of the day with fervent gratitude that the final of the Raven Cup was not played off every day of the week.

In the big semicircular corner of the verandah a very special morning tea-party was being held, with the beautiful Miss Torrance as hostess. On the flower-decked table, in the place of honor, the Raven Cup twinkled out of a cloud of asparagus fern; Miss Torrance's half-dressed guests were obviously very sensible of the honor of taking their morning-tea round the sacred cup. All save one—a young man leaning against the verandah rail a little apart from the group round the table, a distinctly bored expression in his elfin eyes. This expression was surprising; not only was the young man this year's winner of the famous Raven Cup, but he was also the fiance of Miss Elaine Torrance, the much more famous Melbourne beauty.

Her blue eyes rested coldly for a moment on this young man's face. "You look bored, Michael," she said. "Does fame pall so soon? Think of your name and prowess in all this evening's newspapers and all to-morrow morning's. And come over here and have a cake for being such a clever little golfer."

Michael's eyes smiled, a shadowy little crinkle starting into life at the corner of each; but there was a worried, a half-puzzled listlessness behind the smile.

"Haven't you got anything simpler?" he asked. "Some plain bread and butter, or something like that?"

She glanced up at him, the beginning of a frown between her fascinating eyes. "Of course I haven't any bread and butter, Michael. Don't be absurd."

A tall man at the other side of the table clicked his heels together and bowed abruptly; his effusive eyes seemed to flash defiance at Michael. "How shall there be anything but sweetness on the table, mistress," he said, "with all the sweetness in the world at the head of it?"

The frown became a conscious smile, and

the tired look flickered into Michael's face again.

"Perhaps you're right, de Frontenac. You try one of the cakes, then."

The heels clicked again, and the sudden bow followed. "With all my heart," de Frontenac protested, taking the largest, most bilious-looking cake, while Miss Torrance's conscious smile seemed to gurgle.

Michael glanced at the two faces and put down his tea-cup. "Do you mind walking home, Elaine?" he asked. "We can just manage it by lunch-time."

"Yes, if you insist. But it's hot, and there's the car, and—"

"De Frontenac can use the car, and tell Willard about all the sweetness in the world. I'd like a word with you, if you have the time."

She rose, a definite chill in her manner now. "Certainly. As the hero of the day I'm sure you've earned that. I hope you'll like it."

Really unconscious of the awed, admiring glances of the scattered groups of members, he waited for her by the entrance, feeling the rich sunshine soaking into him.

She came down the steps, and he joined her, falling into step with her as they walked round the drive to the gates. The admiring glances followed them until they turned out of the gateway and vanished.

"There's something on your mind, Michael," she said in the road, "something which doesn't improve your manners. Is it de Frontenac?"

A sudden vision of the over-dressed Frenchman trying to be an Australian sportsman made him laugh. "Good lord, no," he told her.

Recording the laugh in her memory, she turned her fascinating eyes towards him, the cold smile stirring in their depths. "Is it me, then?"

"Partly you—and partly something else."

"We'll begin with me. Anything wrong with me?"

He looked at the rich embodiment of beauty beside him, the hair like spun gold, the Viking blue eyes, the upright, heroic body. She seemed the very type of the land that had so haunted him about the world, the pallid, outer world.

"No, nothing wrong with you, of course. I was wondering if you could—"

"Yes?" she prompted in the pause. "If I could—"

"Listen, Elaine. I won the cup to-day because I wanted it for you, to balance a letter I got this morning—a letter from home." The crinkle hovered beside his eyes as he turned and looked at her. "I don't suppose it's going to make any serious difference, but—well, it is, as you said, on my mind."

Some unusual seriousness in his flippant manner made her fine face grave. "Tell me," she said. "Have things gone wrong at home, Michael?"

"Yes, Uncle David, my trustee, has been buying dud stock in the war-time jamboree they are having over there. It's better to tell you at once; my income from the business has vanished."

She caught her breath and glanced at him from the corners of her eyes.

"The whole of your income?"

"Yes. There's something like a thousand pounds of the capital left, which he has paid into my Melbourne bank by this mail. There was eight hundred or so there already . . ."

She waited, but he said nothing more. "Do you mean that this £1000 is all the money you have in the world?"

"Yes, Elaine."

He, too, waited, his ears keen for the tones of her voice and his face very grave. She stopped in the road and faced him.

"You are a beggar, then, compared with yourself last month?"

"Not entirely," he said, ignoring the hard edge that he had expected in her voice.

"Old David offers me a sort of managership of his own business—to go in and earn it, drawing a manager's salary all the time until I can be the manager."

"A good salary?"

"Two thousand a year." He ignored the hard edge again, and the sudden brightness with which she turned her eyes up to his.

"That would be all right, Michael. We could have a little flat in London, and do some entertaining. Perhaps the salary would improve . . ."

A FUGITIVE vision of the white gum trees marching into the Delamore fairway crossed his mind. "You are somebody, you know, with your war record, and—"

"You don't know Uncle David, Elaine. A certain heaviness had crept into his tones. "He letter only just apologises for cutting the ground permanently from under my feet, and the rest of it is full of sanctimonious protest that he can't see his dear dead sister's boy in want or cast adrift. So he and his fellow-directors have fixed up this charity stunt for me."

"Well? I think it was very kind of them."

He looked at her, but made no comment on her remark. "We should get that sort of thing from him whenever we saw him, and I should get it every day and all day in the office. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I thought of taking this money that's left and borrowing some more from old David and putting it into Willard's place here—he wants a young man as partner, he said, having no sons or relations. In that way we could stay in Australia—"

"Buy a share in a small station and bury myself in Australia? I wouldn't think of it." There was no want of definition in her attitude now. "Why, it's to get out of Australia that I want—that's why I— Can't you see, Michael, that I should be buried permanently in this twopenny-half-penny place of Willard's? I couldn't—"

"Not if it were my dearest wish, saving your presence, to stay in Australia?" His voice had regained its habitual note of flippant irony, but no smile crinkled the corners of his grave eyes. "Don't you see, my dear girl, that—"

"I see one thing very clearly, Michael,

That you have made up your mind to stay here, and that that means that you are demanding your freedom. Very well. You shall have it." She slipped off her glove and handed him her engagement ring. "Perhaps some other lady—" she said, and walked up the steps of the Willards' verandah and through the doorway without looking back.

He found himself at the garage door as the big gong for lunch boomed through the house behind him. Lunch . . . all those faces round the table . . . he stared blankly at the man cleaning down the car that had taken them to Delamere, to his empty triumph in the Raven Cup. His motor bike . . . a long hard run, all out, under the sunshine . . .

"Will you see that a message is taken to Mr. Willard," he said to the man, "a message to say that I can't face lunch—that I have a headache?"

"Very good, sir," the man replied, thinking it was queer how a man's face could change in a few hours.

THE air was good. Its hard Australian definition braced and steadied him, as the need for keenness and concentration in driving at this terrific pace swept everything else out of his mind. Happily the road was good; mile after mile shot past him in a sort of steady rhythm which had an even sanity, an effortless quietude, that soothed and inspired. His eyes watched the road and the bends, and the engine throbbed and boomed beneath him; the clumps of trees, the outposts of the bush, showed first as shrubs, swelled suddenly, and suddenly vanished behind him. That was all—all there was in the world.

One other thing there was: a deep, hard rut in a stretch of the road running to a sharp bend in a hollow. Providence drove his front wheel into this rut, and there he stuck, he going all out on a high-powered motor-bicycle. The impact of the sudden cessation of demoniacal speed swept him over the handle bars and threw him, a huddled heap, beside the deserted road. Here a swooning darkness shot with fire enveloped him on the instant, and the huddled heap was still.

Dusk had fallen when the heap stirred and rose with difficulty to its feet, disclosing itself a bloodstained, haggard man, awaying gently at first, but gradually steadying enough to take stock of his whereabouts.

Was that a light through the trees, that faint glimmer below the bend?

He found walking as difficult as standing, but somehow he made his way toward the flickering, beckoning gleam. It seemed to be some distance into the bush; he had stumbled to the edge of the bend and over a faint track before he came to the clearing where the light revealed itself as a fire, a comfortable-looking fire crackling merrily against the background of the dusk.

Michael paused and stood swaying vaguely on the rim of the firelit circle. How quiet and somehow real this looked . . . A caravan, like the gipsies' horse-drawn houses of childhood memory; an old horse grazing in the shadows; a man bending over a violin, crooning to it while he played "Annie Laurie" as if there were nothing in the world but sweet Annie Laurie; and a girl, a little girl of perhaps twelve, who leaned towards the fire watching a billy. The firelight caressed her hair and her watching eyes, making the clearing and the cosy circle seem like home—that was it; it was home. The father at his violin and the daughter making his tea, the day's work or wandering done. The last faint echoes faded into the

silence, and the man put down his violin and stood up, the troubled pallor in his eyes changing to concern as he saw Michael's head and face.

"You're hurt; you've had an accident," he said. "Rosa, bring me some water and a towel, quickly." She took her eyes from Michael's face and slipped up the steps of the caravan as he reached the fire and subsided suddenly on the rug. "You have a . . . he heard the man say, but thinly, as if he were speaking from a distance. Suddenly the fire and the murmuring dusk vanished. . . .

But only for a moment. As the tin dish and towel appeared beside him he came to again. "I'm sorry," he said. "You looked so happy here. I shouldn't have disturbed you."

"Put your head down," the girl said. "I believe you've been fighting."

"No, not fighting. My bike found a rut like a steel trap and threw me—"

"Stop talking," she told him. "How do you think I can do your chin if it's wagging all the time. Daddy, will you bring me the plaster and the ointment, please?"

"There, now," she went on when the two strips of plaster were in place. "Now you can smoke or sit and think while I get your supper and go on with ours."

She took the billy off, and began a little murmuring song as she busied herself with cups and plates—a foolish, jangling song—

Here's Tommy Tucker,
Sings for his supper
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter.

Michael lit a cigarette and sat watching her hovering in and out of the firelight.

How can we marry him
Without a wife?
Here's Tommy Tucker. . . .

The meal over, he and the man brought his bicycle into the camp, and dried the plates and cups she had washed.

"Bring our guest a rug, Rosa, dear, please. He'll want to sleep soon, after the shock of his spill."

"Tommy Tucker's rug? Certainly, Daddy."

Michael looked into the fire and smiled his radiant smile, the shadowy crinkle coming and going beside his eyes.



DAYBREAK had become dawn before he got the fire properly lit. He looked up from it to the man's pale eyes watching him. "You are early, Mister . . ."

The crinkles flickered suddenly beside the elfin smile.

"Tucker, Thomas Tucker, I think Rosa said was my name."

"Mr. Tucker," the man added, laughing gently; "you are early. The tinkers are not too bad at early rising, but you beat us, Mr. Tucker."

"Tinkers?"

"Yes." He sat down, throwing twigs on the fire, and looking thoughtfully at them. "We are tinkers, you know, going from house to house—in the tradition of tinkers. Gerrard is our name."

Tommy Tucker was lost in thought for a moment.

"I don't know anything about tinkering," he said; "but I'm a fairly good vet, and"—he paused to think for a moment—"I can

tune pianos—I suppose there would be a good many pianos in the country districts. Could you put up with me for a few days, Mr. Gerrard?"

"Of course we could, Mr. Tucker." Rosa brought the billy and set it on the fire.

"Good morning, Tommy Tucker," she chanted. "How are your aches and pains?"

"Mr. Tucker is joining us for a few days, my dear. He is a vet and a piano-tuner."

"Good! But that doesn't mean that he'll be let off singing for his supper every evening, does it?"

Tommy Tucker laughed. "Why, no. I'll sing for my breakfast, if you like."

"Let's make him sing for every meal, Daddy. Then the whole camp will be working; he might not get a piano to tune or a sick animal to make well every day, is it a go, Tommy Tucker?"

"It's a go." He smiled down at her brown, keen face. "My aches and pains are gone, but it's hard to sing with a stiff face. Do you insist?"

"Insist," she said peremptorily. "I know more about those cuts than you do. Sing."

Presently "Bols Epais" came, stealing creeping on the silence, the soft phrases filling the morning. Michael's head voice soared up and drooped in the final silence, making an ineffable sweetness of sound like a bloom on the quietude. Rosa watched him hungrily; his voice stripped all the gallant, dominating bonhomie from her, leaving the child a still, listening figure without any consciousness save that of the sounds he made. When he had done she sighed.

"Oh, Tommy Tucker, brown bread and butter will never pay for that, I'm afraid."

A momentary gravity banished his smile.

"Plain bread and butter is the best payment for anything, I think."

Three more dawns and dusks had gone when in a new rosy circle of firelight Mr. Gerrard put down his violin and looked at Tommy Tucker.

"You like the life, don't you, Mr. Tucker?"

"Yes. I hadn't dreamed that there was such a life."

"Nor I, when Rosa and I began it." He took the cigarette that Tommy offered him. "My bad health was the cause of our beginning it—that and my eyes. Rosa's mother had been dead for some years, and I got careless about my health, with no one to look after me. I found that I couldn't see as well, that the figures in the ledger were often blurred. So I went to the doctor, and he was very grave about me and my chances of being able to see at all soon."

He paused and flicked the cigarette ash into the fire. Tommy waited in silence.

"Since then we have spent all my savings on doctors and oculists and hospitals, and my eyes are steadily growing worse."

Part of the general treatment is to keep out in the open air and live as much like a primitive man as I can, and so we started this. I knew enough about tinkering to make it possible, and here we are."

"Is there no hope for your eyes?"

"Only an impossible one. You see, Mr. Tucker, we are really caught here now. So much has gone in the effort of getting this life of the open air that now there is nothing else. Rosa"—he glanced over at the figure of the child sitting gravely knitting at the other side of the fire—"has had no education since she was practically a baby. This is no life for her at her age; she should be at a good boarding-school instead of roughing it about the country roads with me, living the life of a tinker. In five or six years she'll be grown up . . ."

His voice faded away, and he sat staring into the fire. Tommy sat in silence for

a long moment before he stirred, flicking his cigarette butt into the darkness beyond the caravan.

"What is that impossible hope for your eyes?" he asked. "You seem to be telling me that you are going blind."

"I am going blind . . . and the hope is quite impossible."

"What is it?"

"A treatment called the Paravane Cure. It means an operation and months of observation by the specialist, and its cost will be at least two hundred and fifty pounds." He sighed, and his pale eyes seemed to shine at the thought of an impossible boon, a lifelong blessing within sight and yet far beyond his reach. "Which is, of course, as absurd as to hope for a decent education and environment for Rosa."

"This is urgent, this Paravane treatment?"

"Oh, yes, it's urgent," he said wearily; "but that doesn't make it possible. In a year or less I shall be stone blind, Dr. Savage says. Blind," he repeated, all the weariness in the world in his voice, "blind."

The Australian night stirred gently under a wandering breeze. So rich and full of sumptuous life, Michael thought; and here, at its heart, in a small, firelit circle in the trees, a man going blind. Never to see the night or the day again. Tommy uncrossed his legs and smiled.

"I have some money," he said, "and I like this life. In a fortnight you could teach me all the rough tinkering I should be likely to need. Will you sell me the caravan and horse, and the goodwill, for seven hundred and fifty pounds—half for the Paravane treatment and half for Rosa's schooling?"

Mr. Gerrard's vague eyes opened wide in indignant amazement.

"Certainly not," he said sharply. "The whole turnout is not worth twenty pounds. Isn't it getting near bedtime, Rosa, my dear?"

"Not yet," Tommy put in before she could reply. "And don't be angry. Will you let me lend you the money?"

"Certainly not," Mr. Gerrard repeated as sharply as before. "There is no chance of your being ever repaid. Did you water Bonny to-night, Rosa?"

"I did," Thomas Tucker told him. "If you knew what you have done for me you would know also that repayment cannot possibly come into the matter. If you accepted, I should still be in your debt. Won't you accept?"

The veiled eyes stared coldly at him in the flickering light. "How can you think I would accept, Mr. Tucker? A man can be honest, if he cannot see."

Michael was conscious of a little softening in the rigidity of Mr. Gerrard's attitude. There was a faint, half-ashamed smile in his eyes as he went on.

"I suppose I am being ungracious, Mr. Tucker. But you must see my position, as you must see also how the suggestion, the least suggestion, of charity seems to a man who is going blind."

He took the violin tenderly from its case, and sat looking at it for a moment before putting it to his chin. The deep cello of the wood gleamed richly in the firelight.

"One of my dreams, one of the straws I clutched at, was this violin. It used to belong to a rich old man, an eccentric, who died suddenly; there was a sale of his property at Baloo, a little town we were passing through. And I bought this—needless to say, very cheaply. I have imagined

that if I could get it to Sydney I might find that it was valuable, really valuable, as some violins are—"

Tommy held out his hand. "May I see it?" he said. "I know a little about—"

Rosa came over and stood looking down at him as he took the violin. Suddenly he looked up, a new strong light in his elfin eyes.

"You were right," he said, his voice ringing with hope and confidence, "you were right. This is a Strad, true and unmistakable. It would be cheap at a thousand pounds—probably three thousand is nearer its value."

He stood up, towering over Mr. Gerrard and Rosa, his eyes alight and all his personality at concert pitch. "Now," he said, a triumphant laugh rippling through the word, "this is the hand of Providence. Sell me your Strad for seven hundred and fifty pounds—and I make money out of you—"

The sudden flame died down and the rosy twilight came back. Mr. Gerrard sat so still that, but for the atmosphere of tension, Rosa and Tommy could imagine that he wasn't there. She looked up into the elfin, crinkling eyes.

"Is it true?" she whispered. "Is it true?"

His great laugh pealed out in radiant triumph. "As true as the night," he said, throwing his arms wide; "as true as the beautiful night watching us and guiding our hands to the Strad he bought for a song. Give thanks," he commanded, "give thanks!"

His voice fell a tone as his hands dropped gently to her arm. "He will see now, child, and you can learn all the graces that you wish." His elfin eyes peered down into hers that were filling with tears, watching, watching.



SUMMER

was higher in the land when a man with vague, uncertain eyes, a brown girl, and a vivid-looking stranger stood on the platform of the Quincey station, waiting for the Sydney train and the long run south. The girl looked up into the vivid man's laughing eyes.

"Will you sometimes sing for your supper, Tommy Tucker?" she said, a little catch in her voice, "and sometimes have brown bread and butter for it?"

"Of course I will. Bread and butter will be my staple food, Rosa. And I am a tinker and a minstrel and a vet, so—"

"Yes, I know. But it's the singing for your supper that I mean." Her eyes left his to look along the track, the track to Sydney, for a moment, before they came back, peering intently into his again. "Of course, there will only be bandicoots and the night to hear you. But you love the night, don't you, Tommy? You can sing to it for love of it."

"Yes. It was my sanctuary that day my bike threw me"—he paused, remembering his stumbling towards the light flickering in the trees, his finding the rosy circles the Australian night had done that—plucked him out of bitterness and shame, and given him work to do—"yes, I can easily sing to the Australian night, and the bandicoots if they care to hear me, Rosa."

"Oh, they will care to hear you, Tommy." The train came round the bend and stopped at the platform. Presently it

gathered speed again, and Thomas Tucker, tinker and vet, stood alone on the deserted station. His face was grave and sorrowful for a moment, but presently the elfin smile flashed into his eyes.

At dusk he found a clearing and drove Bonny carefully into the bush. Soon the fire was lit, flickering on the caravan in the shadows and on the man bending over the locker. A violin case filled one end, and Tommy drew it out and looked at it, the smile hovering at his lips.

"I might get a fiver for it, if I sold it carefully," he told himself, half aloud.

THE lady in the deep chair turned rather languorously towards the boy on the stool beside her.

"But, Jacky, dear, eighteen is a beautiful age," she murmured. "I wish I had any hope of seeing it again."

The boy's bright face flushed in adoring response.

"All ages are the same to you, Elise," he said. "But eighteen is a silly sort of halfway age for a man. He is neither one thing nor the—"

"You don't know anything about it till you've lost it," Major Ovenden put in gently. "When I was eighteen I was at Sandhurst, champing at the bit to get to India. And many a time in India I wished I was back in Sandhurst, champing at the bit."

The boy laughed, the flush still on his face.

"I can't imagine anyone in India wanting to be back anywhere, sir; it would be like being in Tahiti and longing for a sight of Redfern again."

"Well, that can be imagined, John, you know." Major Ovenden's precise English tone seemed to put a quiet distinction into the most ordinary sentence. "I daresay it has happened more than once."

"Not at eighteen, though, Major," the languorous lady murmured. "We who are drifting as gracefully as we can towards the dread thirties know that."

The major's eyes were a little hard as they rested on the lady's fascinating profile. In the dappled shade of the big turpentine one could almost imagine that her thirties were yet to come.

"In my own near vicinity of twice thirty, Mrs. Warwick, I am perhaps past the age of judging. Another cup of tea?" he said.

"Thank you." She handed him her cup, but young John Clifford sprang to his feet and carried it safely the four feet to the tea table. The girl pouring the tea smiled up into his eager face.

"In Australia," she said, "I think eighteen seems to be equal to about twenty-eight in England. It must be the climate."

"Thanks for the suggestion, Miss Ovenden; but it doesn't make me feel more than eighteen."

The flapper lying on the grass shook the hair out of her eyes.

"I say, you people talk an awful lot," she told them. "Chuck us a cake, John."

John dutifully chucked the cake, which the flapper caught neatly in one lifted skilful hand. She took a large bite from it, staring steadily over the bite at her brother's rapt gaze at Mrs. Warwick's profile. "As a twin, John," she continued, "you disappoint me. A month ago our age was quite good enough for you; now you have a steady mark because you're not a hundred. I call it morbid." She stood up suddenly in one supple movement, and picked up her racquet. "I'll play you a single," she said, "and give you fifteen."

She paused and into the little alliance the

sound of a running motor hummed and purred in the distance. From the lawn Joan could see the white ribbon of the road climbing the hill; her eyes were watching the approaching car and the single occupant. The car seemed to be cut off at the back, to be a miniature lorry, or to have its carriage converted into a tarpaulin-covered hold-all.

"I wonder who on earth is coming to see you," Joan murmured. "Nobody ever comes to Harrow, and I don't suppose Greyfields is bombarded—". Suddenly she dropped her racquet and clapped her hands. "I believe it's Tommy!" she cried. "Wake up, John. I swear it's Tommy Tucker, after all these ages. Hi, Tommy! Tommy! Come on, John—"

She sped down the drive and opened the gate as the low-hung, queer-looking car reached it. From the driving seat a figure sprang quickly to the ground and took off its cap, disclosing a shock of unruly greyish hair and a lean, brown face which from the lawn seemed to be all smiles and animation. Joan took his arm and hung on it, apparently insisting upon his joining the group under the turpentine. He laughed at her, betraying even at that distance a romantic, magnetic quality in his personality; and presently he seemed to give in and walked lightly beside her towards the tea-table in the shade.

Joan's face, too, was all delighted animation when they reached the group.

"It is Tommy," she said, beaming at the group. "Isn't that lovely?"

Major Owendon looked at her companion with a cold "How do do, sir?" for greeting. He would have called him a well-set-up chap, thoroughbred in a sort of way, and with an extraordinary face, half hard-bitten and half shy. He brought an electric air of keenness, almost of vividness, into the somewhat somnolent company; and Joan was evidently very fond of him.

"Tommy, dear," she said, "I'm trying hard to find some way to introduce you—you haven't got one of those beautiful cards, have you?"

"Yes, I have, Joan (I ought to call you Miss Clifford now; last time I saw you you had a pigtail and were quite different); I always carry my cards. Every self-respecting tradesman does."

Joan made a face at him as she took the card. "It's only three years, Tommy, darling," she said. "And if you think I'm going to call you Mr. Tucker, or to answer when you call me Miss Clifford, you can think again." She handed the card to her host.

For the first bewildered moment the major feared that his lurking suspicion that all Australians were mad had proved itself true. The card read:—

THOMAS TUCKER
Vocalist,
MEALS SUNG FOR DAILY
And the back of it—
PIANOS TUNED
POTS AND PANS MEINDED
SICK ANIMALS MADE WELL
BOOKSELLER

The Major turned the card over again, and decided to take it all as a joke. "Ha, ha!" he said politely.

"But it's all true," Joan told him indignantly. "He has the most lovely things in that sawn-off car of his, and he's a vet and a tinker and tunes pianos. And his voice is heavenly. Sing for us, Tommy; sing for your dinner now, like a good boy. I'm sure Major Owendon will ask you when you've sung for it. Sing 'Old Madrid.'"

From beneath long and very black lashes Mrs. Warwick watched the man. His eyes seemed to recede for a moment, as if he were separating himself from his hearers as human entities; then, without a trace of self-consciousness, he threw back his head and sang.

Before Joan's eyes and John's, and the eyes of Mabel Owendon, a barred window in Spain shone fitfully in a warm darkness.

Mrs. Warwick and Major Owendon were perhaps not so easily accessible. To them a queer figure had appeared suddenly in the midst of afternoon-tea. He was obviously a gentleman, and yet a pedlar, a tinker, and a vet.



JOAN sighed as the last phrase drifted gently to silence.

"Thank you, Tommy. That was bonzer. Can he have his dinner, Major?"

"Of course, my dear child. Any friend of yours can have his dinner, as you put it."

"Good! Now, Tommy, what have you got in the bus?"

The rich tenor rose up again:—
"I've snuff and tobacco, and excellent jacky. I've scissors and watches and knives; I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces Of pretty young sweethearts and wives."

"What's 'jacky'?" Joan said in the pause.
"Nobody knows," he told her solemnly; "but I'm sure I've got some."

"I suppose you're just camping this trip, Tommy?"

"Yes. But I like camping, you know."

Joan turned to the company.
"Tommy usually stays with us," she said, "while he's doing the district. But mother's away—oh, Tommy, have you got 'The Green Sleeve'?" I'm sick of putting it on the library list—"

"Yes, I've got 'The Green Sleeve,' and about forty other new novels. Come and have a look."

Owendon watched the turmoil of young people round the pedlar and his pile of novels, a turmoil which even Mrs. Warwick joined in a dainty, half-supercilious manner. From the pedlar's recommendation of the contents of various books it was clear that he was enough of a critic to enable him to describe his wares. The Major smiled: he would put a little test. If it came off, he would; if not, he wouldn't.

"Do you happen to have a copy of 'The Eglist,' Mr. Tucker?" he asked in a pause in the pleasant turmoil.

"Not for sale, sir. But I can lend you my own copy, with pleasure. Will you have any of the others as well—'Evan Harrington,' or 'Diana,' or 'Richard Feverel'?"

Major Owendon smiled again.
Later, in the small smoking-room off the hall, Joan turned a worried, unhappy face to the pedlar.

"It's all gone to pot, Tommy," she said miserably; "I'm so glad you turned up to let me tell you all about it. Mother's away in Melbourne with Aunt Celia, who's ill—she had to go suddenly, and so the whole lot of us, including that Warwick woman, were dumped on the Owendons. Not that mother's much good to talk to, even if she was here, isn't it ghastly?"

"I can't help feeling," Thomas Tucker told her presently, "that you've left something out. What is ghastly, and how has it all gone to pot?"

"Why, John and this Warwick woman, of course."

"The vamp?"
"Yes. John's head over heels in love with her, and he's eighteen and she's fifty at least. She's a widow who came from England with letters to mother and various other people, and she was staying with us when the telegram came from Aunt Celia. Mother's only going to be away a week or ten days, and so Mabel Owendon asked us all over here—the Owendons knew Mrs. Warwick slightly in England. And John will marry the beastly woman, and then where will he be? She's only after his money."

"Has he got any money?"
"He'll have £40,000 on his twenty-first birthday, and mother's such a fool over him that she'll forgive him anything and keep them supplied with money until he inherits."

"It is rather a pickle, isn't it? Do these Owendon people know anything about her—I mean, are they satisfied that she's O.K.?"

"Oh, yes. I don't think they like her—nobody could, except that goat of a twin of mine—but they're all English you know, and they stick together against these Australian natives, doncherknow."

"They weren't here three years ago, were they?"

"No. They bought Greyfields at the same time as Bill Dampney—"

"Who?" Thomas Tucker sat up and looked at her.

"Bill Dampney—why?"

"There was a man of that name in my company in France—never mind; go on, Joan."

"He's got a sheep-and-wheat place out towards Alton—and that's another ghastly mess, Tommy."

"Why?"
"Bill's dotty over Mabel Owendon, and she's dotty over him!" She looked mournfully at him.

"You know, Joan, that doesn't sound like a ghastly mess to me."

Joan sighed. "You're very stupid to-day, Tommy. Don't you see, old Major Owendon is rotten with fever or something Indian, and Australia is the only climate he can keep well in. But he hates it—can't understand the country or the people at all, and loathes us all the time he is being so polite. And Mabel is all he's got to look after him; so, Bill being a beastly Australian, Mabel breaks her heart and gently turns him down. Don't tell me you can't see that."

"I can see it now."

A gong boomed through the house before he could answer.

"The dressing bell!" she said, starting up. "Boot it. And sing the 'Kashmiri' and 'Bull Wie Die Nacht' after dinner. Shake it up—anyone two seconds late is court-martialled and instantly beheaded."

Thomas Tucker, vocalist, was not one second late for dinner. He appeared at the door as the second gong sounded, his dinner-coat and shirt-front making a fine black-and-white note against the claret-colored hangings of the hall. Major Owendon glanced at him with what looked like faintly surprised approval; Mrs. Warwick quite obviously approved him; and Joan beamed at him.

The slight touch of ceremonial which the host managed to give the meal did not prevent it from being a very pleasant meal. Mrs. Warwick, highly dramatic in black and silver, did her languid best to draw the intriguing pedlar out; but Thomas Tucker was elusive. Yes, he knew London, but it was a good many years ago now—he remembered his first sight of the city and sneaking down to the housekeeper's room

THE HAPPY VAGABOND

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

on his return to tell them all about it. But it was all shadowy now. Yes, he spent a couple of leaves in Paris—oh, yes, very pleasant place. No; he was alone in the world; no people anywhere, he told her, his charming smile crinkling the corners of his eyes. Finally Mrs. Warwick gave it up and went on with her dinner, with only an occasional puzzled, almond-eyed glance in the pedlar's direction.

But as a singer after dinner he was entirely satisfying. Even the Major's tired eyes became serene and thoughtful as the golden music filled the room.

JOHN got up and wandered restlessly round the room, throwing open the french windows to the verandah, silvered in the moonlight. On the black background of night it was beautiful. Young John stood on the threshold, lost in thought; presently he turned, his eyes on Mrs. Warwick. She smiled, and black and silver like the night, followed him out into the stillness, her pale hands like lilies against her frock. Joan's face twisted into a savage sneer as Mabel Ovenden's patient eyes watched them going—the whole world had gone mad because it was a fine night and Tommy had sung a couple of songs. Mabel's fine face was a study in sorrow and loss; she was obviously thinking of the moonlight and the companionship that might be hers. . . . Joan watched her for a moment, and the youthful sneer vanished. Poor old Mabel! Joan slipped lightly across the room.

"Come out, Mabel," she said, "and see the moon—it's public property, you know."

Major Ovenden watched the two bright figures pass out of the room. All life was before them, and most of it before this queer young man who peddled books and frocks of cotton, tinkered the housewives' pots and pans, in this incomprehensible Australia. Thomas Tucker's accent was half English, a sort of cobbler; the Major knew that he was an Englishman as well as he knew that Thomas Tucker was not his name, nor tinkering and piano-tuning his professions. No matter; his reasons for the masquerade were his own, and, judging by his wide, smiling grey eyes, perfectly honest ones. For the rest, he was a pleasant, well-mannered guest, a much more interesting guest than commonly fell to the lot of the casual host. Ovenden was content to take him on his face value and let it go at that. If you came down to the final touchstone, the man was a gentleman, and that was enough.

The pedlar's sensitive personality was conscious of the general drift of his host's thoughts, and a slight smile remained at the back of his eyes all the time he was doing his best to entertain the elder man. They parted for the night, good friends, each with a slight reservation as to the other, but also a full appreciation of his quality. A heaviness, almost a heaviness of defeat, was the background of Ovenden's manner, and Tommy forbore from Australian propaganda. Something more than casual dislike and misunderstanding was obscuring Ovenden's obviously good critical faculty, and until that something was cleared away he would continue to keep his own counsel as to the country of his adoption. . . .

Mrs. Warwick's keen eyes detected no reservation at all in the intriguing personality of the pedlar laughing with Joan in the sunshine of the following morning. A shower in the night had put a clean green frock on the turpentine and the lawn, and Mrs. Warwick had slept well; to be thirty-six on a morning like this seemed just as good as Joan's pink-and-white eighteen—if not better. John's motor bike fusing in at the gate with the mail was a pleasant inci-

dent, especially to the accompaniment of covert, admiring glances from this engaging man who insisted on the ridiculous name of Thomas Tucker and his equally ridiculous gesture of peddling and veterinary surgery. Altogether, Mrs. Warwick liked the bright fresh morning very much, and took her share of the mail from young John with the sweetest of languid smiles. The departure of the twins with mail for Major Ovenden and Mabel was another pleasant incident, which left her alone with Tommy.

He, on the other hand, was clearly thinking more of his pile of accumulated mail and a couple of telegrams than of her; and she judged that, his admiration being registered and established, it would be politic to follow the twins to read her own comparatively uninteresting letters. The man's head would be full of business for the next quarter of an hour, and it would be unwise and impolite to sit with folded hands waiting for his attention.

Tommy, alone, made notes at the foot of three letters and put them aside; the others he tore up. Most of the mail accumulated at his stopping-places had generally answered itself automatically by the passage of time when he received it. One of the telegrams joined the little heap of torn-up paper. The other Thomas Tucker spread out on the little tea-table.

"Thomas Tucker, Post Office, Hardwick. —Golden Horn soaring sky-high. Our fortunes are made."

"BRINTON."



HE read the telegram twice. In the second reading a gradual smile curved his mobile lips, a half-cunning, half-whimsical light gleamed in his elfin eyes. Glancing up and seeing Mrs. Warwick coming over the grass with self-conscious grace, Thomas Tucker banished the smile, though the gleam stayed to twinkle fitfully. He left the telegram lying open on the table, and made it clear that business was over by putting the annotated letters in his pocket and rising to give her his chair.

The almond-shaped eyes glanced at the telegram once or twice during the short conversation that followed. Mr. Tucker, a most romantic light in his smiling eyes, was heartbroken that he had to go down to the post office at once in his bus—it was urgent. Mrs. Warwick emphasised her disappointment; she was even a little petulant—she had looked forward to a tête-à-tête with him. He smiled, told her that business was business, and went to the garage and his bus, leaving the telegram still lying on the table.

In a few moments he was back—he had lost a wire that he must answer, he said—ah, there it was; stupid of him to leave it. . . . Mrs. Warwick's petulance had vanished. All the arts and graces of a polished and almost beautiful woman of the world were turned in their dazzling brilliance on Thomas Tucker, vocalist. He, poor bewildered man, was obviously bowled over; a great romance had clearly descended upon him. At last he dragged himself away to his car and this pestilent business of answering wires at the post office; one could see how he hated to go in his inspired face; one could feel it in the lingering electric touch of his hand. But he didn't reach the bus. In the big living-room a lean, wiry-looking figure stood suddenly upright at his entrance and sprang

to attention, heels clicking and eyes front. The pedlar looked at the man for a moment, a puzzled frown on his forehead. Then his quick smile drove the puzzlement away.

"Stop that nonsense, Dampney," he said, holding out his hand. "That's ten years ago. How are you?"

Mr. Dampney was very well. Slightly reticent, perhaps, in the Australian manner, but obviously very glad to see the man under whose orders he had faced death. His eyes followed Mabel Ovenden about the room, and he seemed to be really conscious only of her presence. Thomas Tucker couldn't help thinking what a fine, handsome pair they made in the contrast of her English fairness and his brown Australian muscle-and-bone. Mr. Dampney had come to lunch—a little early, it was true, but that didn't seem to trouble him. The pedlar—whom Dampney addressed as "Major," to Ovenden's quickly suppressed surprise—admired the nerve which had construed an invitation to lunch from the enemy as a permission to arrive at 11.30; Bill deserved the girl, if he could stick Ovenden's frigidity and the nervous strain of drinking morning-tea in this atmosphere for the sake of looking at her in a crowd. He decided to relieve the strain by getting Bill out of the room as soon as he could.

He did that, and presently the shade of the turpentine was lying on two men, one small tea-table, and two long glasses which tinkled pleasantly when they were lifted.

Tommy looked at the expressionless face of Bill Dampney and decided to chance it.

"What's Ovenden's mark on you and Australia, Dampney?" he said suddenly.

Half unconsciously Dampney answered his field-officer's voice.

"I think it's a general mark all round, sir," he said, "and we happen to—to concentrate it. It's reasonable enough; he's had a rough spin."

"A rough spin?"

"Well," Dampney began, and paused. He seemed to be in two minds as to his going on or remaining silent. "It was a rough spin," he said at last thoughtfully. "You know what these English families are, especially of the Ovenden type. He had four sons and one daughter; the youngest son was a rotter—went under and vanished years ago, after being kicked out of his regiment and his club, and breaking his mother's heart. Naturally, of course, being a rotter he was a prize exhibit; everybody fell down and worshipped when he looked at them. The other three were killed in France. And the shock killed their mother. Exit the ancient English name of Ovenden."

He paused again, and emptied his glass.

"If you add to that a constitution shot to pieces by a lifetime in Indian military stations you'll agree, Major, that the spin is a rough one. Mabel is the sum total of the balance."

"Yes." The pedlar lit a cigarette. He knew the type; nothing could be more bitter to Ovenden than this solitude in his old age. A man with four sons was surely safe to keep his name alive. "But where does Australia—where do you—"

Dampney's short laugh interrupted. "I'm the thief who wants the last English Ovenden," he said, a sudden flush rising under his tan, "and to keep her out of England, too. You see, Major, she really is the very last of all his possessions—"

"But why should he lose her? Your place is only over the hill, isn't it?"

Dampney shrugged his shoulders. "I'm Australian," he said. "The very idea of Mabel's looking twice at me would kill him, she seems to think." The shadow cleared from his face as he looked up at the

pedlar. "I don't know why I should unload all this on you, sir—"

"That's all right. You obeyed orders, sergeant," Tommy said casually. "Ovenden's face is vaguely familiar to me, somehow—"

"I thought so, too, when I first met him; but I fancy it's only that he's the sun-burnt, lean type we're used to in Australia. Lots of men are like him here, especially in the country."

"Yes, I suppose so," Tommy's voice didn't sound quite convinced as he stood up. "However, carry on, Bill. We'll have a yarn after lunch; there ought to be some way . . . I must skin down to the post office and get through this mail before lunch."

For the inside of a week he devoted himself to the business of peddling, leaving on his rounds soon after breakfast and not returning till nightfall and dinner. He always managed to be home with a quarter of an hour to spare for the change to evening clothes, and he devoted a good deal of his attention to Mrs. Warwick.

He picked up a couple of parcels and a fairly heavy mail at the post office one evening, and the following morning any interested observer might have been surprised to see Thomas Tucker, vocalist, doing his best to spoil a perfectly good, new cigarette-case of fine silver. In the early morning light he rubbed the case on the ground, carefully knocked three dents in it, and tried to dig a hole in the path to the stables with one corner of it. When he had finished it looked like an old, work-worn case instead of a gleaming new one.

In a way, perhaps, some vague reason was supplied for this extraordinary behaviour by Mrs. Warwick in the evening. As was her habit, she handed him her 12-inch tortoiseshell-and-gold cigarette-holder, his part of the gesture being to light a cigarette, fit it into the holder, and hand it back to her, a ceremonial always eyed malevolently by young John Clifford, who cursed himself nightly for not having thought of it before Tommy turned up. To-night, by some mischance, Tommy's leather cigarette-case was empty.

"So sorry, senora," he told Mrs. Warwick. "I don't know how I came to be such an ass—!" A thought struck him. "Do you happen to like Russian cigarettes?" he asked her. "I've got half a dozen upstairs—all that are left out of a thousand Duke Boris—I mean, a friend of mine gave me years ago. They're still in good condition. Do try one."

She smiled, and Tommy got up, and was back again in three minutes, a battered silver cigarette-case in his hand. He lit a cigarette and put it into the holder.

"Delicious," she said, holding out her hand for the case. "May I see?"

Half reluctantly he handed her the case. She turned it over, examined the almost obliterated crest in the corner, smiled dreamily, and gave it back to him. Obviously very glad and relieved to get hold of it again, he slipped it into his pocket.

Young John, at this point, manifested his displeasure by kicking over a footstool and walking out of the room.

"You're a very interesting person," she murmured. "You peddle books and—ribbons and laces; you sing like a Covent Garden star; you give me a Russian cigarette from a Grand Duke's gift to you; you mend pots and pans; and you've been trying to rub out the crest on your cigarette-case, which you only happened to show at all because you made the mistake of running out of ordinary cigarettes. . . ."

She looked up to see a shadow on the piquant, elfin face beneath the shock of greying hair. His eyes were veiled, hiding

some secret. He spread out his hands in a little gesture, and let them fall again.

"Life casts a man for many parts, senora, and when he has played one out he must forget it and come bravely to the next with an open mind."

"And you have forgotten that old past in which Grand Dukes and crested silver figured?" she asked, keen eyes belying her languorous voice.

"Everyone must forget the past if he hopes to do his best with the future. You misjudge me, senora; you attach too much importance to little passing things, little mistakes, that—"

At this point young John entered the room again, having evidently thought better of his malevolence, to be received but coldly by his adored Elise.



IT was to be observed that John's star seemed to decline now. It is crude, perhaps, to say that Mrs. Warwick set her cap at Thomas Tucker, vocalist; but she had unquestionably cast a very favorable eye in his direction. He on his part was clearly hard hit; he spent every available half-hour in her company, and exhibited all the signs of being finally trapped in these luxurious coils.

On the present occasion he was prowling round the verandah. He stuck his head in at the open window and grinned at Joan, who shut up her book and grinned back.

"Walk round the side verandah with me, old horse," he said, "past the little table in the corner. And just say 'Yes' soulfully to everything I say, will you?"

Joan slipped lightly over the window-sill, and began to walk staidly beside him. He was not very animated until they came within sight of the little corner where the table was screened by a creper-covered wing of the railing. You could pass the corner a dozen times without knowing who, or if anyone, was sitting at the table. But a bronze house-shoe with a very high heel and eighteen inches of yellow silk stocking were visible at the foot of the screening wing.

"I don't know how it is, old girl, but I seem to be absolutely floored this time."

"Yes," said Joan, as they reached the shoe.

"If I only knew her mind about John," he said fervently. "I'd ask her to-night."

"Yes—oh, yes," said Joan as they passed the shoe and turned the corner to the front verandah.

John, in some miraculous way, found himself alone with Mrs. Warwick very soon after dinner. Furthermore, he found himself in the full tide of an impassioned proposal for her hand in marriage. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mrs. Warwick laughed.

"You're a dear boy, Jacky," she said, looking away from the black rage in his face, "and I shall always cherish you in my heart. But consider the difference in our ages—why, I'm not many years short of twice your age, Jacky, dear."

John was silent in the pause.

"Besides," she went on smoothly, "I'm sure you are the wrong type for me. I need a husband older than myself, a man of experience and travel, a man—"

John's curt laugh broke his silence.

"Then it all meant nothing," he said

savagely. "You were just playing with the kid who thought he was a man." Young John stood up, his face bleak with hurt pride. Somehow he looked more of a man in his defeat than in the days of his romantic adoration. He stared down into Mrs. Warwick's face, his lip slightly curled. "I hope your elder man of experience will be a success," he said; "but I doubt if the poor devil will be happy. You are too cunning and too obvious. Good-night."

Without undue emphasis, almost without putting it into words, Mrs. Warwick conveyed to Thomas Tucker, vocalist, that young John had proposed and been, naturally, laughed at.

"Well, Mr. Thomas Tucker, have you nothing to say?"

The melodious voice broke into his thoughts.

"What should a poor pedlar have to say to you, senora?"

The rhythmic swinging of her fan stopped.

"Have you nothing—important—to say to me?" she whispered.

He spread out his hands.

"I am a poor man. My income is small—hardly more than enough for myself. I have, perhaps, eighty pounds in the bank—the savings of two years. What could I possibly have to say to you?"

The fan snapped shut.

"You realise what I have been saying to you?" she asked, her voice sharp with impending anger.

"Yes, I am honored," he answered humbly. "But my first job is to protect you—against yourself. You see, I am poor—"

"Do you think it's decent—the anger was no longer merely impending—"to drag this masquerade into an interview like this? You know that your name is not Tucker; that you are not a pedlar from necessity, and that you are not poor—why lie to me?"

"I will bring you my pass-book," he said, still humbly, "and—"

She turned in her chair and faced him.

"What about Golden Horn?" she said crisply.

"Golden Horn?" His face and voice were blank.

"Yes; is it a mine, or oil, or what?" she asked triumphantly.

"Neither," he said. "It's a bean—a cross between butter beans and french. I only happen to know that because a friend of mine wanted to try a crop and hadn't the room on the place to put one in, and was too broke to rent any more land. It was a good thing, he thought—new, and all that sort of thing; fancy prices in Sydney, and so on. So I rented half an acre for him, and he put them in on condition that I went shares. He wired me the other day that they were coming on well."

Mrs. Warwick was standing up. The anger had gone from her face, and a smile, not a languid smile, was there instead. She held out her hand.

"You're a clever man, Mr. Tucker—that reminds me; are you Mr. Tucker?"

"I am not Mr. Tucker—you were saying how clever I was."

"I wonder if you'd drive me to Hardwick station to-morrow morning? I promised some people in Sydney that I'd go and stay with them early this month, and they're hammering away at me by every mail. I meant to wire them to-day that I should arrive to-morrow. Do you mind driving me down to the early train?"

THERE was nothing languid in Mrs. Warwick's handshake as the train came in the following morning, nor did her smile suggest the traditional vamp.

Thomas Tucker stopped at the post-office on his way home and collected some letters and a square, flat parcel. These he took up to his room where he remained for half an hour. Coming down, he found Ovenden alone in the little smoke-room. He entered, closed the door carefully behind him, and put his parcel on the table. The Major looked up from his newspaper, a faint surprise evident in his raised eyebrows.

"Hallo, Mr. Tucker," he said. "Come in. I imagine we have the house to ourselves this morning; my daughter has taken her mare out for some exercise, and the twins have motored to the junction to meet their mother's train. Have a peg?"

"No, thanks." The pedlar was taking the paper off his parcel, and spoke without looking up. "You had four sons, hadn't you, sir?"

MAJOR OVENDEN

blanched and stiffened in his chair.

"Yes."

"And three were killed in France?"

"Really, Mr. Tucker, I fail to see," Ovenden's iciest voice began, but the pedlar looked up.

"I have a good purpose in what I am trying to do, sir, and you must forgive me if I reopen old wounds. It's for the sake of the ultimate purpose."

A heavy line of pain showed in Ovenden's forehead, but his voice was calm as he replied, "Carry on, Major."

"This fourth son vanished years before the war—vanished completely, leaving no trace?"

"Yes."

"Then will you look at this photograph, please?"

Ovenden rose and walked, very upright, to the table. He took the photograph with a steady hand. It was a slightly faded group of Australian soldiers, a dozen men posed carelessly at some picnic meal.

"Do you recognise anyone there, sir?" Tommy asked gently.

"That's Dampney by the tree," he heard the Major say, "I don't know that any of the others are—"

The voice stopped suddenly, and Tommy looked up to see Ovenden's rigid face staring at the picture.

"Great Scott!" he whispered. "That's Robin—my boy, my boy..."

The pedlar allowed a little pause of silence to intervene before he began to speak in his ordinary tones.

"All these men, except Dampney, are dead—most of them were killed in action. This one"—he pointed to one of the men, and was conscious of the Major's sudden start—"died a decent, comfortable death in hospital, thanks to Dampney."

Ovenden turned his back on Tommy and walked over to the window. Tommy went on, as if he were telling a casual war story.

"He was an interesting sort of chap, an Englishman who enlisted in Sydney under the name of Jones. The Diggers called him 'The Toff,' but they liked him—no one could see him in action and not like him. No one knew anything about him, and he never talked about himself—that wasn't extraordinary, of course, in the kind of crowd we had there; but there really was a remarkably interesting quality about Jones."

He glanced up at Ovenden's rigid back, all the sympathy in the world in his eyes.

"How did he die?" came in a muffled, toneless voice from the window.

"There was a chance, a hundred-to-one chance, that he would die an awful death. We were in retreat, Front Line, and most of us were back in the trench—Fritz had landed one of his surprises. I could see that one man had been caught on the wire,

a badly-wounded man. No hope of doing anything, of course; it was certain death to attempt it. Even keyed-up for that terrible front-line work I couldn't help thinking what a horrible fate it was—pinned down by a bit of barbed wire at the mercy of Heaven knew what lingering destruction and agony. But Dampney suddenly slipped over the top and skinned out to the man I saw him pause just before he reached him, and I knew he'd stopped one; but he got the man, disentangled him, and brought him back."

Tommy was conscious that Ovenden had turned round and was looking at him, but he did not look up.

"If the man's chance was a hundred to one, Dampney's was a thousand to one; but he did it—the pluckiest thing I saw in all the four years. The man was Jones. Dampney was badly wounded—a Blighty and jolly nearly one leg gone—but Jones was smashed to pieces. He died a couple of hours after they reached the hospital."

"Did Jones—say anything... in hospital?"

Tommy was busy lighting a cigarette and had his back to the Major by now.

"I only remembered Jones the day after I met you, sir; perhaps seeing Bill Dampney again brought him to my mind, too. A man named Hazell happened to be in the next bed when Jones died—I knew that, because he told me when I spun him the yarn of Dampney's heroic stunt years ago at the Soldiers' Club. And this morning I got a letter from Hazell." Tommy took the letter out of his pocket and opened it. "Spoke only just before he died. He started muttering in a quick, bossy sort of voice, as if he were a youngster again—all about horses, it seemed to be, and Bonny's swollen shoulder—"

"Bonny was a cream pony he had when he was a schoolboy," the dry, lifeless voice said. "Go on, please, Major."

There's hardly any more, sir. "And then suddenly he called out, 'Good-bye, dad—we're off!' and died." That's all, sir."

Major Ovenden broke the silence. "It's impossible for me to find words to thank you," he said. "I would rather know what you have told me to-day than—than anything in the world. You have told me the story of the death of a gentleman—death for a great cause; and that redeems everything. I will not try to thank you."

The pedlar shrugged, retaining his carefully casual manner.

"It was the death of an Australian soldier," he said; "and its decency and dignity—even the hearing of the last words—were made possible by the heroism of another Australian soldier."

"Yes. Yes. My debt to Dampney and to Australia is unmeasurable. But to you—"

Tommy walked across the room to the open window, smiling his crinkling smile. "Leave me out, Major," he said, pointing to two figures on horseback coming up the drive. Mabel was listening intently to some fervent laying-down of the law from Bill Dampney. "Don't they make a fine, handsome couple?"

Major Ovenden looked at them for a moment before he turned and held out his hand to Thomas Tucker, vocalist.

"By George they do, Tucker," he said, his voice full of life and warmth.

THOMAS TUCKER

always very sensitive to environment, was

reveling in the richness of the morning. After a month of rain and wind and bitter cold, the iron fist of winter had been suddenly opened, and spring had rushed in and captured the situation. In her accustomed

Australian manner, she was working hard and fast; the grass and the wildflowers beside the road looked as if they knew nothing of the iron fist that had lately held them so closely; the little hills and valleys near and far were lush slopes, enamelled and studded with flowery jewels; and a faint breeze put life into the air of the very early morning, as well as into the heart of Tommy Tucker at the wheel of his motor that was half small lorry and half small touring car. The tarpaulin cover protecting the stock announced: "T. Tucker, General Storeman;" and beneath it in smaller letters, "Tinker, Veterinary Surgeon, Piano-Tuner, and Vocalist," to a world of heart-breaking beauty, a world of breezy adventure quite consistent with Tommy's tenor voice, his good manners, and his half shy, half cynical face whose flickering smile came and went, crinkling the corners of the kindly eyes. Tommy and the morning were one; he and his elfin stunt of singing and peddling were like one of the blades of grass drinking the new sunshine, or one of the upturned flowers.

He turned the sawn-off bus out of the road and into the Weatherbys' track, settling down to the remembered difficult job of holding the car in one piece over that battered, rattled, pot-hole apology for a track. But she slipped smoothly on to a noble stretch of gravel-and-sand as flat as a billiard-table. He looked for the old ruined fence with the sapling posts and rails every now and again; but a new fence was taut and trim beside the track. The Weatherbys must have made some money.

He reached the gate that used to hang rotting on one hinge at its job of shutting off the paddocks, but a new gate gleamed white and magnificent in the morning sun, a gate that swung gently back on well-oiled hinges, and gently forward again on perfectly-balanced springs. These Weatherbys must have come into a fortune.

It was all part of the boaker morning, of course; anybody might come into a fortune on a day like this. Tommy watched the gate softly latch itself.

"I have a song to sing, Oh!" he announced radiantly to the morning as he reached the edge of the flimsy, cherry-blossom veil.

"Sing me your song, Oh!" came in a ringing soprano from the orchard.

Tommy paused and shut off his engine. Anything might happen, of course, on a day like this.

He waited, but no soprano made her appearance. The shadowy smile flitted across Tommy's eyes, and he opened the mobile lips again.

It is sung to the moon.

By a love-lorn loon,

Who fled from the mocking throng, Oh!

It's a song of a merryman, moping mum,

Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was

glum.

Who sipped no sup, and who craved no

crumb.

As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Heighdy! Heighdy!

Misery me, lackadaydee!

He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

He paused, waiting. And once more the

bright, strong soprano called unseen from

the trees:

I have a song to sing, Oh!

Tommy answered, fortissimo:

Sing me your song, Oh!

And she triumphantly, from behind her

screen of snowy fragrance—

It is sung with the ring

Of the song maids sing

Who love with a love life-long, Oh!

It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud,
Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was
glum,
Who slipped no sup, and who craved no
crumb.

As he sighed for the love of a lady!
Heighdy! Heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He slipped no sup, and he craved no crumb.
As he sighed for the love of a lady.

Following the best dramatic traditions, the
singer appeared with the last line of her
song. There was little of the spring morn-
ing about her, save her youth, as she came
through the blossom, lighting a cigarette.
Tommy slipped out of the driving-seat and
took off his cap; he pushed the shock of
greying hair back and smiled at her. This
would be some guest of the Weatherbys,
some guest that he had not yet met; an
unusual guest for them, with her artificially
scarlet mouth and darkened eyes, her glit-
tering shingle, and very brief skirt. There
was even a trace of an ultra-modern sneer
on her hard young mouth. But good-looking
—oh, decidedly, very good-looking.

"You sing well," she said without greet-
ing.

Tommy made his best bow.
"My singing was silence compared with
yours," he said, "I was coming up to see
the Weatherbys."

"You can't do that," she told him, her
bright, capable eyes taking in all the details
of the sawn-off bus and the inscription on
its tarpaulin. "There are no Weatherbys
here now, except Len, who stayed on to
manage the place. They sold out to father
last year."

"Oh! Hence the new road, the real fence-
ing, and the beautiful gate—I hardly knew
the place."

"Oh, yes, we've got plenty of money." He
glanced at her, surprised at the scorn in her
voice. "It's about all we have got—and we
didn't earn even that."

Tommy waited. This decorative person
smoking a Turkish cigarette at the end of a
nine-inch holder was unusual. Her air
of forced raffishness didn't fit her singing,
and neither fitted her general attitude of
sullen boredom.

"Did you know these Weatherbys well?"
she asked, glancing a shade too obviously
at the inscription on the bus.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Len is one of my best
pals, in so far as a man in my business,
here to-day and gone to-morrow, can have
any pals. I always counted the week I used
to stay with the Weatherbys as one of the
best in the year."

"Did you stay with them?" she asked,
the sidelong glance going to the tarpaulin
again.

"Oh, yes. And very jolly times we had."
"Stock-up lot, I thought them. And Len's
the worst. The place was always full to the
neck when they had it—people running in
and out all day long. And now nobody comes
near it. I know we're common," she said,
the sneer on the scarlet lips deepening.
"and not a patch on the wonderful, hard-up
Weatherbys. But that doesn't mean that
we've got the plague, does it?"

"I should say you were distinctly uncom-
mon. You sing uncommonly well, for one
thing; and you look uncommonly fine, for
another. And you're uncommonly honest,
for a third."

She eyed him mistrustfully.
"You're a good hand at talking, aren't
you? I suppose it's the business gives you
practice. What have you got in that Lizzy?
At least I can buy anything I take a fancy
to."

But Tommy's business had at least given

him practice in meeting rebuffs so crude as
this. He smiled and pushed back the shock
of hair.

"I've plenty of things in the Lizzy, but I
shan't show you any of them until you've
taken me to the house, given me some break-
fast, and let me have a yarn with Len."

For the first time the girl smiled, a radiant,
luminous smile.

"Right-oh," she said. "Be stock-up—you
and Len ought to get on well together. At
least you'll be some sort of a visitor. Come
on."



THE homestead garden
was trim and orderly, the lawns and hedges
clipped, the borders all obviously tenderly
cared for; Tommy remembered the wilder-
ness of last year, and his heart seemed to
contract—the poor Weatherbys, who had so
loved the home of four generations.

Miss Gibson, Miss Lilian Gibson, preceded
him to the circular corner of the verandah.
Here he was introduced with heavy for-
mality to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, who were
seated solemnly among the crowding tables,
chairs, and what-nots. Tommy allowed a
small smile to crinkle his lowered eyes as he
bowed.

There was a slight constraint in these
elders' reception of Tommy; nobody seemed
quite to know what he was there for, at eight
o'clock of a fine spring morning; and Lil
with a fine air of indifference, did not deign
to enlighten the company beyond her original
thrown-out information that he was a tinker
and a friend of the Weatherbys. He could
almost feel Mr. Gibson trying to balance
a friend of the aristocratic Weatherbys and
a tinker in the same person. Finally he told
Mrs. Gibson that he had expected to find the
Weatherbys still here, that his peddling
business took him so far beyond the reach
of communication that he had not heard of
their departure, and that, in point of fact,
could he have some breakfast?

The dignity of Mr. Gibson was clearly
ruffled at this extraordinary request, this
invasion of his wealthy seclusion; Tommy
could see it in his small, fat person, in his
red, over-fed face. But for Mrs. Gibson
the request relieved the situation at once;
here was something that she could tackle,
something hospitable and friendly.

"If you'll push that bell-button behind you,
mistress Annette'll come, and I can tell her."
Annette duly came, and was told. She
was, furthermore, instructed to tell Mr.
Weatherby that breakfast was on the veran-
dah, it being a fine day after the rains and
a shame to sit indoors.

And in due course Len Weatherby came,
his self-contained, slightly supercilious air
vanishing as he saw Thomas Tucker.

"Tommy!" he cried, striding across the
verandah with outstretched hand. "I never
was so glad to see a mate in my life!"

This authentication of the pedlar's claim
that he was a friend of the Weatherbys
considerably eased the situation in Mr. Gib-
son's hitherto suspicious mind, and the
sumptuous breakfast proceeded without mis-
hap. Tommy was surprised at the change
in Len; not to put too fine a point on it,
Len was not behaving at all well. There
was an undercurrent of antagonism between
Miss Gibson and him which was, in its
manifestations, much more "common" than
the Gibsons were.

In the manager's office after breakfast he

found a different but not less baffling Len.
The young man, explaining that the place
had broken their backs at last and had had
to be sold, nest of the "proud, impoverished"
Weatherbys as it had always been, had no
trace of the pup in his manner.

He, as Tommy could see, was managing
this gilt-edged baby station for old Gibson,
who was an awful pill, but not so bad as
his ghastly daughter. He had what Len
called a "feudal complex"—had filled the
homestead with butlers, housemaids, parlor-
maids, personal maids for Mum and Lil;
had fixed up all the tumbledown cottages
and put overseers, gardeners, under-gar-
deners, grooms, and what not into them—

"He likes to stand on his verandah feeling
that he's monarch of all he surveys, a mighty
squatter and all that. But he's scared blue
at the sight of a horse."

"Where did he get his money?"

"Plain luck. His brother in England made
a huge fortune in some sort of war-profiteer-
ing; he dropped down dead suddenly one
day—probably from over-eating—and was
found to have made no will. So this—
squatter (who kept a little general store in
Stannmore), got the lot."

Tommy lit a cigarette.

"Hallo," said Len, "here's the rain again;
you'd better shove your bus into the garage.
Dickson, the sub-assistant-deputy chauffeur,
will do it for you."

But Tommy, pausing outside the door of
the manager's office, was not nearly so dis-
heartened by the sound of the rain drum-
ming on the verandah roof as a self-respect-
ing pedlar with a lot of long-distance driving
to do should be.

In the plush-and-landseer hall he found
the squatter lighting a long cigar with an
apparently undetachable band.

"Miss Gibson," he told Tommy, with the
formality to the Gibson wealth. "I'd like to
see yer stock as soon as yer ready. I
desay, you'll find her a pretty good cus-
tomer."

Thomas Tucker intimated that he would
be happy to show Miss Gibson his stock
whenever she cared to see it, and went to see
Dickson about the housing of the bus and to
get his stock for its examination by Miss
Gibson. He found her as her father had
implied, a very good customer, if a little in-
discriminate in the purchase of new novels
in bulk and Turkish cigarettes by the thou-
sand. She mightn't like them, he pointed
out; but she wrote him a cheque and said
that she didn't care whether she liked them
or not.

Tommy did not anticipate anything like
the old uproarious parties in the Weatherby
regime, with Len and Spencer cooking their
special dishes and a houseful of neighbors
and friends waiting to be fed, and howling
for song after song from Tommy. Nor was
he disappointed. This new homestead was
a very solemn business, dominated by the
army of servants, and no good to the family,
with the exception of the squatter who
couldn't get enough of this new feeling of
being an important somebody instead of a
servile nobody in Stannmore.

Lil was bored, and so was Len; Mum, too,
was bored, because the hands that had been
so busy and happy in Stannmore were now
idly folded in her lap, a lot of superior, irri-
tating servants doing the work she longed
to get at herself. After dinner she said as
much to Thomas Tucker, whom she found a
very sympathetic personality quite apart
from the lovely singing, through which Dad
slept and which nobody seemed to appreciate
except young Mr. Weatherby and herself.
Tommy shut the piano, and Len got up in-

Jessie Matthe

stantly and went out, muttering the word "accounts." Lil watched him go, the heavy sneer curling her lips, and after a moment slouched out on to the verandah, muttering no word of excuse or farewell at all.

A defiant snore came from the squatter, and Tommy came over and sat beside Mum, who beamed at him, but with a worried look behind her patient, self-denying eyes.

"I s'pose you miss all your friends from this room," she said, sighing. "Heaven be with old times, as my mother used to say. I'm sure there's not many of us with the common sense to know when we're well off."

Thomas Tucker waited. There was evidently something on Mum's mind.

"Of course, this is a great lift-up for us, this money and all. Dad likes it; he's always wanted a big place of his own, like the estate in England he worked on as a boy. And I've always liked the country. But it's Lil that worries me, Mr. Tucker; she can't seem to take to it at all."

"Our Lil," she said portentously, "has gone and fallen in love with young Mr. Weatherby!"

She sighed and looked hopelessly at Tommy.

"But what's to be done, Mr. Tucker? She'll go and break her heart or go on the stage, as she's always threatening since she acted in them operas down in Stanmore. And we all know what the end of that'll be..."

A tear soaked slowly down her cheek, and Thomas Tucker thought it was time for him to speak. He called up his most winning smile and most melodious tones.

"If we conspired—will you join with me in a little deception, Mrs. Gibson, a little pretence that will do nobody any harm?"

She put her handkerchief on her lap and eyed him uncertainly.

"I'd stand on me head on the steps of this Town Hall if I thought it'd do Lil any good," she said firmly. "Why? Do you think you can—?"

For two minutes the seductive and melodious voice of Thomas Tucker, vocalist, murmured gently in the over-furnished room, punctuated by slight exclamations and short sentences from Mum. At the end of the two minutes she asked one question.

"Do you think a week'd be long enough?"

"Quite long enough, I think, Mrs. Gibson. Besides, they might get restive—you don't want to lose them altogether."

Simultaneously with Mum's hopeful smile a last despairing snort came from the squatter, and he woke up.

"BUT I don't want to go on a picnic,"—But, Lil!—Lil rounded on Mum. "You must think you're back in the Sunday-school in Stanmore," she said. "What's the good of a picnic? It'll only be an excuse for Dad's manager to be clever and superior."

The squatter cleared his throat. "Steady on," he said; "I don't know that I care to go picnicking. It looks like rain again, and—"

But Mum had her own way of squashing any nonsense from Dad. One glance was enough.

"The big car and the hamper'll be ready at ten o'clock, Dad," she said coldly, "and Mr. Tucker's good enough to drive 'er for us. You can leave your work for the day, can't you, Mr. Weatherby?"

"Easily, Mrs. Gibson. I'd leave any work for a week for the chance of improving my manners in Miss Gibson's company."

Lil glared, but no retort vitriolic enough entered her mind before his gentle closing of the door behind him.

The picnic was a great success. The rain

held off all day; Lil and Len bickered all day; and the squatter slept for most of the day. The return home at the fall of dusk was not so successful. There was a curious, even a disquieting, air of deadness about the house; there seemed not to be a soul in it.

Upon examination this monstrous suspicion proved to be true. Of all that army of retainers, from the magnificent butler to the most inexperienced peeler of potatoes, not one was left to serve or feed the family.

Mum and Thomas Tucker were the only two who kept their heads. There was a singular air of waiting in Mum's manner as she looked at Lil.

"Well, what about it, Lil?" she asked. "We've got to get some tea, I s'pose. Slip into the kitchen and see what you can do for us."

Tommy smiled handsomely at the company.

"Yes," he said, "I'll be rather a lark. Come on, Miss Gibson. I'll be your wood-and-water Joey."

But Lil lit another cigarette.

"Not me," she told them, settling back on the Chesterfield. "I don't want any tea—or dinner, you ought to have said, Mum—I've had too much lunch already."

She picked up a book and opened it.

Simultaneously with the opening of the book the squatter exploded.

"Look, young woman," he gobbled, "you may not want any tea, but there's others to be thought of—"

Lil looked up, and pointedly, at Mr. Weatherby; but Mr. Weatherby looked, as pointedly, through her, and went out of the room in the direction of his office. Mrs. Gibson paused at the other door and looked back at Lil, but she was buried in her book.

"Don't you worry, Dad," Mum said. "I'll 'ave yer tea on the table in 'alf a jiffy." She smiled at the discomfited squatter and vanished.



BY lunch-time of the following day Miss Gibson's boredom with the situation had given place to a smouldering rage. She had had to make her own bed and do all sorts of odd jobs about the great house; in addition to that, Len was hiding in his office pretending to be busy, but in reality shirking.

Mum held the ship together. Lil turned up her nose and refused to eat the plain, wholesome fruits of Mum's arduous cooking; but the fruits were there at every meal-time. The house might need some dusting and such-like fal-lals; but everybody got his meals on time, thanks to her and Mr. Tucker. But she was not enjoying herself, as Lil imagined. Late in the afternoon Mum sank into one of the kitchen chairs and turned a woeful face to Tommy.

Tommy put down his tea-towel and smiled at her.

"It's not working out, Mr. Tucker," she said. "I thought—we thought—she'd put on her apron and turn to. A man loves to see a girl busy about the house getting his tucker and that, doesn't he? But look at her! Lolling about the place worse than ever, while we—"

"It's my fault, Mrs. Gibson. I ought to have got rid of you first."

Tommy smiled his shadowy, confident smile.

"I don't want her to work for him, Mrs. Gibson," he said. "On the contrary. We'll carry on now. You leave it to me. Er—that sciatica—I think you ought to stay in bed with it for a couple of days."

Mum sat bolt upright.

"Me—stay in bed!" she said indignantly. "With all this lot to cook for! You're dreaming, Mr. Tucker; me sciatica's not near so bad that I can't—"

"I think it'll keep you in bed for a couple of days," he insisted gently. "You ought to take care of yourself, you know. Besides, I can't work my scheme if you're not bedridden."

A gleam of hope showed in the tired eyes.

"You won't tell me?"

"Not yet. But all you have to do is to be too ill to get up till I send you word that you may."

THE house of Gibson was plunged further into despair on the morrow by the announcement that Mrs. Gibson was prostrate with sciatica, and couldn't leave her bed.

The squatter snorted and went up to see Mum again. Somebody'd have to go through it for this.

Thomas Tucker looked at Mr. Leonard Weatherby.

"What about it, mate?" he asked. "You're the star amateur cook of the Southern Hemisphere. You like Mum—you told me so. And she's lying up there helpless, without a soul to fry her an egg."

The old Len looked out of hiding for the second fleeting moment. "Right-on," he said, getting to his feet. "Somebody's got to do it, I suppose."

Miss Gibson greeted the hungry pedlar on his return later in the day, a Miss Gibson with some interest in life, even with a glow in her eyes.

"Len's a marvel," she said. "You ought to have been here to lunch. There was cauliflower au gratin. . . . Words failed her, her enthusiasm excusing even her pronunciation.

"Good! He was always a bonzer cook."

"It's nice of him to wait on us and cook the dishes we like—I like—don't I?"

The gathering dusk prevented Lil from seeing the crinkles at the corners of Tommy's eyes.

"Yes—very. How's Mrs. Gibson?"

"Oh, she's all right. I believe she's shamming, so as to get Len to cook for her."

The morrow's breakfast was baked bream, filleted, buttered, and tomatoed, with just a shadow of fried onions.

Once more the house assumed the atmosphere of one of the old parties, with guests and hosts rumbling in and out of the kitchen; and once more Len was the dominating spirit, a smiling, handsome, kindly man at the service of his friends. Lil's gibes ceased, and Len's vanished as if they had never been. Indeed, these seemed to have a special quiet smile, shutting out the rest of the unimportant world.

Tommy, living in hope and imagination, believed that the gods were going to be good; passing the kitchen door just before lunch he paused and made certain of the favor of the gods.

A voice was murmuring:

"You're an awful creature at times, Len, darling, but I can't do without you."

A deeper voice answered:

"As an awful creature I'm nothing to you, dearest. But—well, I could cook for you for ever."

Thomas Tucker tiptoed away to write a little note to Mrs. Gibson.

"But how did you do it—what made you think of it?" Mum asked, beaming at the figure of young Mr. Weatherby and her daughter disappearing towards the cherry-orchard. Tommy spread out his brown, narrow hands.

"Cooking is Len's heel of Achilles, his art, his weak spot. And if a man's in a gilded job, with practically nothing to do, he broods on his wrongs and becomes an all-round nark, which prevents him from seeing or acting like himself. Often others can see his affairs more clearly than he can himself."

"Yes, that's true," Mrs. Gibson conceded.

"I know Len Weatherby well, and he's not anything like the man I found here. I had to find a reason for the change—something big enough. And I think I found it in two causes; that he was a servant in the house where he had been virtually master, and that he was in love with his master's daughter. He rubbed in his hatred of Miss Gibson so much that I should have had to be a blind fool not to have seen through it. He's one of the best chaps in the world; but losing his home, falling in love, and becoming a servant all at once were too much for him. So the thing to do was to drive Len back to his art, his weak spot, to make him himself again. Miss Gibson—er—likes her food—"

"She always did," Mum conceded again.

"And would be appreciative of this art. Particularly when the too-much-money atmosphere had temporarily vanished with the servants. After that was established, the lady being much more important in these matters than the more man who persists in thinking himself such a fine fellow—well, you could almost leave it to work itself out automatically, couldn't you?"

These important matters all comfortably settled, and the army of servants back from their arbitrarily-ordered holiday, Thomas Tucker took his leave in a cloud of blessings from Mrs. Gibson. Spring had finally banished the rain in favor of the ultimate beauty of weather, no day had any right to be so exquisite as the day of Tommy's departure. He proclaimed loudly that he had a song to sing, Oh! as the sawn-off bus slipped sweetly over the perfect road past the cherry-blossom.

"Sing me your song, Oh!" came the rich, strong answer, as Lil came out of the trees, her hands full of blossom.

"You're a very clever sort of person, aren't you, Thomas Tucker?" she said, her firm glance resting on his mobile, sly face.

Tommy bowed in deprecation.

"I hope you're a very happy person, Lillian Gibson," he said.

"Oh, well." Her eyes swept the bus and its inscription, and came back to the smiling face. "Take these, from me," she said suddenly, pushing the white fragrance into his hands. "It'll be all right, I suppose—I'll be Mrs. Leonard Weatherby, and the neighbors'll deign to notice me because I'm his. And it'll be the same old thing again till I'm old, like Mum and Dad." The bright, adventurous eyes sought his face again. "But . . . sometimes I think I wasn't cut out for that sort of life. I ought to be a pedlar's wife, here to-day and gone to-morrow, a gipsy with no roof-tree and not wanting one. Not caring—except for the pedlar and his smile. That should be the life for me, I think—"

But abject terror shone in Tommy's face as he stared at her for a moment. Secretly he touched the starter, and very softly the sawn-off bus slipped away from Lil. On the

breese a line of song came faintly, tenderly, back to her:

"It's the song of a merryman, moping mum, Whose soul was sad, and . . ."



NEW SOUTH WALES.

pictorially, had always appealed to Thomas Tucker, vocalist, vet., and tinker. So this stretch of yellow road, bush-bordered and sleepy in the afternoon, was very easy for him to look at.

He was due to sell safety-pins and tape, and perhaps to tune a tired piano or so, in Harrowdene before the dusk fell; but that was business, and a necessary corollary of his wandering. The real thing was the wandering itself—these roads and the bush coming gently down to them, the strange fervor and pungency of the coloring, the sweet strength that seemed to bloom like a burgeoning undertone all through the day and night.

The big stationary car ahead seemed to be, in a difficulty. Tommy slowed up; perhaps he could help; but two long legs were protruding from underneath the car, out into the yellow dust. All was well; the man was at work, and Harrowdene was still some miles ahead, with the afternoon passing—he speeded up and passed the car.

"Mr. Tucker—Tommy!"

He put on the brakes and got out of the driving-seat of the bus. Someone who knew him, evidently.

From the window of the big closed car an old lady was looking, her strong face full of animation and pleasure.

"Come here to me, Tommy Tucker. How dare you pass me in the road without a word?"

His persuasive smile danced in his eyes. "If I'd known it was you, Mrs. Woodruff, I should have stopped at once, naturally. How are you?"

"Bored," she said wearily. "This is our fifth breakdown in twenty miles. Is Max still playing with the wheels underground?"

"The gentleman under the car?"

"Yes. He's my nephew, so try to be polite to him. But a polcat would make a better chauffeur. Max, come out!"

A young man emerged from the darkness beneath the car, a young man with a dark, angry face pleasantly decorated with grease.

"I can't do anything with the beastly thing, Aunt. I believe it's gone permanently bung—oh!" The added exclamation followed his realization of the stranger's presence.

"That's Max Vlati, my nephew, Mr. Thomas Tucker." Tommy held out his hand, and the youth wiped his on his trouser-leg and shook it. "A delightful nephew, but hopelessly incompetent."

Max's dreamy eyes looked pathetically at her, but not with the proper expression of concern at the breakdown. "I really can't do anything with it," he said impersonally, as if he were washing his hands of the affair. "I can't think in wheels and valves."

"Shall I have a look at it, Mrs. Woodruff?"

"Please, Tommy. Max is a mere sculptor, but you are a really useful man."

He located the trouble in a moment, recti-

fied it, and, to the accompaniment of Max's murmured admiration, came upright again.

"There you are, Max," his aunt told him. "I knew it was some perfectly simple thing that a mere child like Tommy Tucker could discover and put right. Now you come home with us, Tommy, and sing to me."

"Er—thank you, Mrs. Woodruff, but—"

"But what?" she asked sharply.

"I was going to Harrowdene to-day, and over to you to-morrow. I have one of my hunches that the Harrowdene district is full of leaking pots and pans, tinny pianos, and sick cows, and therefore needs me very badly."

"Nonsense. I need you very badly, too, after three weeks of Max's chauffeuring, and I'm much more important than a sick cow. You get in that bus of yours and follow on to Sedgemoor; I'll give you a good dinner and a comfortable bed, and between them you can sing to me. Drive on, Max, before he has time to refuse again."

Max might be no mechanic, but he was certainly a reckless driver; the car had vanished round the far bend before Tommy's wheel was in his hand. Old Mrs. Angus Woodruff was probably enjoying the terrifying run, he thought; she was a connoisseur in the highlights of life.

The afternoon was almost gone when he reached the Sedgemoor gates and ran the bus round to the garage. The man washing the Woodruff car there was new to Tommy; he looked so dubiously at the inscription on the tarpaulin of the bus that Tommy smiled at him and read the inscription aloud, finally presenting him with a card.

"You haven't got a sick cow, have you?" Tommy asked him pleasantly. "Nor a leaking kettle?"

"No," the man answered.

Tommy sighed. "I knew I should have gone on to Harrowdene. Not a hope of business here—nothing but dinner and a too-luxurious bed. Don't wash down my car—the paint is not too safe in places."

The man stared after him, his expression of morose bewilderment intensifying as he saw Tommy greet his hostess at the verandah steps.

"Have you got any new books or anything pretty to sell me, Tommy, dear? Or will you just talk to me before dinner and sing to me after it?"

Tommy looked up at the fine white head, at the bright, strong eyes that had seen seventy summers and winters, and at the whimsical smile in the eyes.

"Wouldn't you like me just to listen to you before dinner, Mrs. Woodruff?" he asked, his crinkling smile answering hers.

"Don't be so rude," she said. "And, anyhow, I'm going to listen to you after dinner, am I not? So it's a fair go. Come and sit down."

Dutifully he sat down beside her and turned to her attentively.

"Don't be so absurd, Tommy. You make me feel as if you expected a speech. How do you like my Max?"

"He seems a very nice Max, from the little I saw of him. Not a brilliant motor mechanic, perhaps; but there are other careers in the world."

She laughed. "Last year he ruined my garden, and this year he'll probably wreck my big car."

"Your garden?"

"Yes. Max is by way of being one of these new-fangled, independent youngsters—independent with reservations. He feels that he cannot take a few meals from his widowed aunt without returning something

for them, if it's only a ruined garden or a smashed-up car."

Tommy looked blankly at her. "Dear Mrs. Woodruff," he said finally, "can I get you something—a little sal volatile or—"

"Really, Tommy, you are the most impertinent vet in New South Wales. Max's mother was poor Angus' younger sister—about twenty years younger; and he never forgave her for marrying Angelo Viati. Angus will tied up all his money in trust for me, with a special clause expressly forbidding me to use any of it for the comfort or advancement of the Viati family. Angus was Scotch, and tenacious of his likes and dislikes, Tommy."

"Obviously! But why does that make a ruining gardener and chauffeur of Max?"

"Well, I, too, am tenacious, if not Scotch. And, my own sons and daughter being scattered broadcast over Australia, I like Max to come and stay with me sometimes."

"He's not—er—a handy young man?"

Mrs. Woodruff turned coldly to Thomas Tucker. "He's a genius," she said with an air of finality.

"A sculptor, I think you said."

"Yes. He's going to Rome to study under Capelli for three years. At my expense."

"But I thought you said—"

"I know I did. But we have our ways, our small tenacities of purpose," she told him airily. "Some money—a good deal of money—was left to me some years ago; my brother died, and my share of father's estate came to me. I didn't turn it in to the Woodruff estate—oh, no—I bought—what do you think I bought, Tommy, dear?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Emeralds. Good emeralds, exceptional emeralds, always increase in value, and are always high in value. Max is a genius; I have proof of it. And my emeralds shall buy him his chance to prove it to the world. Besides, I love him," she added, as if it were an afterthought.

Tommy sat laughing gently at her, his vivid eyes veiled and soft. A heavy booming began a crescendo roar in the house.

"The dressing-gong," she said. "You have half an hour, Tommy. Come and see if there's an afterglow."

There was an afterglow filling the other verandah with its soft light, and touching gently a small figure sitting demurely and very upright in the corner. Mrs. Woodruff paused before the figure.

"Well, Eileen, how are you getting along?"

There was a hint of patronage and more than a hint of affection in her voice. The girl looked up from her needlework, shaking out her clustering beautiful black curls.

"Very well indeed, thank you, Mrs. Woodruff. I'm as happy as the day itself." Her voice was a liquid melody, a shy melody that seemed to call up a vision of green hills and small white Irish houses hiding under their thatch.

"It's yourself that's looking the picture of health, ma'am, too," she went on, sweet grey eyes "put in with a smudgy finger" flashing up between the curtaining curls.

"I'm always well, my dear," Mrs. Woodruff said, patting a thin shoulder and smiling down into the grey eyes. "And I think you're losing your pallor." The smile became a chuckle. "But where's your familiar—your Teddy bear?"

She blushed and the eyes fell. "It'll be in my room, ma'am. I'm not—not needin' it so much now, with your goodness to me."

"That's good. But don't work any more in this light, or you'll be needing an ocu-

list. Put away your work and go for a walk round the garden, or something."

Eileen rose obediently and seemed to vanish, with such silent grace did she leave the verandah and slip down the steps.

"Another of your pets, Mrs. Woodruff?"

"Certainly not—I have no pets. Do you like her?"

"Er—yes, if you can do that in one minute. She's very ornamental."

"Yes, isn't she? Far too young and pretty—that's what I told her when she came up in such distress from the hotel in the town-

ship."

"The hotel?"

"Yes. She was a housemaid there—a green child straight from Dublin, as pretty as a picture, in a hotel like the Unicorn. She came up to me one night with her heart breaking and told me how—she paused and looked gravely at the gathering shadows—"never mind—let us say she was far too young and pretty, Tommy, for her job. So she—well, she helps the housemaids here and does a little needlework, and—and that sort of thing. I hardly see her from day's end to day's end. What are you laughing at, Tommy, dear?"



HE instantly assumed a becoming gravity. "You, dear Mrs. Woodruff," he said, but with respect. "Is your shy colleen alone in Australia, then?"

"At the moment, yes. Two brothers and their families are coming soon from Dublin; but Eileen came first, alone, to see if she could save some money out of the wages we pay our servants here—which to her seemed enormous—so that when her brothers came she wouldn't be a penniless burden on them. A fine child," she added, turning to the shadows again.

"And the familiar, the Teddy bear?"

Mrs. Woodruff turned back, her eyes tender. "Oh, that is rather pathetic, Tommy. She doesn't understand Australia and Australian ways yet, and sometimes I believe my maids here are not, shall I say, too sensitive in their treatment of her. So she gets homesick, and hugs and cuddles her Teddy bear, the one relic of her childhood, for comfort, carrying it about with her all day sometimes. I always mention its absence, because I'm so glad to see that the need of it—"

The reverberating gong boomed again through the house. "Twenty minutes only, Tommy. On the run, please—I want dinner over, and 'O Sole Mio' in my ears."

Tommy was a minute and a half late, but he was ahead of Mrs. Woodruff. Only the tall figure of Max Viati was waiting in the living-room hall. "Aunt's late—have a cigarette?" he said, adding impersonally, "she always is late."

Taking the cigarette, Tommy let his eyes rise to the young man's face.

"I don't suppose anybody questions her right to be late," Tommy smiled as he put the comment—a small test-comment for this swan.

"Eh? Good Lord, no!" Max was half-indignant; his manner was anything but impersonal now. "She can be as late as she likes, as long as she turns up in the end."

"Ah, there you are, Aunt." A light of admiration sprang into the big dreamy eyes, and seemed to kindle all Max's spirit, so that for the moment he was an unquestionable genius. "Why, you're a rolling ball

of style, Auntie. What's all the parade for? Thomas Tucker?"

Tommy turned to the figure at the foot of the stairs, standing under the cluster of lights.

"So you like me?" she said. "That's good. I'm a rolling ball of style. In your elegant phrase, Max, partly for dear Tommy, and partly for myself. I expect—I hope—to-night is my last chance of wearing my emeralds."

"Your last chance? Why?" Max held her chair for her.

"Mr Middlemass is coming to-morrow—on his way from Harrowdene to Sydney by car—and he has found an intolerably rich client with a complex for collecting emeralds. Mr. Middlemass thinks this beastly client may be the opportunity I have been waiting for to sell my emeralds—Max's emeralds—and, as the kind of lawyer that dear Angus would entrust his business to, he prefers to carry the emeralds to Sydney in person."

She turned to Tommy, a sea-green flame seeming to swing across the room from each ear as she did so. "Good stones, aren't they, Tommy?"

"They're wonderful," Tommy said, staring at the leaping fire rippling on her neck. "I didn't imagine that such—"

"I say, Aunt," Max's voice broke in, a fervent note in it, making Tommy feel that Max and his aunt were alone. "you're too desperately good to me, you know. And those bonzer stones—it's a shame—"

She turned angrily from Tommy to him. "Nonsense, boy," she said sharply. "Think of Capelli and Rome and fame, and then of an old woman in the backblocks of New South Wales, hugging the thought to her bones that she did it all. What's a couple of emeralds to that?"

Tommy sang "O Sole Mio," and was a great success. Mrs. Woodruff sitting rapt while he did so, her eyes full of memories. At the song's end she sighed, and was silent a moment.

"Now the Rimsky-Korsakov, Tommy, please," she said gently at last, "the Field Song—the unpublished one. Max will let you play your own accompaniment, I'm sure."

Max left the piano and dropped into a chair beside his aunt in the shadows of the room.

He watched this Thomas Tucker, tinker and vet, a new expression in his eyes: "O Sole Mio" sung by this smiling man, this pedlar, was surely the spirit of all the beauty in sound.

Then the beating, half-Eastern accompaniment to the "Field Song" throbbed gently through the room, the two opening phrases recurring to make an over-beat. Presently Tommy's head went back, and the wild sorrow poured in magic from his throat; he was the poet working in the cornfield, his spirit shaken with pain and longing. Max caught his breath and leaned forward so that he might lose nothing of this enchantment; "O Sole Mio" was sugary and affected compared with this bitter, beautiful cry.

The poet's work in the cornfield done, Tommy was back in his hut, the candle lit and the pen in his hand. A crooning inspiration possessed him; Mrs. Woodruff and Max saw the pen travelling along the paper, saw the black words on the white. Tommy's perfect voice a sort of menacing lullaby in their ears, they saw the pen falter and the poet's head droop forward, heard his gasp, saw him die of hunger over his manuscript.

The beating Tartar rhythm pulsated softly once, and silence fell.

Mrs. Woodruff looked up when the song had ended. "Thank you, Tommy. You're a great blessing to me. You needn't sing

any more to-night; you must be treated as a sort of Caruso, with only two jewels to fling to the groundlings per evening. Don't you think so, Max?"

But Max had no words. He was a poet, or a sculptor, condemned to work in the corn, and too poor to buy clay. He grunted, staring unseeing at Tommy's elfin head. Tommy laughed and stood up, subconsciously aware of the clustering curls and the shy bent head of the colleen moving silently away from the open french window. He wondered vaguely what she thought of the Field Song.

Australian sunshine was filling the living-room hall as Tommy came down the stairs, the next morning, the conscious virtue of the early riser expressed in his light step and smiling eyes. But Mrs. Woodruff was there before him, pouring coffee at the window-seat and looking dubiously at a piece of toast on her plate.

"Somehow I loathe breakfast more every day in every way— Oh, good morning, Tommy."

"Good morning," he said coldly. "You've spoilt my scene."

"I'm so sorry. What is your scene?"

"By all the rules of the game, I am the first up—it's not half-past seven yet."

"I know. I apologise. Shall I go back to bed, and come down in a kimono at nine?"

"No," he said, brushing the skin of an orange and smelling it; "honor is satisfied by your apology. But don't let it occur again. How are you?"

She sighed. "Insomnia, Tommy—that's why I spoilt your scene: I was so sick of staring at the ceiling. Sometimes, when I'm depressed, I think I must be getting old, you know, Tommy—good morning, Max. You don't happen to be the first up, do you?"

"No, Aunt," he said, looking from her to Tommy; "I'm obviously the third. Why?"

"There!" She turned triumphantly to Tommy. "Isn't he the little gentleman? You have the entire stage, Thomas Tucker, with both spotlights on you."

"Thank you," Thomas Tucker bowed gravely. "It is my due."

Max peered into their faces anxiously. "I say," he said patiently, "are you sure you've been to bed? You don't suggest a good night's rest to me."

Mrs. Woodruff drank her coffee and stood up. "I'm going into the library," she announced.

"You can fight it out between you who has my orange and my egg." She smiled at them and disappeared through the library doorway.

Max turned back to the table. "Good-morning," he said to Tommy. "Would you like her egg or her orange?" His face became grave. "I suppose she couldn't sleep again."

"Yes," she said something about insomnia.

"She ought to sleep well, with the days she puts in. But—"

"Max! Tommy!"

They turned at her horrified voice. She was standing at the open door of the library, her face as white as her hair and her trembling hands clasped together.

"Heavens, Aunt! What's wrong?"

Her lips trembled, her haggard eyes staring from Max to Tommy. Tommy stood up.

"What is it, Mrs. Woodruff? Can I do anything? You know I'm at your service."

"Nobody can do anything," she said, her

voice stricken and toneless. "The emeralds are gone!"

"Goodness!" Max whispered.

"I put them in my desk last night," she went on in the same suddenly-old voice, "to be ready for Mr. Middlemass to-day. And they're gone!"

"But, Aunt!—Max sprang up—"you must be wrong. You must have meant to put them in your desk and taken them up to your safe in the usual way."

She stumbled across the room and sank suddenly in her chair.

"I know I put them in my desk," she whimpered, "and they're vanished. And I'm an old woman. Do something, Tommy. Ring up the police, or something. I'll faint or go to pieces if—." She sighed heavily and was silent, leaning her head on the back of the chair, her face drawn and lined, and with all the vividness banished from it.

Tommy looked down at her. "You're all right, aren't you?" he said sharply.

She opened her eyes. "I'll be perfectly right if you'll get on the trail of my emeralds, of Max's fame," she said. "Count me out for now; I'm all right here. But for the love of Providence go to work."

Tommy turned to Max. "Step up to her room and search all the likely places. She may be wrong about the desk. I'll round up the servants, and run the search down here. Shake it up."



MAX vanished and

Tommy went out to the kitchen. In two hours Sedgemoor had been searched from end to end and top to bottom; every servant had been cross-examined; even the garage and the man's room had not been omitted.

To no avail. Barring a broken twig or so on a shrub beneath the library window and some faint, indefinite disturbance of the mould of the bed round the shrub, no slightest clue was found of the emeralds going. Tommy rang up the Harrowdene police and went back to Mrs. Woodruff. He was telling her as gently as he could of the failure of his efforts when the noise of pattering feet sounded on the polished floor of the room, and Eileen stood before them, Eileen on the verge of collapse. She was hugging her Teddy bear frantically to her bosom, and gasping sobs of terror were shaking her.

"Will the men not still be on the premises, Mrs. Woodruff, dear?" she whispered. "What men, Eileen?" Mrs. Woodruff's eyes looked firmly at her to quell the rising hysteria.

"The burglars—oh, wirrah, wirrah, we'll all be murdered in our beds. Was it for this I left me home for strange lands?" She fell on her knees, a picture of wild distress, the cloud of curls quivering on her head and the grey eyes wide open in panic.

Mrs. Woodruff laughed and drew her to her feet. "Now, Eileen, my dear," she said, her strong voice confident and soothing. "You can trust me to see that no harm comes to you. The men who took my emeralds are miles away by now—they'd be fools to be anywhere near us, wouldn't they, with the police on their way from Harrowdene now?"

But the colleen could not be comforted. Mrs. Woodruff gathered her into her arms, and by slow degrees forced the storm to subside. In the end the sobs became fewer

and fewer, and finally ceased. Eileen stood up, a vision of lovely sorrow, but calm now.

"I'll be going back to the maids now, Mrs. Woodruff," she said, stroking the Teddy bear's head, and speaking in a small, ashamed voice. "I'm a great 'adress to you, with me molderin'. I hope you'll forgive me." She half curtsied, and fitted from the room, that first impression of a magic vanishing coming back to Tommy's mind as his eyes followed the pretty black-and-white figure with the brown nose of the comforting Teddy bear held close to the childish bosom.

"Poor child," Mrs. Woodruff's voice was tenderness itself. "She seems to feel that the loss of the emeralds—"

A voice from the doorway interrupted her.

"The Inspector is here, ma'am," the maid said. "Shall I show him in, or will Mr. Tucker see him?"

"Show him in here, please."

Inspector Haig went over all the ground already covered by Tommy and Max, preserving the inviolate police expression of knowledge withheld. The thing was a mystery to him, he confessed to Tommy; he couldn't imagine where the stones were, or who was responsible for their vanishing. Tommy smiled and thanked him, unable to suppress the thought that he was thanking him for nothing.

"Well, there goes Max's chance of Rome and fame," Mrs. Woodruff said. "It's a hard life, Tommy dear. That's not an original remark; Mr. Middlemass said it this morning when I had to send him to Sydney without the emeralds."

For a moment she stared out of the window. "Will you stay for a couple of days, Tommy?" she went on.

"Of course I will. And I shan't be doing any work much at present. I have an idea that might—"

He ceased and looked thoughtfully at her. She sat up. "An idea, Tommy?"

"Only a hunch," he said hurriedly. "Don't take the bloom off it by asking me about it." There are incantations and enchantments, and all sorts of secret ceremonies—you see, it's a hunch, and that means that it can only work in silence."

Her eyes held him for another moment. "Don't forget that I'm an old woman, Tommy, will you?" she said at last.

Tommy's crinkling smile flashed radiantly at her.

"No, I won't forget," he told her.

The days dragged by. The detective came, retaining his cloak of silent wisdom while he pottered about and was discovered at odd moments in odd, unexpected places. But he found no emeralds, nor any traces of emeralds. The day came when Tommy's business demanded that he return to work; his slack luxurious life was making him soft, he said. He came into the living-room hall with his hands full of parcels, and his smile very much in evidence.

"These are gifts," he said; "small parting gifts from a grateful guest. That is yours, Mrs. Woodruff; it's silk—the pride of my stock. Don't look at it till I've gone. And that is yours, Max—Turkish cigarettes of the very best brand." He looked at the other parcels. "Could the maids have these things, Mrs. Woodruff? I don't like to invade the kitchen; they might think I wanted to cross-question them again, and they must be sick of that by now."

"Of course, Tommy. Ring that bell—no, there's Eileen on the verandah. Eileen!"

She appeared at the window.

"Take these to Palmer, will you, my dear, and say that they are gifts from Mr. Tucker, with his compliments—is that right, Tommy?"

"Quite right, thank you, Mrs. Woodruff."

He looked at Eileen, at her Teddy bear. "Your bear ought to have a ribbon, Eileen, as a remembrance from me. Bring him out to my bus in the garage when you've taken the parcels, and we'll find him a good one in the stock."

"Very well, Mr. Tucker. And thank you." She curtsied and slipped away with the parcels.

IN the garage the little black-and-white figure with the cloud of curls was standing demurely by the bonnet of the bus. Tommy's smile faded as he saw it, and his eyes grew hard and purposeful. He walked over to the tarpaulin-covered stock, putting his hand on it, but looking at the little figure.

"Which will you choose?" he said suddenly. "Will you get on to the bus and come away with me, or shall I hand you over to the police?"

She gasped, and a grey pallor rose in the pretty face.

"Is it insulting me you are, or making game of me, Mr. Tucker?"

For answer he took the Teddy bear from her arms, tore off the fur covering, and let a glittering pile of emeralds ripple from the case into his hand.

"Now, will you come with me, or shall the police see to it?"

Her arms fell to her sides, and a hard, reckless light showed for an instant in her eyes.

"I'll come with you," she whispered.

"Then wait—I'll be back in five minutes. Wait," he repeated. "I have the bus, and there are two cars. If you tried to get away you'd be caught in ten minutes."

"I'll wait," she said.

Tommy took the bear and the emeralds, and disappeared into the house. In five minutes he was back empty-handed, motioned her to take her seat in the driving-seat, and climbed up beside her without looking at her. Presently the bus slipped gently through the gates of Sedgemoor, and took the main road running north.

The afternoon shadows were slanting through the bush when Tommy ran the bus into a clearing, glancing at the river behind the clearing and at the remains of some former camper's fire. He brought the bus to a standstill and climbed down, addressing his first words since leaving Sedgemoor to the shy colleen.

"Gather some sticks," he said, "and we'll make a fire—a good big fire—and you can tell me all about it."

Presently the fire was leaping high in the clearing. Tommy came and looked at it, some clothes in his hand. "Yes, I think it'll do now," he said. "Now take these clothes, go behind the bus, and put them on. We'll burn those you're wearing. And we'll begin with this." He plucked the clustering curls suddenly from her head and threw the wig on the fire, smiling calmly into the boy's terrified face. "Now change," he said, sitting down beside the fire.

A slim Irish boy came and stood beside him, a dark Irish boy with all the fugitive beauty of the colleen, but looking better now in grey flannel trousers and shirt.

"Now tell me about it," Tommy said gently, when the flames had died down.

The boy told him about it—about the childhood and boyhood in Dublin, and the criminal father in and out of gaol. About the forcing of himself into the easy criminal ways, about the discovery of his magic gift of impersonation and the many devious uses of the gift, about the unexpected chance

to come to Australia under the wing of some social welfare society.

Tommy stared into the heart of the fire while the boy's rich brogue went melodiously on, telling him of his effort to go straight when he first arrived, and of his failure to do so when he heard that there was to be a family of rich squatters at the Harrowdene hotel a month ago, the lady squatter's diamonds being famous for their size and value. About his going there as a housemaid, and about the failure of the squatters to come there at all; of his chance hearing of Mrs. Woodruff's emeralds, and his going to her with his tale of distress.

"And the rest of it you know yourself, Mr. Tucker," the boy added, throwing a twig on the fire with a little gesture of hopelessness.

For a long moment Tommy sat in silence. Some nameless quality in the boy called out to him, beseeching his help.

"Ever done any fishing—go in for any sport at all?"

The boy turned to him, his face full of amazement. "I have not," he said. "Why?" "Because it's time you did. Come over here."

The boy followed him, wondering, to the bus, and took the fishing line and hooks from his hand.

"I got a bag of forty-two, and five of them three-pounders, at that bend, one afternoon," Tommy told him, pointing to a sharp curve in the river. "Now you go and see what you can do while I get the billy boiling and tea on the way."

He looked into the boy's face and smiled, the little crinkles coming and going at the corners of his eyes.

"We'll try what three months of the Australian bush and me can do, my boy," he said.



IN an autumn dusk Tommy sat over the fire. A billy of coffee was shedding its perfume up into his nostrils, co-ordinating with an empty feeling below his belt.

"If that young blighter doesn't turn up in a minute," he muttered, "I'll eat my tea alone, and he can starve."

A thin whistling started some distance off between the trees, growing louder, until a brown, hard-looking youth stepped out into the clearing, put down his gun, and brought three wild duck proudly over to Tommy.

"Aren't they beauties?" he said, his clear eyes dancing with triumph.

Tommy looked up into the healthy, weather-bitten face, all hard and confident, and with the serenity of confidence.

"Creditable," he said. "Late, but very creditable. Don't be too fussy about the cleaning. I'll have to begin on bread. You're starving me."

The youth looked into Tommy's elfin eyes.

"I say," he said, a half-smile showing about his lips. "I believe you're going to reform me, Mr. Tucker."

Tommy looked up gravely at the youth, swung slowly back and forth, and chanted:

Of that there is no possible doubt,
No possible, probable shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

Thomas Tucker, driving his sawn-off bus towards the setting sun, was conscious of something lacking. The evidence of this lack was not an actual pain, but only a slight discomfort—so slight, indeed, that it was some time before Tommy could relate it to its cause. He realised finally that he was hungry, remembered that he had had no time for lunch, and decided that he would not wait for dark for tea. To that end he looked for a clear opening in the bush, and, finding one soon, turned the sawn-off bus into it. A couple of hundred yards of careful driving took him to a clearing and the remains of some swaggie's fire.

He was alone; and all that he knew of home, in these later Australian years, was around him; the bus, and the little lean-to tent, and himself.

The sun had set, and the swift dusk was passing. When the lean-to tent, the little house, was up, the fire had calmed down to a steady glow, and the billy was boiling. He tipped the coffee in, and watched the brown bubbles for a minute and a half before he took the billy off the wire.

In the still silence that followed, a shadowy sound made itself heard in the encircling bush, a little rustle and the soft snap of a twig. Tommy looked up, peering into the gathering darkness beyond the glow of the fire. Tommy waited, idly sorting the tucker. Presently a figure detached itself from the blackness of the bush and came slowly out into the clearing. On the edge of the circle of firelight it paused, looking warily at Tommy. It was a little boy, a ragged, unkempt little boy with tired yet watchful eyes. His face was very grave as he stood on the ring of light, fingering his torn shirt.

"Could I have something to eat with you, mister?" he asked.

Tommy was dramatically conscious of the intruder's presence.

"Hallo, young feller me lad; where did you spring from?"

"From the bush," the boy said, the watchful light deepening in his eyes.

Tommy looked at the dragged, grimy little figure wearing all the signs of having slept in the bush. A haunting forlornness hovered about the boy, but dominated by a precocious courage; but at the moment all evidence was obscured by dirt.

"How about a wash before tea, feller me lad?" he said gently. "There's a towel and a bit of soap in the tent, and at the bottom of that rise you'll find an old waterhole."

"Ta. I c'd do with a wash." His slight swagger as he walked across the clearing to the tent very nearly hid the fatigue in his bare brown legs.

When he came back the evidence was clearer. He was a surprisingly handsome boy, slim and graceful, and yet giving the impression of hardness. Tommy suppressed a smile and pointed to the other side of the fire.

"Sit down," he said, as to a contemporary.

"I hope your appetite's good."

"Not too bad," the boy replied, carefully casual.

"Good! I thought you might like something a bit stronger than milk, if you'd been on the road, so I brewed you coffee." Tommy handed him the mug of one-per-cent. coffee.

"Try that; and have some ham. You must be peckish."

The boy demonstrated beyond question that his appetite was not too bad. Tommy admired in silence until he thought it was time to intervene.

"Going far?" he asked, still as to a contemporary.

"Down 't Sydney," was the offhand answer.

"You've got a job there?"

"Yairs."

This boy might perhaps be nine years old, but was more likely eight; and Sydney was

three hundred-odd miles away. Tommy looked reflectively at the grave, attractive young face, so deliberately reticent and casual in its affectation of independence. Something had aged the boy, put him on his guard, given him an armor long before armor was necessary. He looked up into Tommy's eyes, and for the first time smiled, a dim smile like a ghost from a lost childhood.

"No, I've got no job, mister. I just run away. Couldn't stick it."

"Couldn't stick what? Home?"

"Yes, if yer c'n call it home."

Thomas Tucker, pedlar, tapped a cigarette thoughtfully on his thumbnail.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked gently. "The old woman," was the prompt answer.

"Your mother?"

"Naow," in infinite contempt; "Mrs. Boyd. Me mother's dead, and so's me father."

"And you live with Mrs. Boyd?"

"Yes. Ever since I was a kid."

Tommy suppressed another smile, not wholly of mirth.

"Yes?"

"When me mother died—there was only her and me—Mrs. Boyd took me in, to gimme a home, she says. An' it's only natural I got to work for it, she says. An' I do—I got seven cows to milk mornin' and night, besides odd jobs of work about the place. I'm givin' all day—sometimes I c'n hardly find me chaff-bags in the woodshed when it's bedtime—"

"Your chaff-bags? What for?"

"HIS level, patient gaze turned in surprise to Tommy.

"Well, Mrs. Boyd's got kids of her own, she says, and stretchers cost money, let alone giving me me tucker and a home. I don't mind the graftin'—everyone's got to graft, I know, without her tellin' me—but she's always givin' off pop an' rousin' on me when I've done nothin'."

You know, mister—"

he looked argumentatively at Tommy—"I don't get time to do anything but work. An' it isn't any good her knockin' me about an' yellin' at me, 'cos I haven't done it an' she knows I haven't."

He paused and stared into the fire's red heart, his eyes looking haggard and bleak for a moment, and that indescribable formlessness descending upon him. So long was his pause to peer into the fire that Tommy prompted him at last.

"Yes, young feller me lad?" he said softly.

"Me name's Jack—Jack Turner," the boy replied, as a courteous intimation that his name was not feller me lad. "Well, I got full of it, an' cleared out yesterday mornin', for good. I know I've done it before, when she got over the odds, and hid about the place. But she always found me, or I got hungry, or somethin'."

That was before I set me growth, though—"

he turned gravely to Tommy—"an' the night before last she went for me with the soft broom once too often."

The mobile mouth set in a thin line, most strange in the child's face, "And at sun-up I walked out. Wherever I ended up, even if it was the gallows, it couldn't be worse than Mrs. Boyd's. I slept yesterday an' to-day, an' walked all last night, so as to dodge any neighbors. I'd just woke up when your car come in."

He ceased, and sat watching Tommy, as if he resented the weak-mindedness of telling a dangerous secret to a grown-up, but was glad also that the secret was off his chest.

"Where is Mrs. Boyd's place?"

The boy sat bolt upright, a wild terror

lighting his eyes. He clutched his battered, shapeless hat, and held it before him.

"You're not taking me back, mister?" he whispered, catching his breath.

Tommy's heart shook as he leaned over the dying fire and patted the clenched brown hands.

"No, no, young feller me lad. We're cobbler in this. I only thought it was curious that I hadn't heard of the lady—I know this district pretty well."

"The boy leaned back on his tree-trunk with a great sigh of relief.

"She's not in this district," he said. "I ran most of last night."

His face was grateful for Tommy's friendliness, but a little puzzled at his attitude in a grown-up.

"You said we were cobbler in this, mister?"

Tommy smiled into the puzzled face.

"Well, aren't we? We're banded together to see that you don't have to go back to Mrs. Boyd's, aren't we? And we've broken bread together beside our own camp-fire, haven't we? If any two people are cobbler, we are. Didn't any of the neighbors have anything to say to Mrs. Boyd—the parson, or the schoolmaster, or anybody?"

"Yes, some of 'em used to come up sometimes when I was a kid. But she talked 'em over an' said the neighbors'd been spreadin' yarns and I was real bad at heart—"

young Leon (that's one of her kids) told me that."

He sighed once more and turned again to the smouldering fire. "My word, they were hard . . ."

"What about school—did you go to school?"

"A bit, sometimes. But mostly I worked—Mrs. Boyd couldn't spare me, she said, what with the wood and the lows and the stock to be fed and the cows milked. School made it a cruel long day," he added as an afterthought.

"I see. Have you got any relations, young feller me lad? I mean, that you know of?"

"No; there was only mother an' me. Father died in Brisbane—I never knew him—an' mother was a stranger in Quinby."

His face softened at some memory, but in his reticent habit he said nothing more.

"I see," Tommy repeated, and was silent for a long moment while he lit and half smoked the second of the three cigarettes.

"I don't see why I'm sitting here thinkin' about it," he said at last, throwing the cigarette butt into the fire. "We wander for a time in our separate intentions, feller me lad; but presently we converge, and meet. In the back of the bus you'll find two rugs; put one on the ground on this side of the fire, roll up in the second, and sleep on the first. I sleep in the tent, and I shall be obliged if you'll call me early. We must be up and away at the break of light. Who knows what Boyds are on our tracks?"

A gleam of fear started into the boy's eyes at the dreaded name, but he saw that queer crinkling at the corners of the man's smiling eyes and he chuckled.

"Right—oh, mister," he said. "I'll call you early. I ought to know how to wake up when I want to be now."

At the break of light, then, the sawn-off bus took the road under the command of two officers: Thomas Tucker and young feller me lad; and for six months, until Jack's ninth birthday was well past, it travelled and peddled under that command.

Tommy pushed back the gates of a new world for young feller me lad, a world of toys you could take under your rug with you while Tommy smoked his last cigarette and the fire went dimmer and dimmer; a

world of fairy-tales and all the good things you could think yourself into believing. Jack went his self-contained, reticent way in this rich world, his eyes looking at Tommy's face for guidance in the unfamiliar paths.

In place of the dragged wail of circumstance who had peered watchfully at him from the edge of a firelit circle, there was now this handsome lad equipped to make some sort of fist of life—he had at least a working confidence in life, anyhow, as a jumping-off place. Furthermore, that shifting home, that household of a cleared space in the trees, firelit and silent, had become more real now. Voices had driven out the silence, and young feller me lad the everlasting solitude. Tommy knew that a rare thing, a great possession, was his now. Yet . . . feller me lad was the point—was the possession so great for him, as from now?

Tommy looked over at the lean-to tent, the bus in the shadows, the dull glow of the fire, and again at the little pile of rugs quietly rising and falling. He remembered to-day, and yesterday, and the days before it. Young feller me lad had more rights than mere affection and security from pain. For a life-worn pedlar and yet this sanctuary of shadows was well enough, as was the shifting, never-ending journey of the day; but not for a little boy on the threshold of life. He needed a real home, and the education that Tommy could not give him. He had taken young feller me lad as far as he could.

But what to do?

Tommy remembered that within thirty miles of these ashes there was a station of fair size and of great prosperity. Jock Anderson had had the habit for forty years now of boasting that never a pennyworth of mortgage had rested on Muirfield, that not a square foot of it had even come within cooee of the clutching fingers of a bank or a public company. Mrs. Jock, who had travelled by sailing-ship from Dundee to join Jock when Muirfield was an infinitesimal part of its present self, had decreed long ago that any moneys put into the place should be earned and not borrowed. Hence the heroic prosperity of the station and its immunity from the common face of stations.

The one fly in this ointment—and possibly a strong contributing cause of the ointment's satisfactoriness—was the non-appearance of any little Andersons. Mr. and Mrs. Jock Anderson remained at Muirfield, a lonely, rich couple fast approaching old age, their strong personalities rubbing each other the wrong way with increasing frequency, and their real interest in life disappearing in proportionate ratio.

Remembering these circumstances, Tommy sat deep in thought. The situation was not nearly so obvious as it seemed; you had to take into account those two very strong personalities who, unaided and unguided, had reached their present position from a beginning of no position at all.

MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON were delighted to see Thomas Tucker in the middle of the following morning, and they became as effusive as their natures and upbringing permitted at the idea of his and young feller me lad's staying with them for a week. In their different ways they both liked Thomas, his rendering of Scotch ballads, and his habit of disappearing in the early morning on his rounds, and not showing up again until dinner-time to sing to them.

He announced at lunch that he had a call to make that afternoon, and if Mrs. Anderson didn't mind he'd leave Jack

Muirfield and make the call alone. Mrs. Anderson beamed.

"Certainly, Mrs. Tucker. The laddie'll be verra sociable and comfortable with me, won't ye, Jack?"

"Yes," young feller me lad said non-committally.

Tommy laughed.

"It isn't everybody I'd leave him with, Mrs. Anderson. But he gets enough of the road, day in, day out."

"I'll show y' round the place," Mr. Anderson said, with the air of conferring an enormous favor.

"Thank you," young feller me lad conceded.

After dinner Mrs. Anderson pushed the decanter of port across to Tommy and cleared his throat.

"Yon's a fine lad o' yours, Thomas," he said with elaborate but not too elaborate casualness.

"Yes, I'm proud of Jack. He's a great comfort to me on the road, you can imagine."

Mr. Anderson smoked his cigar in silence for a moment.

"I doubt his schooling'll be a bit deficient," he said presently, "as yet."

"Oh, well, I do what I can, you know. He can read and write and speak fairly decently now. And I like teaching him."

Mr. Anderson flicked his cigar-ash into the tray and stood up, putting the stopper into the decanter.

"Mebbe," he said. "But a lad who can hold his tongue like that one should get all the opportunities, Thomas. He didn't speak ten words to me to-day, and six o' them were to curse a cow he didn't like the look of. A fine lad, a vera fine lad."

Thomas Tucker followed Mr. Anderson into the drawing-room, his face composed in suitable and respectful gravity. His inspired singing of "Bonny Dundee" brought tears into Mrs. Anderson's eyes.

"It's a breath o' home an' the sight of Tay Bridge ye bring me," she said, unashamedly wiping her eyes. "And that wee laddie o' yours with his hand in mine had started me soft before dinner. You'll get me all nervous between you."

"Mr. Anderson seems to think he doesn't get enough schooling, and that I ought to part with him for his own good. But I couldn't think of doing that, Mrs. Anderson. I found him, you know, and he's mine; it would be like parting with my own son. Besides, I couldn't afford to put him at the kind of school I'd want for him. But I couldn't let him go, in any case."

"No, Mr. Tucker. And you couldn't be expected to," Mrs. Anderson continued her knitting with absorbed attention. "I've known lads get on verra well w' little or no education. It's not so important as folks imagine. A good home, now, is a different matter. Ye'll be on your rounds again to-morrow, Mr. Tucker?"

"Yes, I shall be away all day to-morrow. I hope young feller me lad won't be a nuisance to you."

"He won't. I was thinking of taking him to Lollard with me, an' gettin' a few things. The big car is never out o' the garage now. And ye'll no be offended if I get him a suit, will ye, Mr. Tucker? Oh, he's well enough dressed," she hastened to add; "but it'll be a treat for me to get him a wee suit. Ye won't mind?"

Mr. Tucker smiled wholly in friendship. "I should like you to, Mrs. Anderson. It's a thing you understand much better than I do. He'll pay for dressing, won't he?"

Mrs. Anderson looked over at the handsome head bent over the book.

"He will indeed," she said softly. Will ye come on a motor drive with me to-morrow,

Jack, and we'll have a fine lunch at the Lollard Arms?"

Young feller me lad looked up, and smiled his distant smile.

"Yes, thank you," he said, and returned to his book.

Returning from his round as the dinner-gong was booming in the hall, Tommy was conscious of a slim, upright figure standing by the dining-room door. The figure had an air of strangeness; its hitherto bare brown knees were covered by beautifully-creased blue trousers, for one thing; and its khaki, open-collared shirt by a coat and waistcoat, for another. But it was calm and self-contained.

"Hallo, young feller me lad," Tommy said. "You're a great swell. Have a good time?"

"Yes. I say, they've given me a room—a play-room, she calls it. And she bought me a stockyard, all full of sheep and horses and—cows, of course. You can't have a stockyard without cows. It's a bonzer thing—cost pounds and pounds. I'll show it to you after tea. And I've got a dozen shirts, and new shoes and ties, and another suit, and . . ." Words apparently failed the self-contained figure by the dining-room door.

"My word, you have been going it. How do you like Mrs. Anderson?"



"A.L. right. She's very kind. But you come up and see my stockyard after tea."

The household inspected the stockyard after dinner with respectful admiration. It was a really wonderful toy, complete with sheds and fencing and gates, lifelike miniatures of stock, and even riders to yard and muster the stock. It occupied quite half the floor of the attic play-room; the other half would be occupied, Mr. Anderson intimated, by a Hornby train to-morrow or the next day; he had telephoned that it was to be put on the train in Sydney without fail to-day.

"You'll have as much stock in the bus as I shall, if this goes on, young feller me lad," Tommy said. "I hope you said thank you. We'll have to stop every hour or so to set 'em up on the road and have a look at 'em."

Mr. Anderson looked dour and cleared his throat, but didn't speak. Mrs. Anderson, on the other hand, became immediately and most unusually voluble.

"Did ye show Mr. Tucker your ties and socks, Jacky? I'm sure I had a better time than he did, Mr. Tucker, buying the bit things. And for once that cook at the Lollard set up a good lunch; she might have almost known it was a special occasion. But come down—your coffee'll be cold. D'ye like him in his new suit?"

Later Thomas Tucker, vocalist, did his best to protect himself against the two strong personalities.

"No, I can't do it," he told them. "I wouldn't dream of parting with him. He's mine. And I'm a lonely man. You can't expect me to do it."

"Ye see, Thomas," Mr. Anderson began again in his quiet, steady voice, "it's no yerself and what's yours that I have in my mind. It's the laddie and what should rightly be his. You can't give him that, and I—and we"—with a saving glance at Mrs. Anderson—"can. He'll have his

own tutor, the best in the Commonwealth; he'll be legally adopted as our son and the heir to Muirfield, and I'll teach him how to run the place."

He paused, with the implacable air of a man who was only just beginning his argument.

"Yes, that's all very fine," Tommy put in; "but you're taking away my boy, my young feller me lad. I can't—"

"Wouldn't it be better, now," the other strong personality interrupted, "if ye thought of him, Mr. Tucker, as a charge on yer conscience, instead of just as your boy? I can't believe that ye really mean to stand in the way of a great opportunity for him. It's not like you."

But Tommy shook his head.

"Your arguments are very sound, and I know my point of view is sentimental. But the strongest arguments in creation wouldn't move me. It can't be done."

Mr. Anderson's quiet, implacable burr started again, and the clock had struck midnight before Tommy finally gave in, with the air of a man worsted by superior reasoning. Sorrowfully he made an appointment for the following Friday morning at the Lollard lawyer's office, and went dejectedly up to bed, leaving those two personalities in conscious command of the field. But to his reflection in the looking-glass he allowed himself one flickering smile; this, in its swift vanishing, however, seemed to leave his face more grave than usual.

This gravity did not reappear until he was well away from Muirfield. Jack had said good-bye in his accustomed reticent manner; the Andersons had speeded the parting guest with much unaccustomed effusiveness, the victory being theirs; and Tommy, alone on the driving-seat of the sawn-off bus, was driving rather drearily along the never-ending road. He was alone now, permanently alone.

Remembering the week's work and the fruits of it, he gradually drove the settled seriousness out of his face. It was his job, and there it was. He should rejoice that he had managed to put it through. There remained only those papers to sign at the lawyer's, and young feller me lad was on the tide leading on to fortune. But his eyes did not release their grave stare at the road, this never-ending road. Young feller me—

A figure slipped out of the bush as he took the bend, a khaki-shirted, brown-kneed figure with no air of strangeness. Tommy's grave stare vanished, and a stare almost of elation took its place as he put on the brakes. His usual calm unruffled, young feller me lad climbed into his accustomed seat beside the driver.

"It's no use your talking to me," he said evenly.

"But what about the Andersons?" Tommy gasped. "You're leaving a fortune behind you—the finest chance a man ever—"

"Couldn't stick it," Jack told him briefly. "Couldn't stick what? The place? It's a place in a million. Look, young feller me lad—"

"Couldn't stick leaving you. I said it was no use talking."

For a long moment Tommy stared at this boy. By degrees the horrified surprise left his face, and a shadowy smile began to crinkle the corners of his eyes. The never-ending road became suddenly the fine white road of adventure again.

"Well, that seems to settle it, doesn't it, young feller me lad?"

"Yes," young feller me lad dismissed monosyllabic the matter of his future career, and took something out of his pocket. "I say," he continued, "I brought this."

They wouldn't mind me having one of the sheep, would they?"

Tommy looked at the sheep, sole survivor and souvenir of the wondrous stock-yard, and looked away from it, down the fine white road.

"No, I don't think they would, my boy," he said. "You keep it—I'll be responsible. We'll carry on now, eh?"

SUMMER waned, and gave place to autumn and her winds and dewy twilight. Less and less did Tommy accept those insistent invitations to "stay the night and sing to us," and more and more did the firelit circle make the night's resting-place for the bus and the two sojourners.

One invitation could not be refused. Not that it was insistent; the Rileys were never insistent. But Mrs. Riley came out on the verandah, smiled in her large, motherly way, and wiped her hands on her apron.

"Ah, there you are, Thomas Tucker," she said. "I thought you were about due, so I fixed yer room up Thursday. I'll shove a stretcher in for the kid—what's yer name, son? Come in. There's a good fire in the kitchen—warm some o' this westerly out o' yer."

At this point a hurricane of children descended upon the bus, eight children of all ages and sizes. Mrs. Riley looked at them sleepily, and undisturbed by the rapturous clamor, went back to the kitchen and the preparing of tea. A lean brown man sitting at the table looked up as she entered.

"What's all the row, Mum?" he asked. "Tommy's here," she said, turning to the laden stove. "He's got a bosker-lookin' kid with him."

"Good," the man said, returning to his paper. "We'll have a sing-song to-night. Who's the kid?"

"I dunno, Dad. Set the table, will yer; and don't forget two extra."

The table seemed as clamorous as the greeting of Thomas Tucker. Tommy saw with a faint amusement that they were thirteen at table: the selector and Mrs. Riley, their eight children, the schoolmaster who boarded with them, and young feller me lad and himself.

Tommy had several customers who were known as neighbors of the Rileys, despite the many miles of driving needed to call on them. Hence he saw little of young feller me lad during the first few days of their stay. He supposed he was busy about the place; in the small commonwealth of labor and effort everyone was busy, down to the smallest child watering the dogs or collecting the eggs; with this reflection Tommy answered his vague feeling that Jack might have spared him a little more of his time.

Sitting down to his fourth breakfast in the Rileys' kitchen, Thomas Tucker, pedlar, was startled into surprised attention. Michael Riley, out of a full mouth, made the astonishing announcement:

"Cripea, Mum," he said, "young Jack c'n milk all right. He done five while Pat done three—"

"One moment, Mick," the schoolmaster put in. "Can't and 'd'd, please, while you are speaking the English language."

"All right, Mr. Davis. But wouldn't it get yer goat, with Pat near three years older than what Jack is?"

Mr. Davis looked as if something had got his goat, but did not reply. Tommy looked in amazement at young feller me lad blushing and grinning under this public recognition of his prowess.

"But you hate cows."

"Yea," Jack bit magnificently from his

bread and butter. "But they were short-handed, with Maurice down with the toothache. Besides, those cows are easy. He swallowed the bite. "You ought to try some o' the cows I've had," he added darkly.

Tommy receded from the noisy recording of feats done and seen. This confident, definite young feller me lad—like a changeling—Thomas Tucker finished his breakfast in silence, and departed on a twenty-two mile drive, his last distant call before their departure from the Rileys.

Going into his room on his return he was conscious of a figure sitting on the stretcher in the corner. The half-light of dusk did not prevent him from seeing that the figure's face looked uncertain and worried.

"Hallo, young feller me lad. What's up?"

"Nothing." The figure's voice was ruminative; there was obviously something on the figure's mind. "I say"—Jack gulped and came to the point—"do you think you could get on without me for a bit? I've not been any too well the last few days, and I was thinking—"

The spurt petered out as Tommy turned up the lamp. Jack's face was brown and his eyes bright and keen; he looked the picture of health.

"What is it that's really on your mind?"

"Well, Morry and Pat wera at me this morning. This was a difficult thing to put properly. Young feller me lad blushed and looked down at his restless hands. "They want me to stay on a bit. There's more work about the place than they can get done, and the little kids are not much good. You see, Dad's got this big job of clearing, and he can't work single-handed. That takes Peter off the place, and leaves it too short. And there's a cruel lot to get through, with the days getting shorter and shorter. We'll have winter on us before we know—"

He paused, realizing that his line of argument had deflected. "I only mean for a bit, you know." He looked up from the restless hands, and Tommy could see the struggle in the bright, keen eyes. "You could get along all right, couldn't you—say till the back of the winter was broken for sm?"

"Now, then," Mrs. Riley, large and calm, stood in the doorway. "Tea's just dishing up. Are you—"

Something in the two faces made her come in and shut the door.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking from face to face. "You're not crook, are you, Jack?"

"No, I'm all right, thank you, Mrs. Riley."

"What's wrong? Doesn't he want to go with you to-morrow—would he like to stay on a bit?"

Tommy took the struggle out of young feller me lad's hands.

"I think he wants more than that, Mrs. Riley. He wants to stay with you for good."

"Oh!" She smiled sleepily. "Well, that's all right if you're agreeable, Thomas Tucker. He's a good boy at the work, and the kids and dad and me, we all like 'im—he's one of ourselves already, you might say. That's all right."

"But, Mrs. Riley—you've got a houseful of children now. You surely don't want another one to feed and look after."

"En?" A faint surprise showed in the placid face. "Oh, I see—oh, well one kid more or less don't make any difference. He's welcome; and he'll earn his keep twice over." She looked again at Tommy's grave face. "That is, if you're agreeable. There's nothing flash, as you know; but there's plenty to eat and there's the school, and Mr. Davis living with us. He'll be comfortable and well looked after."

Tommy's smile flickered across his lips, but did not show in his eyes.

"Oh, I'm quite agreeable, Mrs. Riley. I couldn't have found a better home for him in Australia. And my old bus is no home for a boy. Thank you very much." He turned to Jack. Well, there you are, young feller me lad, you're settled at last. One of Australia's workers, eh?"

Jack's answering smile was perfunctory. He slipped out of the room on the run, and his excited voice rang back from the kitchen. In the roar of approval that followed his voice Mrs. Riley smiled serenely at Tommy. "That's all right," she said.

Clouds had been banking up all day; but at the fall of dusk a heavy westerly had cleared the sky. Tommy decided to jitch his camp early and get out of the wind. A good fire was soon going, its light showing the lean-to tent, the big tucker-box on the ground, and the dark elfin face bending over it. A loaf of bread, a canister of coffee, some cheese—the thin hand paused, and came slowly out of the box. In the hand was a little wooden sheep.

The dark face bent over the sheep for a moment, a set gravity in its lines. But by degrees the gravity went; the flickering smile moved the lips, crept upward to the corners of the eyes, and came to rest in the eyes themselves, while the thin hand slipped the sheep into a pocket.

THE chill of the autumn had crept into the late afternoon, although some sunshine lingered between the long shadows on the road, making it hard for the driver of the car to dodge the pot-holes and ruts. Yet he was merry enough, as his cheerful whistle testified. Eight miles more of this bad road and a mile of bush cart-track would lead him to a large open fire, a group of welcoming people, and an excellent dinner. He pushed up the collar of his overcoat and settled down over his wheel as the sun slipped below the horizon. The run would soon be over.

One pedestrian trudged before him as the car rounded a bend, a limping, weary-looking man, who did not look up as the driver stopped. A young man in ill-fitting, shabby clothes, he slouched along with an air of morose secrecy, his hat down over his eyes, his coat collar up, and his hands in his trouser pockets.

"Care for a lift, mate?" the driver called.

"No," said the young man from the corner of his mouth, limping past the standing car.

The driver peered through the falling light after this surly rejecter of a courtesy obviously sorely needed. His whistle began again, and he restarted the engine, his watchful eyes on the figure in front. He passed it slowly—here was youth, footsore and in some trouble, miles from a township, with bitter-cold darkness on the way, and a great bank of clouds piling up. But the figure did not glance up, and presently was trudging far behind the car.

The driver whistled thoughtfully for half a mile, finally falling silent. For another half-mile he drove with most of his mind on the limping gait of the figure behind him. Presently he slowed down the car, and stopped, his lips curling in a shadowy smile. He took the bonnet off the engine and tinkered vaguely to the accompaniment of the little humming whistle, until the dragging, weary figure limped into sight again in the gathering dusk. The whistling ceased as the young man came near to the stationary car. As he shambled past the gathering dusk was filled with a radiant singing. A

romantic tenor voice rang out to the listening shadows:

Dear wandering one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one.

The spirit of pity and comfort hovered over the driver's exquisite voice. The oncoming night seemed somewhat glad of the vespers song of grace and courage; even the footsore, sullen youth paused half gratefully and stared at the elfin face whence this beauty came. His shoulders hunched a little higher in the sudden icy chill that swept down from the darkening heavens, and he turned to follow the weary road again.

"Poor wandering one . . ." followed him softly in a magic head voice. He stopped again, turned, and came back.

"I'll have that lift now, mate, if you don't mind."

The surliness and gruffness had not left the youth's manner, but the driver of the car ignored it.

"Right-oh. Hop in," he said. "It looks like rain, and it's horribly cold already. Here, wrap this rug round you—you're shivering."

The young man took the rug in silence, and by degrees the chattering of his teeth subsided. He shrank back in the seat as the driver switched on the headlights, but the driver stared straight ahead into the night.

"Going far?"

"Yes."

"How far?"

The young man stirred restlessly in the enveloping rug. The driver watched the road and repeated his question. With morose reluctance the young man answered.

"Bonadette."

"My word! Forty miles. Footslogging and camping?"

"Yes."

"Where's your swag and billy?"

"Lost them."

For a quarter of a mile there was silence in the driving-seat of the car. The young man crouched as far back as possible in his corner, and the man at the wheel was apparently devoted entirely to his wheel. Presently he began to speak, an undercurrent of honeyed comfort in his persuasive voice, but no recognition of the youth's presence beside him in his manner.

"The night tucks everything in with the dark, doesn't it?—makes a gesture, and the day is forgotten. And sometimes it takes some forgetting . . . No matter, the friendly dark comes to blot it out."

The young man said nothing.

"That makes the dispensation of night both a providence and a spell, a refuge and an inspiration. In France of course, it was a holy terror. But that business in France upended all the rules—one of the best things to come back to when it was over was the true serenity of the night. That's the best of the country, too—it understands the blessing of the night, while the cities live and die without ever coming within cooee of it. Do you happen to know Paris at all?"

The other stirred slightly, and muttered, "A little."

"Ah! Well, then, you can see what I mean. Still, the laws of life are not the same for everyone; mostly each one learns them for himself. Not that the Little Fellows don't interfere. Elves are always busy, like white ants, at the base of the best structures. Imagination plays the devil, too—worse than white ants. There was a man in Damascus—"

He paused, and glanced sideways at his

passenger without moving his head. The youth seemed quieter, less at war with the night and her elves, as it were, but still very far from rest. The driver's eyes shifted to the road again, and did not leave it as his melodious voice went on in the same impersonal manner.

"This man in Damascus was a painter. He had a fountain in the tiny courtyard of his house, one of those whispering fountains; and he couldn't leave it. The years went heavily by, and an art critic in Rome suddenly began to understand the man's pictures. The painter became famous and prosperous. But nothing could drag him away from his whispering fountain in the slum in Damascus. He said it had talked to him when he was hungry and lonely, and he wasn't going to desert it because some ass in Rome thought he knew everything. I expect that fountain was an elf, a Little Fellow, who was more to the painter than all the common goods of fame and prosperity. But you couldn't make that sort of thing a law of life, could you?"

The youth made no reply.

"There's that monkey in the model dairy at Pre Catelan in the Bois de Boulogne—you probably know him. The monkey with the silver chain around his neck and the weary eyes. The ladies who come to the cafe try to make him drunk with liqueured chocolates, but he is seasoned and tough—they never do make him drunk, and they never will. Meantime he gets all the chocolate, his tired eyes watching fashionable Paris doing its little stunt of visiting the Wateau dairy at the Catelan after too much lunch. He is unquestionably an elf, don't you think?"



He went on again without pausing for any reply.

"I saw twelve nuns in a procession in Barcelona, twelve nuns with the same thought. Those single-thoughted people are always comparatively free of elves. There were a lot of other people in the procession—clever, romantic, fascinating, dramatic people, all giving part of their rich minds to the business in hand. But these nuns thought only of Saint Teresa, whose feast day it was. You could tell that—their twelve minds were one open book. And not one Little Fellow in all witchcraft would spend an ounce of effort on them. He knew he hadn't a hope against Teresa, and that was a fair thing, too, because it was her day."

He allowed himself one more sidelong glance at the youth huddled beside him.

"Prague is full of a shadowy witchcraft, mournful and yet friendly. It would be a devil of a place in which to try to learn any rule of life. All darkness and sorrow, and hurrying priests and patriotism. There was an angel in a beer-garden there, years ago, who sang me nearly the whole of Mimi's score—"

The youth seemed at rest now. The driver's honeyed voice went evenly on, his eyes steadfastly watching the road.

"Many adventures have befallen me, but never before have I given a lift to a footsore woman in men's clothes."

The figure beside him sat bolt upright. "Oh!" came from it; and again, "Oh!" A moment of rigid consternation heralded a flood of hysterical tears. The driver did not turn his head. Some thoughts ran swiftly through his mind as the car passed

the cart-track leading to the dinner and the open fire. A pang of passing regret was his farewell to those engaging comforts. This wanderer was more important.

"Cry as much as is good for you," he said gently, "but not more than is good for you. We can carry on now all right, I think."

The bank of clouds had vanished, and the grudging autumn stars came out one by one. The road improved, and the car hummed easily along under the skilful hands of the driver, until it reached a clearing and the faint signs of a rutted track. The hysterical storm had faded to a low sobbing. He turned the car in.

"Hold tight," he said. "There used to be a woodchoppers' camp in here . . ." The car heaved itself over a slight rise, and ran gently down into a little valley. He ran it under an overhanging branch, and shut off the engine. "Here we are. Stay where you are till I get a fire going—that's the first thing."

He groped for his torch under the tarpaulin cover of the body of the car, and went gathering sticks. In five minutes a fire was flickering on the massed shadows of the valley, and the low sobbing had ceased. He threw two heavy rugs beside the fire, and looked up at her, a little smile crinkling the corners of his eyes.

"Now you can come down," he said, "and get warm. I'll put the billy on, and by the time it boils I'll have your house up."

Stiff and aching with fatigue and cold, she climbed down from the car. Huddled in her rug she watched the flames, the hat still half riding her face. Occasionally she threw a stick on the fire, but beyond that she was inert and oblivious of anything save the rest and the blessed warmth. He glanced at her once or twice, and finally stopped his rummaging in the car and came over to the fire.

"You're hungry," he said. "I think we'll leave your house until after we've had something to eat."

A light came into her tragic, shadowed eyes, and she turned her attention from the fire to him. He took the cap off a canister and handed it to her.

"Smell that," he said. "It's bad Australian to make coffee in a billy, I know. To be really patriotic we should be floating our powerful minds in strong tea. But coffee is heartening, don't you think? The smell of it puts life into you, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

He tipped a generous measure of coffee into a boiling billy, let it boil its heart out for half a minute, and took it off.

"In another half-minute it will be clear. Meantime," he handed her a frying-pan, "will you start the bacon while I get some bread and butter?"

Presently she was eating bacon and bread ravenously, unmindful of any tragedy, unmindful of this valley perfumed with coffee and frying bacon, or of the man with the heavenly voice, the friendly, smiling man who had taken her for granted, given her weariness a lift and food, and shelter. She put her empty tin plate aside, and suddenly took off her hat, shaking out a cloud of bobbed brown hair. If the driver of the car had looked at her he would have seen a fine, handsome head, slightly lazy eyes, and a broad, capable forehead. But he did not seem to be looking at her, or indeed, to notice her at all. He was busy with a wonderful contrivance, all shining, jointed bars, and white cord and canvas. She watched him, wishing he would offer her a cigarette, and struggling against an intolerable desire to fall asleep sitting upright.

In time, all the joints were snapped into

their proper lengths, all the canvas taut, and all the cords knotted. The contrivance revealed itself as a sort of lean-to tent, the car being the main building to which it leaned. He trimmed and lit a small shining hurricane-lamp, and stood it beside the open flap of the little tent.

"There!" he said, standing back and taking out his cigarette-case. "All complete. Bosker little gadget, isn't she? Have a cigarette?" He handed her the case. "Inside the little house you'll find a narrow stretcher, a leather pillow, and two fat woolly rugs. You will sleep like a queen and know nothing until the day is up. Ah, me," he started admiringly at the lean-to tent, "the fine fat money she cost me . . . nearly all the profits of one long trip. But she's worth it. She packs into a suit-case at the bottom of the stock, and in ten minutes she's up between me and whatever the night may hold. A brigand in George St. showed her to me, spoke softly for three moments, and I felt pouring money into his lap. But isn't she beautiful?"

Without waiting for her comment he continued:

"The poor man's darling . . . No matter, she's mine now, and some day I'll catch up the money when business takes a sudden heavenward twist—some great trip when I have to restock twice by telegram. By the way, I didn't tell you—I'm a pedlar." He picked up the little hurricane-lamp to light the inscription on the tarpaulin of the bus. "This is me—Thomas Tucker, The General Storeman, is, of course, pure swank. But the rest of it—tinker, vocalist, vet, and piano-tuner—comprises all my titles and accomplishments." He bowed, but the brown head nodding over the fire could only lift faintly in acknowledgment. He came over and stood above her, the firelight on his flickering smile and unruly shock of iron-grey hair. "Go into your little house," he said softly, "and sleep—sleep . . ."

She staggered to her feet and across the clearing. At the flap of the lean-to tent she turned, her glazed eyes half-closed.

"Thanks," she muttered, and vanished. He bowed again. But his airy "Not at all" was wasted on the dying fire and the shadows, and there was only the night to admire the grace of his bow.

The night and the shadows saw him standing for a long moment staring into the dying heart of the fire. His eyes were grave, and no crinkling smile made them start into life and animation. Presently he shrugged and turned away from the fire, coming back with two logs. He threw these on to it, and fell thoughtful again as the sparks rose in a shower.

The night was fine—cold and bright, and with a sickle moon. All poor wondering ones should be at rest beneath its blessing. He took off his overcoat and rolled it into the semblance of a pillow, lay down on one of the rugs, and, pulling the other over him, turned his back to the fire.

The sound of a new fire awakened him on the morrow. Not a good fire. It flared and spluttered for a moment, was silent, and flared and spluttered again. When he opened his eyes and looked at it it was black and sad in the twilight of daybreak. The face of the youth with bobbed brown hair bending over it was sad, too, and puzzled.

"Good morning," he said to the youth. "It's the dew—I'll find you a dead sapling. All your leaves and twigs are soaking wet."

He came back with the sapling, stripped the leaves off it, and soon the fire was crackling cheerily.

"It's the wrong time of year for leaves off the ground," he told her. "You have to find

them standing up and shake the dew from them. Then the sticks are drying while the fire is starting. I'll fill the billy, and coffee will be served in a quarter of an hour, madam."

"Thank you," she said. "I'm afraid I'm not much good at it. I thought I'd surprise you with a fire and a boiling billy when you awoke. I found the spring but the fire was a dud."

"The morning fire in autumn is the last thing the camper learns. You look better."

"I am better, thank you. Here is the billy. It's full."



HE took the brimming billy. "Too full, I fear. We'll pour a little libation—so. Did you sleep well?"

"Like a pig. I think your little house is heavenly. I felt an awful pig when I woke up and realised where I was, and that I'd done you out of—I say, it was awfully good of you to—"

He interrupted her smoothly.

"Madam is waiting for her coffee," he reminded her. "Tell me what a wonderful chap I am after breakfast, won't you?"

Soon the valley was filled with last night's perfume of coffee and bacon. The wanderer was not so primitive, but her breakfast was a good one. She dried the tin plates and cups after Tommy's expert washing-up, and when that was done sat back on her heels and looked at him.

"You don't like 'Thank you' being said to you, do you?" she said, noticing again that curious trick his eyes had of wrinkling at the corners when he smiled. "You shut me up just now."

"I didn't mean to shut you up. But it's a sunny day, and you're not so beat as you were, and—well, it seemed a pity to waste time in mere thanks."

She took the cigarette he offered, and looked at him thoughtfully over the flame of the match.

"You say you're a tinker and a pedlar." He waved a brown, thin hand towards the tarpaulin cover of the sawn-off bus.

"There it is in print," he reminded her.

The puzzlement was still in her eyes as she looked away from him and round the little valley, as if she were not yet quite sure that it was real. But there was the little house glittering in the morning sun, there at her feet was the fire, and beside it the elfin-faced man. All around them the world was warming itself after the chill of the night; everything was natural and simple and sweet. Her eyes came back to the smiling man.

"It's not much of a story," she said, "except to me."

The smile left his eyes, and his face became all grave attention.

"I had an ungodly row with my husband, And I've left him." She threw her cigarette-end into the fire. "He doesn't treat me decently," she added.

The sullen look returned to her face, and behind it a lazy anger.

"I'm telling you because you've earned it, if you care to hear it. If you like I'll start walking on to Bongaderie now, and not bother you any more."

Tommy lifted a brown hand and let it fall again.

"No," he said. "Tell me. It'll be good for us both."

"All right. As I said, you've earned it. I wouldn't mind if Phil was poor or only moderately well off. But he's rich—sometimes very rich. And it's not fair to brow-beat me and give me orders, is it?"

"I don't know, with the evidence to hand."

"You mean, begin at the beginning. Well, I'm Pauline Meredith, and my husband's Philip Meredith, of Plainfield, which is a fairly big station about midway between Sydney and Melbourne. It was over Melbourne that the row happened on Thursday." Her eyes suddenly gleamed. "I never heard such cheek in my life . . . But that's not beginning at the beginning, is it?"

"It might be. What was the kind of row over Melbourne, since you're telling me about it?"

"Well I was going there to-day—I'd made all my arrangements to go there to-day, and Phil suddenly became a firm business man, the master of his house and all that rot, and said that I shouldn't go—jolly well forbade me to go." Her voice was full of indignation.

Tommy put in a gentle word.

"I suppose Plainfield gets a little dull at times for you."

"A little dull . . . Plainfield is the ghostliest hole in Australia. Of course, it's very comfortable and that sort of thing—trust Phil to see to the comfort part, for his own sake. But dull . . ."

"And I suppose you're tied there a good deal—you don't get away much, I mean." She looked rather blankly at him.

"Oh, yes—I get about a lot, one way and another. What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, your husband's refusing to let you take a trip after a long spell of the country might seem a bit hard, perhaps—"

"Oh, no—I was in Melbourne last month. I went over there just after I came back from Sydney."

He raked the ashes of the dying fire gently, but he didn't speak.

"Well, I've no ties," her voice was raised a little, "no children. I'm young, and my husband's a rich man. Why shouldn't I have a good time and have a proper allowance paid into my bank regularly, so that I could be independent? I'm sure Phil would love to have to go crawling to somebody else every time he wanted a pound-note, wouldn't he?"

"I don't know him, so I can't say. Do you have to crawl for your pound notes?"

"For every one," she said. "And I'm sick of it. It's all rot, this caddling from husbands. Every woman ought to be independent."

"Yes, she ought."

"But Phil won't let me be independent. He refuses to give me an allowance properly, and he says he won't give me any money to go to Melbourne with. So I've left him, as a protest, and I'm going to earn my living."

"Is he a young man? You see, you promised to begin at the beginning—"

"Yes, he was only thirty-four on his last birthday, and he doesn't look that. We've been married three years, and we've been very happy," her lips quivered, "only—"

"Only he won't make you independent?"

"Yes. But you mustn't think I married him for his money. I'd have married him if he hadn't a penny. Certainly he did happen to come in the nick of time; just after father went bankrupt. But that didn't make any real difference to Phil and me. Mother had been dead for years, and I had no brothers or sisters. Father's place was as big as Plainfield—bigger—so Phil

didn't give me anything that I wasn't already used to. Of course, if it hadn't been for him I should have had to bread-and-cheese in a flat or rooms with father, after the bankruptcy. But Phil stepped in and I simply moved from one comfortable house to another. I didn't bring any more money into it, that's all."

"Still, you earn your independence by running Plainfield—seeing to everything, and directing the smooth running of the big establishment, you know. That's hard work and ought to be paid for—"

Her stare of amazement made him pause. "But I don't do any of that," she said. "I couldn't. Mrs. Blayney does it. I don't know anything about that sort of thing."

Thomas Tucker lit a cigarette with unnecessary care.

"What is it that you do?" he asked gently.

"Well, I'm there, you know. Phil married me—and I—well, I sing fairly well. And when there are people in the house I look after them. And that sort of thing."

"How do you mean to earn your living, now that you've left your husband?"

"Oh, I'll get along," she said airily. "I only had a tiny scrap of money in my purse when I told Phil what I thought of him, so I could only come part of the way by train to see Mrs. Stokes at Bongaderie. She'll lend me my fare to Sydney, and I shall be all right. I knew I'd have to walk fifty or sixty miles after I left the train, and I knew I couldn't do it as Mrs. Phillip Meredith or as a woman at all. So I took this old suit of Phil's—"

"But what are you going to do when you get to Sydney?"

"Oh, I'll be all right, once I get there. Mrs. Stokes used to be one of the housemaids at Plainfield, and she married one of the men, and they took a farm at Bongaderie. She imagines she's under an obligation to me, so she'll look after me."

Thomas Tucker sighed. "Can you typewrite or do shorthand, or teach?"

"Of course I can't—I've told you I can't do anything. Phil, of course, will think I've gone to the Gadabys in Melbourne, and will be sending wild telegrams all over the place. That's why I'm going to Sydney—it will give him something to think about when he can't find me. To be independent is everyone's due, and if he won't—"

"Don't you think," he interrupted, "that at the back of your mind you're really only expecting him to find you and bring you back on your own terms of a good big allowance and no questions asked?"

She opened her mouth and closed it again without speaking, while a slow flush rose in her face. She glanced at him, but he was looking at the ashes of the fire. Suddenly she smiled, the becoming flush still in her cheeks.

"Well, that would settle it friendly all round, wouldn't it?"

"At a price," he said, a new note in his mellow voice.

She glanced at him again, but the ashes still apparently engaged all his attention. "At what price?" she asked.

"The price of your independence, of any hope of your independence."

"But," she burst out indignantly, "that's what I'm fighting for—it's for that I—"

His interest in the ashes vanished, and his eyes smiled at her.

"Let me talk now," he said. "It's my turn. In most households the woman is already independent. By the way, the meaning of the word is to earn one's living. In most

households the woman does that very thoroughly. In the outback she more than does it, as also in the large family, small-income houses in the suburbs. It's easy for those wives to demand an allowance as their right; they've earned it. But for you, the childless rich, it's the hardest thing in the world to achieve independence."

"But," she burst out again, but fell silent, hearing the echo of his words and watching his face. "Go on," she said finally.

"You give your household and husband nothing—no labor of your hands, no labor of your mind. Why should the household give you an allowance—why, by your leave, should it even keep you? You love your husband—I can see that. But you don't expect to be paid for that, do you?"

The mantling flush burned up her face again.

"No," she said in a low, outraged voice.

"Well, then, what is he to pay you for?"

No answer filled the pause, and he went on.

"As I said, independence is the hardest thing in the world for you. The world has conspired for centuries to keep you dependent—you were even taught nothing but those accomplishments which should prevent your independence. If a married woman comes into a house to do a day's washing, she has to explain that her husband knows nothing about it, for fear his dignity as her keeper shall be offended. If she's not married, and has no one to keep her, she can be as independent as she likes, and break her heart in the effort. But not if she's married. Then all her earning must be secret, so that it shall never be known that, even for half a day's washing, she has dared to be independent."



SHE was watching him now, all her attention concentrated on what he was saying.

"For the unmarried woman the world has sloughed some of its heavier stupidities in this present century, but for you it still decrees that your heaviest shame must be to be independent. And that," he flashed a sudden smile into her intent face, "is cutting its nose off to spite its face. The world thereby ordains that you must do nothing to help the world, that in its progress you must lie fallow and dependent. Coming down to details, it decrees that you personally shall get fed up and walk away from your husband in high indignation because he won't put his charity to you on a proper business footing. Is that putting the case too roughly?"

"No," she said in a small, half-stunned voice. "I never dreamed—"

"When you and I are dead a long time it may be that the world will realise what it is doing in withholding the common birthright of independence from its best material, the material chosen for its coming generations. The elves and witchcraft of that century will find time often idle on their hands, I fear."

He laughed suddenly at her bewildered, helpless expression.

"I'm becoming too solemn," he said.

"We have the case of Mrs. Pauline Meredith's independence to consider, not my hobby-horses, if the case does happen to fit a hobby-horse. This Mrs. Pauline Meredith—"

He paused and looked at her.

"Yes?" she prompted, the bewilderment still clouding her eyes.

"Is not at the moment convinced of the truth of what I say, as applied to her own case. But for the purpose of argument we will assume that she is." His manner changed. "Do you still want to go down to Sydney to earn your living? Or do you want to go back to Plainfield and tell your husband that you'll never do it again?"

The anger gleamed again.

"Go back and crawl to Phil again?" Her voice was sharp and indignant. "Never," she said. "I don't care what happens, I won't go back and cadge tram-fares again."

"Good, that states the case of the lady with excellent definition. She is not quite convinced, but her mark is solid. To effect the removal of that mark (since I am talking like a book) will she be guided by me?"

She made a little pile of ashes, unmade it, and remade it, watching its construction and demolishing with great care. This putting of everything into this pedlar's hands . . . risky, of course, but . . . where else to put it now? She looked up, to see his steady eyes looking at her.

"All right," she said. "But I think I am convinced. I never dreamed—"

"No, one carries on so often without stopping to have a look at things. You can't do anything—you can't teach or typewrite, or do shorthand. And it wouldn't be any good for our purpose if you could."

She glanced at him, puzzled. "The only interest that you really have is your husband. Then why not work for him?"

"How on earth can I—"

"Well, His only interest besides you is Plainfield. Learn to run the household personally and properly—there are schools and courses for that work in Sydney—and then come back and demand your proper salary, paid monthly into your account. That will make you independent, keep him for you, and create his respect for you as a very essential part of that only interest of his besides yourself. Is it a go?"

Her lazy eyes gleamed into sudden vigor and life. She sat up, shaking out the cloud of hair. That would mean Phil and no cadding, no getting fed up, no dreary diplomacy, no wondering whether the cheque would come off this time . . . but, above all, she knew now, Phil—Phil. But presently her face fell, and the life died out of her eyes as she returned once more to the pile of ashes and to the prodding stick.

"I can't," she said. "You see, it would take some time, and—"

"I know. I've fed you, and lent you my little house, and given you the benefit of my powerful mind, haven't I?"

She looked at him in amazement.

"Yes," she said uncertainly.

"Well, in return for that will you let me lend you your fare and expenses to Sydney, and be sure to call at the G.P.O. for letters or telegrams to-morrow?"

"Oh!" The uncertainty had gone from her voice. "Thank you," she said, gravely and simply. "You're very good. Yes, I'll be glad to let you do that."

"Good-oh." He stood up. "Now we'll pack up and I'll drive you to Alton station; you'll be in Sydney by lunch-time. And on the way to Alton you can tell me where

Plainfield is. I'm going to sell Mr. Phillip Meredith some tape and some safety-pins—in person."

She looked up at him, startled. "Don't worry," he went on. "Your address will be care of the G.P.O., Sydney, and I'll guarantee that only telegrams or letters will bother you from Plainfield until your independence is assured. But I really can't wrench a man's wife away from him without a word. Besides, he'll be jealous of his right to finance you during your course."

At Alton station the graceful, vigorous-looking youth held out his hand to Thomas Tucker.

"It's absurd to say 'Thank you' again," she said. "But—oh, well, give my love to Phil. If you have a mind and heart like yours, it's its own reward. Slinking for you, but there it is. Good-bye."

Mr. Meredith was at the telephone when the card was brought to him. Indeed, he had hardly been away from the telephone all the morning. He looked at the card, wondering if he had really gone mad with the strain.

THOMAS TUCKER
VOCALIST

Meals Sung for Daily
He turned the card over.
Piano Tuned
Pots and Pans Mended
Bookseller
Sick Animals Made Well
He looked at Roberts.

"The person won't go, sir," Roberts said sadly. "He says he has a message from a wanderer—"

Mr. Meredith looked up sharply. "Show him in please, Roberts, at once," he said.

Presently Thomas Tucker was smiling in the doorway. Mr. Meredith looked at him and stood up.

"Come in," he said, "and sit down. You have a message for me," Mr. Meredith walked over and closed the door.

For ten minutes Tommy skated melodiously over the thin ice, while Mr. Meredith watched him in silence, listening with every drop of blood in his veins. At the end he sighed with relief.

"She's safe, anyway," he said, "thanks to you, Mr. Tucker. I'm—I'm more grateful than I can say. She'll probably go to the Barracks." He looked longingly at the telephone-book on the table, but turned firmly to Tommy again. "But about this scheme of yours—"

"Pardon," Tommy interrupted, "I don't think she'll go to the Barracks—in fact I know she won't. And the scheme (which isn't mine but hers)—"

He slid out again on to the thin ice, Mr. Meredith giving him all his attention. The dubious expression gradually cleared from Mr. Meredith's reticent face, and in the end he touched the bell-button on the table.

"It's obviously not a thing that we can discuss in any detail, Mr. Tucker, but we'll see how it works out. I'll attend to my part—I'll telegraph money to the post-office at once. And I hope you'll let us put you up for a week or so when—when she's back. The tantalus and a siphon, please, Roberts," he added to the man at the door.

Spring was well on her way before Thomas Tucker, vocalist and pedlar, called at Plainfield again, and was taken in as the most honored guest the house had ever sheltered. He found it a remarkable house in its quality of smooth and efficient administration. It was a perfect machine, from the smallest detail in the kitchen to

the order of the guests at the table. This perfection of action was achieved by the skill of Mrs. Meredith's housekeeping, he understood. Yet the house was not a tie upon her freedom. She had the fine art of running a big establishment at her finger-tips, and was able to spend as much time as she cared to in Sydney or Melbourne without any qualms as to what was happening in her absence. But she didn't care to spend much time away, she said. Her home had become part of her spirit, so that, although she was quite independent of its domination, and had it running like clockwork, absent or present, yet she—well, she preferred to be at home.

In Tommy's last sight of her she was standing on the verandah beside her husband and watching the sawn-off bus on its way to the gate. Looking back, he saw her smile and lift her hand, and listening, he heard her contralto following him out on his trip:

Poor wandering one!
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind,
Why, take it, it is thine . . .

The rich salute on the breeze was for him, he knew, but he could see that she was looking at her husband as she sang.



W

HAT do you make of this, Bill?" The proprietor of the Elite Garage in Bowral was clearly puzzled, as was also Bill, his offalder, who presently joined him at the entrance to the garage, staring at the queer turnout that had awakened the surprise.

"It is a rum go, isn't it?" murmured Bill. "Sort of an Hemporium on wheels . . ."

The cause of all this was a truncated motor with the driving-seat of a lorry, but low down on the wheels of the foreshortened body of a small touring car. The body was encased in a tarpaulin cover, which was inscribed—

THOMAS TUCKER
GENERAL STOREMAN

and in the left-hand lower corner, in smaller letters—

Tinker
Piano Tuner
Vet

The air of aristocratic Bowral seemed to frown its disapproval on this intruder, this sawn-off bus with its squalid inscription. The young men at the Elite Garage were not alone in their surprised contempt; the whole street was resentfully aware of the bus's presence. It did look out of place, perhaps, in this haunt of fashion; some workaday country road would have suited it better, some road where Australia was about her business instead of loafing ornamentally on the job.

Happily, the driver of the bus was unconscious of the comment, spoken and unspoken, for which he was responsible. He drove serenely through the entrance of the Elite Garage, to the consternation of the proprietor and Bill, and presently walked serenely out, suit-case in hand. His personality was obviously persuasive, inasmuch as both Bill and his boss had gone contentedly about their work without troubling any more as to the presence of the sawn-off bus in a high-class garage in Bowral.

The driver of the bus went across the street

to the Leverton Hotel, and entered the sacred portals. Here, too, his appearance caused a slight feeling of constraint in the minds of the hall-porter and the clerk; he hadn't troubled to take off his dust-coat, and it and the ancient cap pulled rakishly down over his eyes did not give the accustomed impression of confidence which the Leverton felt was its due. However, his light footsteps came unconcernedly across the hall to the desk of the office. His eyes smiled at the clerk, and the clerk's reserved expression vanished.

"My name is Tucker," he told the clerk; "Thomas Tucker. I telephoned for a room—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Tucker. Number nineteen—James!"

The hall-porter hurried forward.

"Take Mr. Tucker to number nineteen, please."

Mr. Tucker had telephoned from Mrs. Dampier-Wynyard's house at Moss Vale, which put his eccentricities of dress in a sanctified light, so to speak. The hall-porter took his cue from the clerk and banished his unworthy suspicions. He took Tommy's suit-case from his hand.

"Allow me, sir," he murmured, leading the way to the lift.

The lift door snapped to, and the clerk went back to the office, thinking more of the new guest's sudden luminous smile than of Mrs. Dampier-Wynyard. The smile seemed to change even this changeless hallowed hall . . .

James came back and paused at the office door.

"Who's this Mr. Tucker?" he asked.

"Friend of Mrs. Wynyard's. Why?"

Oh, nothing. Notice his queer smile?"

"No," lied the clerk. "I've got other things to think about. What about his smile?"

"Oh, nothing," James said again. "Rum sort of cove—can't get him out o' your head." He drifted out to the steps, and stood looking thoughtfully at the aristocratic street.

At the end of some twenty minutes or so the new guest also came back, minus his dust-coat and cap, and clad with a debonaire quietude which set off the shock of grey hair and the elfin distinction of his narrow brown face. To-morrow was his fortieth birthday; but only from the shock of hair was this to be guessed; in all else he was thirty—a very good thirty. His footstep was muscular and precise, his body spare and trim, his skin clear and unlined. Except for the kindly crow's-feet which flashed to the corners of his eyes when he smiled, as now, at sight of an old gentleman looking at him from the far corner of the hall. He crossed the hall and held out his hand to the old gentleman, who shook it and made room for Tommy beside him on the settee.

"Well, Mr. Michael Faraday," the old gentleman said, "as a legatee, a £50,000 legatee, you are the most casual client I've ever had, in a half-century's experience. It's more than two months since I first wrote you of your Uncle David's death and his leaving of this fortune to you, and you haven't even deigned to acknowledge my letter. Don't you like money?"

"Oh, yes," Tommy smiled, but there was no enthusiasm in his voice.

"You don't sound as if you had even a decent respect for it. When I wrote you I would be here for this month, to spend my usual holiday in Bowral, I said to myself: 'I'll bet that young devil won't bother to turn up.' But you have, and I'm very glad to see you. Have a drink, or a cup of tea, or something, Michael?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Bayliss. I'm a disage-

pointment to you, then, for not turning catherine-wheels about this money?"

"Yes, you are, Michael. I don't know that catherine-wheels are an essential, but at least you ought to have dropped this street-singing and peddling, and come down to Sydney to handle the money or instruct me what to do with it. It—it's not respectful to such a block of cash to ignore its existence in that high-handed way."

"I'm sorry." But the becoming enthusiasm was still absent from Tommy's voice. "The money was there—it wouldn't run away; and I had a lot of things to attend to before I could get round to it."

"Such as street-singing and peddling. Yes, I know the sort of urgent business you have to attend to. Well, now you are here you'll find there's some urgent quill-driving to do, in signing your name to a number of urgent documents, some of which have to be brought up from Sydney. So you won't get away under a week or so. How do you like that?"

"Very much. I'm forty to-morrow. And my—my wild oats are sown."

Mr. Bayliss sat up and touched the bell. "That's the proper spirit," he said. "Now you must have a drink, and I'll have one, too, to drink to your reformation." He looked uncertainly at Tommy. "You mean it, Michael?" he said. "You're going to do your job in the world, handle your money and see that it grows, adding its power to the power of the community?"

Tommy looked thoughtfully at the bubbles bursting in the soda-water. "I've been doing my job," he said softly, "all the time. But a man's job changes when he's forty and has £50,000 thrown at him."

"Indeed it does, and I'm very glad you see it," Mr. Bayliss said heartily, pouring the soda-water into Tommy's whisky. "You'll be a credit to me yet. Now we'll get these documents up—oh, by the way, Michael, have you got the letter I wrote you about the probate—the second, I think, of the half-dozen you didn't answer?"

"The probate?" Tommy fished out some papers from his pocket and put them on the table; two letters and a snapshot slipped from his hand to the floor, and Mr. Bayliss stooped and picked them up. "Thank you—oh, do you remember old Gerrard, the chap who had to have the Paravane treatment for his eyes, to save his sight?"

"Gerrard? Oh, yes—a man with a young daughter; you asked me to keep an eye on them eight or nine years ago. Yes, I remember them. Why?"

Tommy handed him the snapshot. "He doesn't look as if he needed much treatment now, does he?"

The smiling, strong-eyed face of the man in the photograph suggested anything but curative treatments. He was standing beside a bank of flowers in a trim and pretty garden.

"No, there's obviously nothing wrong with him," Mr. Bayliss said. "They started a market garden for flowers and what-not—but I suppose you know that."

"Yes; we correspond occasionally. Ross sent me that last week when I wrote them I was coming here to see you." Tommy finished searching through the papers, and put them back in his pocket. "No, I'm sorry, Mr. Bayliss. There's no letter here from you about any probate business."

"H'm. What a good business man you'd make, Michael. Well, it doesn't matter. There's a copy on the file in the office, and I'll get them to send it up with the papers." He stood up. "I'm going out now, Michael. Will you dine with me here

to-night, if you're not engaged? I think a little champagne might do us good—fifty thousand is a solid lump of money, you know."

Tommy laughed. "Do you think that's a respectful way to refer to it? Yes, thanks, I'll dine with you with pleasure—a travelling tinker is not crowded out by his dinner engagements."

"What are you going to do, now that the tinkering has, shall we say, served its purpose? Going back to Europe?"

"No fear. I'm an Australian now. No, Davenport, a customer of mine in the West, wants to sell his place—a small place, half station, half farm. I'm going to buy it, and live there and develop it." He looked at Mr. Bayliss, the luminous smile crinkling his eyes, but a light of seriousness in their depths, too. "Stake in the country and all that, you know," he added.

"Good," Mr. Bayliss chuckled. "I told you you'd be a credit to me yet. See you at seven-thirty."

Tommy watched the old upright figure going through the doorway. A long life, full of effort and achievement. How much of their happiness and security did his thousands of clients owe to him and his wisdom? How much—

"Tommy! Tommy!"



HE shut off his thoughts and looked round. Ah, over there. A young man was gesticulating frantically at the door of the writing-room, his expression of excited pleasure impeded by two golf bags. Young Denis Hume. The young man finally dropped the bags and hurried across the hall.

"Tommy!" he exclaimed again. "What a bit of luck! Where's the bus?"

"In a garage, and soon to be no more," Hume's face fell. "No Tommy's bus any more. Good lord, that'll be a blow. Have you come into a fortune?"

"Something like that. But the main point is that I'm forty to-morrow, and it's time I settled down. How's Mrs. Hume?"

Mrs. Hume, Denis's mother, was well, it appeared—had taken a cottage in Bowral for the spring and summer, and would hang, draw, and quarter Denis if Tommy didn't spend a few days with them. Tommy would be glad to do so, as from to-morrow—say the week-end?

"A long week-end, until Tuesday," Denis stipulated, and Tommy thanked him, laughed, and agreed.

Mr. Bayliss' dinner was eaten, and his champagne drunk, to the accompaniment of much wise, affectionately-administered advice; and on the morrow Tommy, a debonair forty, greeted Mrs. Hume on her verandah, his suit-case being seized by a beaming Denis. Tommy was presented to a Miss Marlow, who flushed very becomingly and followed Denis and the suit-case.

"A pretty girl, don't you think, Thomas?" "Very. Denis seems to think so, too."

"For a yet you are remarkably sensitive. Denis does think so." She sighed, her handsome eyes resting thoughtfully on Tommy's face. "Life is complex, isn't it, Tommy?"

"Very," he said again. "Why, in particular?"

She continued to look at him. "Remembering that you are forty, rich, and no longer a tinker, I should suppress my—"

"No, you shouldn't," he interrupted. "Carry on, Mrs. Hume, please."

She laughed and carried on. Young Denis was in love with Elizabeth Marlow, and she with him; but life being complex, she wouldn't marry him if he didn't abandon his writing and get a safe position in an office. In a way she was right; the Marlows were far from rich, and she, as the only daughter, had had a rather dreary experience of the dangers of not being rich or at least secure. So her determination to be safe was wise—from her point of view; from Denis' it was not so wise. The Humes, in their turn, were also not rich; but they were content to let Denis continue his attempts to achieve print because of his great happiness in that endeavor, and of their belief in his final success, because of some elusive quality in Denis' personality which both baffled and fascinated them. But now, more, much more, than half of his happiness was bound up in Elizabeth, who would not let him have herself and his writing, too; and—in short, life was very complex.

Tommy murmured a vague sympathy, and sat lost in thought. This particular complexity was almost a static; art and love were traditionally, historically, at war. Denis had published a couple of short stories and an article or so, and that was a thin baal to start housekeeping on; on the other hand, he was a terrific worker—wrote on and on, to teach himself the art of saying his thoughts so that readers should hear them. He had written three novels and scores of long and short stories—all unpublished, but not therefore all valueless, but tied to a desk in an office for the safety his love demanded, all certainly wasted. Hence Tommy sat deep in thought, his comment taking the sole form of his murmured sympathy.

He looked up at last with a smile in his eyes. "How odd is Denis, Mrs. Hume?" he asked.

"Twenty-three. And he's been writing since he was fourteen. Poor Denis!"

"And Miss Marlow is younger, I think?"

"Twenty-one. A very confident, strong-minded twenty-one; but a darling girl."

"Quite," said Tommy, still thoughtfully. "Oh, quite."

Presently the light in his eyes changed to the radiant smile. "Shall I sing you a little song, Mrs. Hume? You see me smiling, but it is to cover a sudden sorrow; and I think the sound of my own voice in song would distract me. If you don't mind, of course."

"Mind?" Mrs. Hume stood up indignantly. "It may be nearly my last chance of hearing your heavenly voice. Mind? I'm ashamed of you, Tommy!"

So he sang her three little songs, one Spanish and two French, and all most decoratively sad, his fascinating tenor voice filling the house with melody. Denis was just touching the trees as he gently closed the piano; his eyes seemed to be watching the soft coming of night, elfin, haunting eyes seeing some clearing in the bush and the slow filling of the clearing with firelight. A billy of coffee, three cigarettes, and sleep, with the mighty Australian night on guard. His eyes narrowed, staring into the imagined picture. There was the sawn-off bus, the rugs, the lean-to tent, the fire, and the quiet man drinking his coffee. And here was the dusk creeping in on her stealthy feet up to this verandah, where there was no bus, no eucalyptus-scented fire—nothing save a man of forty, worth £50,000.

Looking again into the drawing-room, he

saw that Mrs. Hume had gone from the room; so he sat down at the piano again, singing softly to himself until the chiming of little bells in the hall reminded him that he must go up and change his clothes. This he did, the mood of sorrow still upon him, and lifting only at the sight of Mr. Hume at the head of a dinner-table specially decorated in honor of Tommy's fortieth birthday. Mr. Hume raised his cocktail.

"Many happy returns, Tommy, my boy," he said, "and the best of luck!"

Tommy looked round the table, at the bright, affectionate faces, the flowers, the twinkling silver; suddenly the firelight cleared across his vision again as he raised his glass, but he smiled at it, the crinkling crow's-feet flashing into life beside his eyes.

"Many thanks," he said, "and the best of luck to you!"

The morrow was one of those fair Bowral mornings wherein a little breeze hums gently from the east instead of the west, softening the mountain air and quickening all gardens and flowery places into life. Tommy walked down into the Hume garden in mid-morning, conscious of the fresh, vivid health of the place. It really was the best of all possible worlds, he told himself; sorrow had no place in it now, or at any other time.

Young Mr. Hume did not share Tommy's optimism, judging by his face; nor was young Miss Marlow so much in love with this fair morning as it deserved, since her eyes were veiled and expressionless over a chin jutting a shade too much. Tommy sat down in silence between these two and smiled, first at the lady, and then at the gentleman. The smiles were returned perfunctorily in the unbroken silence. Presently young Mr. Hume plucked up courage and opened his mouth.

"You're a wise sort of cove, aren't you, Tommy?" he asked, glancing past Tommy at Miss Marlow.

"Yes, very, I think," Tommy told him modestly.

"Well, don't you think Tommy could help us out, Elsa? Couldn't he be a sort of chairman and give the casting vote?"

The hardness abruptly vanished from Miss Marlow's face. She turned to Tommy, her eyes almost beseeching. "Would you cast the vote for us, if we left it in your hands, unloaded the responsibility on you, Mr. Tucker?"

"It is too much for you?"

"Much too much," she said earnestly.

"And for you, Denis?"

"It's beyond me, Tommy," Denis sighed.

"Well, you must put your cases, you know, I have only a hazy idea of the situation."

Miss Marlow looked once into Tommy's grave, quiet eyes, and thereafter looked down at her hands while she spoke. "I love Denis," she said, "with all my heart, and nothing would make me come between him and his career. He's been writing for a good many years now, and has earned practically nothing at it. Perhaps the incentive of me would force him to earn something by writing, but I know enough of the struggling household to foresee the sort of circumstances in which we should live. A job in an office in offered him, with enough salary for us to start on, and I say that he should take it and write in his spare time. Only on the background of his salary will I consent to marry him."

Tommy turned to Denis, who was not so glib in the statement of his case.

"There are only two things I want to do on earth—write and marry Elsa. I've been fighting like a tiger for years to get the strength of true expression, and I know I am getting nearer to it. But I can't

get any money at it yet. If I took old Spaulding's job I should get my Elsa; but it would take me ten years of my spare time to get the hang of my other dream."

His bewildered voice trailed into silence, and Tommy took his eyes from Denis' face and looked hard at a nodding rose.

"Love," he said gently, "is the gift of life. Work is life itself. Before you knew Elsa, writing was your life, wasn't it, unproductive as it was?"

"Oh, rather! It is now, in a way."



MISS MARLOW glanced at Mr. Hume, not unkindly.

"But at times you confuse the gift with the actuality?"

"I can't help it."

"You, Miss Marlow, have your man and his work, his life, both in your charge. If Denis takes old Spaulding's job, in five years he won't be your Denis. He'll be very nice, no doubt, and very reliable; but he won't be your man. And it's your man that you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, I know all that you're saying, Mr. Tucker. That's what makes my problem."

"We are always in a hurry, and in our hurry we do things which take years to patch up, and are only patched up in the end. Denis wants to write; with all his heart and soul he wants that. It is his work, and therefore his life. And that makes it the first thing. The second thing is yourself. Our job is not to decide which of these two things he shall have; that is already decided—he must take his work. But to discover some way in which he can have both. That is where the disastrous hurry comes in. We must wait until Denis' work and life can afford him the gift of his love."

"Wait!"

"Wait!"

The two dolorous voices were like tragic shadows on the morning.

"Yes, it's rotten, I know; but it really is the only way. His father and mother are sympathetic and willing to provide him with the necessities of life while he is—"

Tommy's voice ceased, and for a while he stared at the nodding rose. That vision of the clearing in the firelight was before him again, the bus, and the lean-to tent. Suddenly a light flashed up into his eyes, and he looked up.

"My dears," he said, "pray silence for your chairman, who is a very remarkable man. He has an idea. There is an old sawn-off bus for which I have no further use, a tinker's kit, and a good deal of assorted stock. All this I will sell to Denis, thereby saving his soul and ultimately giving him his love as well." He leaned back and looked triumphantly into their puzzled faces. "Don't thank me for settling the whole thing for you," he added resentfully; "that would embarrass me."

"But you can't sell anything to me," Denis said. "I haven't a bean—have I, Elsa?"

"No. Do explain, Mr. Tucker, and take that offended expression off your face."

"There is now no Tommy Tucker, pedlar and tinker. But there is his bus and stock for sale. Let Denis buy it and follow in the footsteps of the late lamented Tommy Tucker. I will teach him the general principles of rough tinkering and of buying

and selling the kind of stock that is most popular."

"But I can't buy it—"

"Dash it, man, get your father to buy it, or give me half a crown for it. Can't you see what it can do for you, you silly ass?"

"Oh!" The gasp came from Elsa, and Tommy turned hopefully to her. "I see—I see! He'll be earning his living, he'll have the quiet, the sort of hermit's life, nothing to distract him—"

"You know, I think you must be a genius, Denis. You really need someone to think for you."

The idea had at last penetrated. Denis beamed at the company. "I say," he said fatuously, "I say—"

Tommy became serious. "If he peddles and tinkers for five years, writing hard in the oceans of spare time at his disposal, he will force himself to get the hang of the writing he loves. For five years," he repeated, looking hard into Elsa's face.

She returned the scrutiny calmly. "It isn't the writing that makes me agree to wait for him for five years," she said, smiling pleasantly at Mr. Tucker. "It's the fact that he'll be earning his living instead of living on his people. The writing is his affair, but the other's mine."

Tommy's radiant smile shone upon her.

"I beg your pardon for doubting you, Elsa. I might have known that you would see far beyond my own stumbling thoughts into the matter."

Elsa's grave eyes were on Denis. "Go peddling, my love," she said, "and learn your soul's desire. In five years come back to me, in triumph, or for comfort. I shall be waiting."

Denis turned to her, and Tommy slipped silently across the lawn, plucking the nodding rose as he passed.

FOR three days he labored at the induction of Denis into the mysteries of tinkering and the buying and selling of travelling stock. His pupil's brimming enthusiasm conquered his natural inaptitude for the job; at the end of the three days he showed considerable promise, and Tommy was satisfied that his successor would not shame him.

It was arranged that the instruction should continue during Tommy's stay in Bowral, and that Denis should take the road with the bus in a fortnight's time, going first down to Sydney to get some books and kit that he wanted. Mr. Hume insisted upon paying a fair price for the bus and outfit, and Tommy retaliated by lending the money to Denis to buy his sunnier stock.

The week-end over, Tommy drank a cup of tea with Mrs. Hume, sang her two songs, and went back to the hotel, that vision of the firelight clearing insistently before his eyes. How many times had he seen the shadows gather, how many times in the nine years sung for his supper to the bandicoots and the night, as Rosa had told him to sing, years ago!

And now, no more would the bandicoots and the shadows come close to listen to him. That was over. He was forty, rich; he would soon have a stake in the country, this beloved country his vagabonding had taught him to know. The rosy circle at the heart of the night, the waning fire, the silence. All that was for tinkers and wandering minstrels; no £50,000 man need apply. He sighed. It was hard to lose. The red roads in the morning, the multitudes of friends into whose houses he could go unannounced and certain of welcome, the strong volume of his life back there in the tinkering days

—and this pallid business of exclusive hotels and a soft bed every night . . .

He shook his shoulders. These were no thoughts for a man of property. He must range himself and realise his position. He began by handing his suitcase to James, who, properly shocked at the idea of Mr. Tucker carrying it in person from Mrs. Hume's cottage, took it up in the lift and placed it tenderly on the floor of Mr. Tucker's room.

In a quarter of an hour he was back again at the door of Mr. Tucker's room, his knock interrupting Mr. Tucker in the business of changing his suit.

"There is a lady below, sir—a Miss Gerard—to see you."

"Oh, thank you. Will you ask her to sit down in the drawing-room, and tell her that I will be down in a moment?"

"Very good, sir."

Putting on his collar, Tommy remembered the dark-eyed child sitting staring into the fire. She was grown-up now—yes, he made a mental calculation: sixteen and nine were twenty-five. It would be good to see her. From Gerard's letters and her own sparse notes he could feel, all during the years, the child was developing. But it was the child that he always saw in memory, the dark, quiet eyes in the rosy circle in the bush, the firelit sanctuary that was a haven to him when he first saw her, and became home to him thereafter.

Gleaming once at the grey-haired man in the mirror, he patted his tie into place and went down.

In the drawing-room a lady was looking out of the window, turning to face him as he entered. A sense of loss seemed to flow over him in a heavy tide as he looked at her—loss of the dark-eyed child and the youth that she meant to him.

What had he, a grey-haired man of forty, to do with this quiet, regal woman looking gravely at him from the window?

"You've changed," her deep voice said, her eyes travelling swiftly over his head and face, the set of his shoulders, the brown thin hand he was holding out. Was there a shadow of disappointment in her eyes? It was no matter for surprise if there was, he thought, the sense of loss filling his heart again. He knew now whence that feeling of home in the firelit clearing had come: from the dark eyes of this child staring into the eucalyptus-perfumed fire. For nine years, up and down the State of New South Wales, clearings in the bush, firelit sanctuaries from the night, had meant home to him. He had thought it was the quiet, the peace at the end of the day, the Australian night—all kinds of things; but it was her eyes, the eyes of that child. And he was forty, and all that merry tinkering was a memory, a dream that had gone . . . The eyes now searched him for the marks of the years.

"Yes, I've changed," he said, the life gone from his voice. "So have you; but for the better, the magnificent better. How is your father?"

"Very well," she said, a shade of disappointment in her tones. "He said that I was to have a holiday, that the farm could afford it now; so I came to Bowral to see you."

Tommy shook off this depression and smiled at her, watching the warm radiance of her answering smile. "The flower farm? It's a success, then—it can give its administrators holidays?"

"Yes, it has been very lucky. Father was able to start as soon as his treatment was done, his health was so good after the tinkering. And—and I found that I knew a lot more than he or I thought I did; living and reading to him in the bush had

really educated me, while it kept me looking thirteen when I was really sixteen; so a year's schooling was enough for me, and the rest of your money capitalised the farm."

"Tell me about the farm."

Listening to the quiet words giving him the story of hard work and effort, and the gradual making of the place and the home, he was conscious of the feeling that he was back home again sitting beside a perfumed fire. Some spirit in the room seemed to lay a hand on him, making him believe that he had always, all his life, sat in this place in the sound of this voice. There was a radiance, a heroic dismay, in the thought

"And now," she concluded, opening the bag and putting a paper on the table, "I've brought you this—it's really what I came for. That's the first instalment of our debt to you."



HE picked up the paper, a cheque for £300. A smile crinkled the corners of his eyes.

"But you don't owe me anything—don't you remember that I bought your father's Strad?"

"Yes, I remember." She was closing her bag and looking down at the catch. "Once, when he was ill, I took that—that Strad to a violin expert who happened to be in Singleton; he was very nice, and he said that I might get five pounds for it if I were lucky. I didn't tell father, because I wanted him to keep his dream that some day the violin would buy him back his eyes."

For a moment he looked at her in silence. This £300—and he with £50,000. He should give her back the cheque, force her to take it. It represented years of effort and self-denial; its return would mean much to the flower-farm. But suddenly the smile lit his face. No; because of those years and the triumph of bringing the cheque to him, he couldn't return it. For her pride's sake he must keep it. He put it in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said, "I am discovered, but I don't apologise. You know—"

He fell silent abruptly, looking into her face, this royal face that once was the dark-eyed child's. The dark eyes were upon him now, on his grey hair, on his forty years; but the radiant dismay seized and shook him again, pouring a flood of eternal sunshine into his heart. He took one step across the room, and suddenly was on his knees beside her chair, staring up into the bescon of her eyes.

"Rosa," he whispered, "is it true, is it true?"

"It is true, my beloved."

"But I am old, forty; and you—"

She put her hands on his shoulders. "You do not age. I watched you when I saw you just now, for the first time for nine years—watched your hair and your dear merry eyes—oh, but I was hungry for the sight of them—"

Suddenly he stood up and caught her out of her chair into his arms. "My dark-eyed child," he said, "I am home again; home for good at last. We'll go down to your father to-night."

MR. and Mrs. Michael Faraday passed the Elite garage in Bowral, their new car earning a passing glance of admiration from the proprietor and Bill, his off-sider. The car ran through the town

and up the hill to the right, coming to rest at the Humes' gate.

"Now," said Mr. Faraday to his bride, "if we can get the bus, my rosy light, if this younger penny-a-liner has not started on his travels, our honeymoon can be a real—"

The group surrounding the bus on the lawn shut off his words. In silence his bride and himself walked over to them.

Denis and Elsa were looking proudly at the new inscription on the tarpaulin.

"Hallo, Tommy," Denis said casually; "how goes it?" He turned back to his intent admiration of the inscription.

Elsa smiled equally casually and returned also to this inscription. Tommy read it:

MR. AND MRS. HUME
PEDLARS, HATS AND FROCKS
RENOVATED
TINKER, HAIR BOBBED AND
SHINGLED

Fearing to break the absorbed silence of the company, Tommy turned in mute inquiry to Elsa.

"Yes," he said, that becoming flood showing for a moment, "I thought of a better way, Mr. Tucker—a way that saves five years and the chances of five years. We were married last week, and we take the road to-morrow."

Tommy withdrew his bride from the intense atmosphere of this company.

"That puts the lid on it, rosy light," he said. "We can't ask for the loan of his bus now, can we?"

"No, of course we can't."

"And we can't go tinkering in a Rolls-Royce."

"No, not tinkering, Tommy Tucker, dear."

He looked into his bride's dark, splendid eyes.

"Do you know if that clearing where I saw you first, where I sang 'Annie Laurie' for my supper, is fenced or built on? But of course you don't."

"Yes, I know," she said quietly. "It's exactly the same as it was nine years ago."

"Then come with me," he said, "and buy bread and butter in Bowral."

The fire had waned to a dull rosy glow throwing fitful, fugitive gleams on the Rolls-Royce against the shadow of the bush. Tommy threw his cigarette butt into the fire and smiled at Rosa, the crinkles coming and going beside his eyes.

"You won't forget the handkerchiefs and the night, will you, Tommy Tucker, dear?" she said. "That's the tree you stood against nine years ago."

He leaped to his feet and stood against the tree again, throwing back his head. The wandering breeze fell still, and the night was suddenly hushed. Presently a heavenly tenor voice filled it with melody, with a tide of sweetness and hope, the singer watching the dark-eyed child staring into the fire. The night caught its breath and listened.

To-morrow, be kind,
To-morrow, to me!
With loyalty blind,
I curtsy to thee!

God save you, To-morrow!
Your servant, To-morrow.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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